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## SCIENCE, THEOLOGY, AND THE EVOLUTION OF MAN.\*

“WHEN it has been clearly seen what results are to be expected from the nature of things and the nature of the human mind, we shall have then furnished a nuptial couch for the mind and the universe, the divine goodness being our bridesmaid.” “On the threshold of philosophy, where second causes appear to absorb the attention, some oblivion of the highest cause may ensue;

• First Principles. By Herbert Spencer. London: Williams and Norgate; 1870.

Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. London: Macmillan and Co.; 1874.

Mikrokosmos. Ideen zur Naturgeschichte und Geschichte der Menschheit. By Hermann Lotze. Leipsic; 1876.

The Descent of Man. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: John Murray; 1871.

The Evolution of Man. By Ernst Haeckel, Professor in the University of Jena. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.; 1879.

Freedom in Science and Teaching. Ditto.

The Freedom of Science in the Modern State. By Rudolf Virchow, M.D., Professor at the University of Berlin. London: John Murray; 1878.

The Human Species. By A. De Quatrefages, Professor of Anthropology in the Museum of Natural History, Paris. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.; 1879.

Man's Place in Nature. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. London; 1863.

Evolution. By T. H. Huxley and James Sully. Ency. Brit., 9th Edition. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black; 1878.

but when the mind goes deeper, and sees the dependence of causes and the works of Providence, it will easily perceive, according to the mythology of the poets, that the upper link of nature's chain is fastened to Jupiter's throne." In harmony with these two sentences, which we have quoted from "The Advancement of Learning," Lord Bacon treats theology as one of the sciences. Custom, however, has largely departed from his wise example, and science is taken to mean physical science, one department having laid claim to the sole use of the word; while theology has been newly baptized as faith, and is seldom considered a science. In the main we shall follow custom, and when we speak of science we shall mean physical science, although the implication of a really scientific theology will be the undercurrent of our thought. Truly enough, the everlasting flow of change in the history of theology illustrates our ignorance. Perhaps the best that can be said of it is, that it consists of more or less happy guesses, which we are necessitated to make by the play of the universe on the personal consciousness of man. It belongs to our nature, and its theories and the theories of physical science come and go much in the same way. And the changes in theological ideas evince a rational progress. On the doubtful hypothesis that Fetishism was the earliest stage of theology, from Fetishism to Monotheism is a great stride, and it is a stride upward. Each phase grows out of antecedent phases, and also adds a new element of its own. Fetishism and Polytheism served their purpose, and then died away in a new birth to a richer and fuller life. Always a fresh activity follows for the theological spirit itself, and we readjust our statements about the connection between the Infinite and the Finite, without losing either one or the other.

Atheism is shut out, and so is Agnosticism, from the true line of theological development. With them theology

gives up the ghost, whereas we figure it to ourselves as the constantly increasing complexity of one principle, ever better and better adjusting itself to new facts. When the savage imagines some vague personal force inhabiting the stone he bows before, and when the Greek concludes that some living spirit is present in the running stream, there is but a difference of degree between them and the Hebrew prophet who beholds God marshalling the hosts of heaven. The incantations of the rain-maker are the rudimentary germs of spiritual aspiration. The awe of the North American Indian realising the nearness of the Great Spirit, though the Great Spirit may be only the embodiment of a departed chief, is the beginning of what appears in Newton as worship of the Infinite Architect, and in Wordsworth as a sense of the presence of an all-pervading Deity, not to be put by. With the times and the seasons and the ripening manhood of man, the potential idea struggles at length into daylight. According to this, all theological theories are tentative. We use the formula we have got for awhile, and it helps us mightily; but the time arrives when the once useful formula becomes lumber, and we have to throw it aside and construct some new formula to serve our wants instead as we best can. Whatever weakness is hereby introduced into the theological conception of things we accept without reservation. What we insist upon is that, do as we will, if we are to let our whole nature have free, full, and fair play, we must seek a home for ourselves in some sort of theological conception.

And, after all, the same infirmity besets and hampers all scientific theories behind and before. They, too, are tentative. Their history also is a record of rise, decay, death, and resurrection, to a new and different kind of life. The Copernican astronomy destroys the Ptolemaic astronomy. Geology is a modern science, but it has passed through marvellous revolutions within quite a short period.

The same is true of chemistry. Once alchemy was sound chemistry, and it may be so again. The philosopher's stone may turn out another name for the conservation and transmutation of energy. Scientists legitimately pride themselves on being open to reshape their theories as new facts may render the reshaping desirable. And when we remember how many apparently incontrovertible scientific theories have been buried, it is rashness to assert that the theories at present in vogue are the last words that will be spoken, and that the rest is silence. Science can claim the facts of experience as sure ground conquered from the heretofore unknown. But beyond this point, and when it ventures into the realm of theory, it is speculative, and is neither better nor worse than theology. The goodness and badness of its theories depend on the number of facts they explain by enabling the imagination to conceive and picture them. They show possible, and therefore so far probable, antecedents such as those which come under our immediate observation, and natural logic suggests the inference that what we see going on beneath our eyes repeats the processes which were invisibly at work in states of matter anterior to the present state, and which produced the present state. This is the justification of every scientific hypothesis, and wins for it the right to a fair hearing. Any hypothesis introducing unknown forces—forces of which we have had no previous experience, and cannot, therefore, think or present to our imagination—is at once put out of court. It transgresses the limits which the scientific use of the imagination properly sets to itself. The reason for preferring the undulatory theory of light and sound to the theory of the emission of minute particles diffused through space and impinging on the eye or ear is, that it covers a larger number of facts, and that fresh discoveries, while they tell in favour of the undulatory theory, lend nothing, or next to nothing, to the support

of the theory of emission. The theory itself, however, is beyond proof. It may go as the theory of emission has gone. The nebular hypothesis affords a kindred illustration. Suppose we give up the notion that the earth, the planets, and the stars were created at once complete by a fiat of God, and that we treat the figurative language of Genesis as a burst of ancient poetry. Scientifically, and, as it seems to us, theologically too, we are bound to pursue this course. Creation *de novo*, and by a single effort of Almightyness, finds no correspondence in our experience. We are accustomed to see the complex growing out of the simple, and we ask for some picture in thought of the method according to which the universe has grown up, or may have grown up. The nebular hypothesis furnishes us with such a picture. We imagine the primitive fire-fluid; with the mind's eye we witness the revolution and clash of atoms; we observe the condensations into vast centres of activity; we see these centres throw off satellites which become the abode of vegetable and animal life; we see them gradually cool and become unfit for life; we prophesy that the deadness of the moon symbolises the approaching deadness of the earth, and probably of the solar system and all starry systems; and then we imagine the generation of a new fire-fluid and the whole process beginning afresh, and so on through successions of chaos and cosmos. It is a grand hypothesis. So much may be granted for it, if we once allow ourselves to sit in fancy at the springs of life, and contemplate the myriad streams of energy as they flow forth in all directions and endlessly intermingle. But it also is beyond proof. The time may arrive when the astronomers of the future will speak of it in the same sort of way in which modern astronomers speak of the early-world theory, that the movements of the stars are ruled by presiding spirits, of whom each one selects one star for his particular celestial home. Wise

scientists are like wise theologians, and they stand by their theories only until they are able to furnish better.

Science and theology aim at the same end, and they are so related that science without theology is always of the earth, earthy, and theology without science is always in the air. Science gathers and arranges the facts of the objective world, and gives temporary answers which serve as temporary explanations of what they are and how they lie related in place and time. Theology should accept the facts that science furnishes, leaving the explanations open problems, and then interpret them over again for itself in the light of consciousness and add to them the facts of the subjective world. This is what ought to be. But neither has acted equitably. Each is prone to pursue one part of its vocation with a narrowness proportioned to its passion and intensity, and fights, as if for dear life, to maintain the completeness of a half-vision. So we have histories of science where theology appears as a persecutor, and science lives only by means of the heroic self-sacrifice of successive generations of martyrs. On the other hand, we have protests against the all-grasping ambition of science, and its intrusion into domains where it has no business to go, and its attempts to throw out of doors the theology which is peacefully living in its own house, a house which physical science neither built nor furnished, and where, when it enters, it vitiates the air, and darkens the sunshine, and splashes the pictures on the walls, and altogether behaves riotously. It is hard to say whether science or theology is the greater sinner and blunderer at present. Historically, theology began the injustice. It made light of physical science, and built the world up out of ideas, and anathematised physical science when the latter brought forward facts for which no provision was made. Since then physical science has taken ample vengeance, and it is time the war should end. For if the necessary postu-

lates of thought are not all, neither are the impressions of sense all.

It is only lately, and in certain circles of investigation in Germany, and also in France and England, that the cry of "no quarter to theology" has been raised. The assailants are not themselves the foremost and recognised representatives of science, but rather the students and theorists, who have taken possession of the facts that other men discovered, and then argued from them to conclusions with which the discoverers had no sympathy. Comte erects his anti-theological structure on the labours of the theologically-minded Newton. He gets rid of any need for the hypothesis of a God by means of the work of the very man who took off his hat when he looked at the stars, and who concludes his "*Principia*" with a prayer. Yet even Comte sets up a make-believe "Supreme Being" after he has banished God. And what a make-believe! Mr. Fiske, who speaks of "the utter absurdity of Atheism," also well says that Comte's "*Catéchisme Positiviste*" is "one of the most dismal books in all literature."\* Scientific speculators who are at the same time scientific workers know far too much to repudiate theology in Comte's high-handed fashion. If they have no special dogma which we can say they hold, if they have no facile utterances concerning God, and if they profess no familiarity either with heaven or with hell, still, though they are not definitely theological, they are indisputably religious. They confess to the sense of dependence, and to reverence, love, and trust. They repose with absolute confidence in the Unseen Power at the back of phenomena, and there come to them emotional moods when they feel experiences akin to the raptures of saints. Professor Huxley uses materialistic phraseology; but he has an idealistic philosophy. Professor Tyndall at times sinks or soars into Goethian Pantheism. Mr. Herbert Spencer,

\* *Cosmic Philosophy*, Vol. II., p. 496.

while he needlessly limits human capacities in a theological direction, aims at the reconciliation of science and religion. It is true that it is impossible to harmonise science with many of the historical traditions and caprices of supernaturalism which are interwoven with religious ideas, and have come to be considered essential to their life. Here it is not in our power to comfort sorrowing religionists in the way they would like to be comforted. If they are determined to drink only at the fountains of mediæval theology, their case is hopeless. They must thirst, for these fountains are now being dried up one by one. But the waters flow abundantly elsewhere, and reflect bluer skies, and are sweeter to the taste than any of the waters of the ancient fountains which we wept at losing.

Besides, an important fact has been forgotten by the over-iconoclastic devotees of physical science, as well as by the religionists, to whom, weakly enough, to be sure, physical science of every kind is a synonym for atheistic unbelief. Theologians are the founders of the sciences, if they are also the opponents. The war, such as it is, has gone on among the occupants of the same camp. Say that science began—or, at least, first assumed vast proportions—with Aristotle; he was a theologian. Say that its second birth dates from Bacon and Descartes; they were both theologians. Say that Kepler, Copernicus, and Newton gave us astronomy; they were all three theologians. What science do we owe to Atheism, or to the negation of the theological spirit? Not geology; Lyell and Murchison show that. Not chemistry; Dalton and Faraday show that. Of course it may be said that these men all pursued one method in their scientific studies, and pursued another method in their theological studies; and, to a certain extent, this is true. Faraday, for instance, put philosophy aside when he entered the little Sandemanian chapel, and Newton's *Dissertations on the Prophecies* are strange aberrations

of genius. But it is sufficient for our purpose that theologians, so far from smothering science, have created every scientific system which possesses a history of a hundred years. Latterly Atheistic science, which is science of an inferior sort, has indulged in lavish theories; but that is all it has done. Hitherto it has manifested no creative faculty.

Geology and astronomy have introduced startling modifications into theological conceptions based on the Bible, and interpreted in the spirit of a dead time. At first men read the Bible on Sundays and pondered on science during the week, and as they did not look at them side by side, they did not perceive the inconsistency between them, but went on in calm and comfortable oblivion. By degrees they proceeded to compare the accounts given in the Bible with the conclusions necessitated by science, and the comparison quickly revealed contradictions. Joshua's orders to the sun and moon and their obedience to his orders were turned into poetry as soon as men understood that a moment's cessation of solar movements would set the universe ablaze. Men with whom theology was Biblical or nothing, felt that if things were as science said they were, then their faith was founded on quicksands. But the conclusions we arrive at on the Biblical genesis of things, and the order in which they are arranged, leave God Himself the same. We have simply to put one theory of the divine action in the place of another. We substitute an ever-living activity for an activity of six days, and an infinite universe, everywhere swarming with life, for a universe a few hundred miles across, and an eternal, omnipresent Intelligence not ourselves, working out righteousness by progressive stages of discipline, for a God pleased with the smell of burnt-offerings and talking with Abraham familiarly as a man talks face to face with his friend. In this way theology gains by losing, and it refinds the persistent energy of its life in higher forms. The seeming opposition between theology and

science disappears in a unity that reconciles them, not by emasculating theology, but by leaving science to tell us what exists, and calling on theology to interpret the significance of what exists in human terms, as the nearest approach we can make to a comprehension of the reality which, in its fulness, is incomprehensible. Science repudiating theology, and theology repudiating science, are equally one sided. Wed them. Then science proceeds with its catalogues, its classifications, its orders of succession, and its theories. And all the same, to the mind, "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork;" all the same we cry in hours of sorrow, and are filled with new-born faith and joy even as we cry, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God;" all the same we believe in

"One life that ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event  
To which the whole creation moves."

Evolution, as propounded by Mr. Herbert Spencer, is the latest scientific theory. Haeckel boasts that its function is to deliver man utterly from the bondage of religion. It is at once to make an end of God, and of the equally absurd notion of immortality. Mr. Spencer, the apostle, if not the inventor, of the new theory, indulges in no such extravagant and unfortunate dreams. Nor does Mr. Darwin, who is Haeckel's forerunner in its application to man. But evolution itself is a comparatively old idea in a new-fashioned dress. It was introduced into biological writings in the first half of the seventeenth century by Malpighi. It was welcomed, on philosophical grounds, by Leibnitz and Malebranche, and applied physiologically by Bonnet and Haller. In the philosophical world evolution may be

discovered in the theories of Indians and Greeks, and of Arabs and Jews in the Middle Ages; and it also appears in a theological form in the Apostle Paul's doctrine—"Out of God, through Him and to Him are all things." But there is an enormous difference between all these early speculations and the shape of the evolution doctrine in which we are now familiar with it. Evolution, in Mr. Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy, is another version of the Nebular Hypothesis. It professes to account for all things. Nothing comes amiss to it, from constellations of stars to the infinitesimal structures barely discernible by the microscope.

As interpreted by him, evolution leaves theology precisely where it was before. Though he himself steadily declines to do anything beyond postulating an Unknowable at the root of phenomena, we see no valid reason why we should stop there. The Unknowable is only a bad name for God. Force is Omnipotence, Adaptation is Wisdom, the tendency to higher organisations and more harmonious forms of social and moral life is Righteousness and Love. When physical scientists say evolution is the process by which things have come to be what they are, we supplement the statement, and add, evolution is the method that the Divine Intelligence has pursued.

Men are inclined to stumble at the application of the theory of evolution to themselves, willing as they may be to accept it everywhere else. It demands, therefore, an examination in detail. It has had some curious antecedents in the traditions of savage tribes. There are wild Malay races who hold that two white apes were their ancestors. The legend runs that, by slow degrees, through successive generations and by imperceptible gradations, these white apes ultimately gave birth to men, swarthy Malays. There is a Buddhist legend of a similar character. According to it, the ancestral apes of the human race lived in Thibet. They cultivated the earth, and sowed and reaped corn. Gradually speech manifested itself,

and, aided by the newly-gained faculty of speech, the apes grew into men. Some negroes believe that the damned among themselves are changed into apes, and then, if they are well conducted, are changed back again into men, and finally have wings added, and enter angelic blessedness. Others say that apes are men whose creation was somehow bungled. The Deity did his best to make men, but only succeeded in making apes. The supposed common origin of man and the lower animals may be illustrated also by the customs of many tribes who imagine that they are descended from some extra-cunning or extra-brave animal. The Hebrews believed that a serpent could carry on an intelligent conversation in the Garden of Eden, and that Bileam's ass could instruct its prophet-master. Whatever symbolic religious significance these stories may have, they show the prevalence of the idea that men and animals could interchange capacities, and that the notion of the fixity of species, if held at all, was loosely held. Of course, it is a long step from this to Darwinism.

In the eighteenth century there was a much nearer approach made to the theory of the ape ancestry. Lord Monboddo published his once-famous essay on the Origin and Progress of Language in 1772. He maintained in it that men were originally monkeys, and that somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Bengal living specimens of these primitive monkey-men might still be found surviving. He said that a Swedish captain had seen some of them 130 years before. He carefully inquired after them when Sir Joseph Banks returned from Botany Bay, and, according to Dr. Johnson, he was keenly disappointed that Sir Joseph could give him no information. But he did not abandon his theory. For pretty nearly a century Lord Monboddo's notion of our tailed ancestors furnished occasion for many a joke. Scientists held it up as one of the absurd blunders into which literary men and

philosophers were apt to fall when they dealt with subjects that properly belonged to physiologists and anatomists ; and theologians fell back on the account in Genesis, and scouted Lord Monboddo as another infidel worthy of his wicked countryman, David Hume. Yet, after all, it seems that the whimsical Scotch peer only groped in the dark. The truth was close to his fingers' ends, if he could but have touched it. His misfortune was that he pursued a metaphysical method, and invented the tailed ancestors because he needed them for his system.

These were random guesses. But evolution reposes on a number of well-established facts. Whether or not it is a sound theory of the facts is an open question, though the course of scientific thought appears to be tending to an affirmative answer. Mr. Darwin secured for the doctrine a firm foothold, first in the suggestions of the "Origin of Species," and afterwards in the elaborate argumentation of the "Descent of Man." Whoever makes a doctrine part of the current coin of the intellect may be reckoned its real founder. And Mr. Darwin has done this in the application of the theory of evolution to man. Savages and Lord Monboddo were among his predecessors. Goethe and Kant educated the philosophical mind for him, Lamarck and Geoffroy St. Hilaire furnished materials, and Mr. Herbert Spencer supplied a conception of universal becoming. But in Mr. Darwin himself the diffused moisture of speculation gathered to a focus, and fell, a drop of dew sparkling and fertile, on the mental soil.

The near likeness, in many ways, between man and the animals naturally suggests a community of origin. Theologically there is no difficulty in this, for God is the common origin of all phenomena. Such a solution, however, evades the real problem at issue, which is rather to determine the lines of descent from a common ancestry, supposing that to be possible. And although we may

safely affirm God "in the beginning," to use the language of the Hebrew cosmogonist, that does not help us scientifically; we have still to trace the successive steps backward as far as we can, and, especially, we have to fix the step immediately below humanity, the step from which brutality ascended, and transformed itself by some inexplicable process into humanity in the middle region between the two. Here, according to the theory, the apes are our nearest relations. The structure of apes and men is homologous. The rudimentary organs play a prominent part in the argument. They are said to imply a previous state of existence in our ancestors when these organs, now superfluous, were necessary, as they still are in the animal tribes, in whom they are fully developed. Straggling hairs on the surface of the body are the probable remnants of a once complete hairy covering. The os-coccyx in man is functionless as a tail. But it represents the tail in other vertebrate animals. It is said to be a relic of the graceful appendage possessed by ancestors who lived in trees. In some human cases it has been known to form a small external rudiment of a tail. Probably Lord Monboddo's Swedish captain had seen or heard of such cases.

While men have rudimentary organs tending to perish through disuse, the animals in turn have the germs of the intellectual faculties and emotions of men. They appear to reason, to love, and to hate, and to be endowed with memory and imagination. They can communicate with one another by a language of their own, and they display some power of understanding the significance of human language in its simplest forms. They are susceptible of progressive improvement to a limited extent. Neither are they destitute of a rude moral sense. They are capable of sympathy, mutual helpfulness, and self-sacrifice. They feel the incidence of praise and blame. They are artists, and sing songs, and construct pleasant bowers. If they

lived longer in societies, so that the social instincts had more room for play, and the societies themselves could thus grow more complicated, they might manifest capacities still more nearly approaching our own. As it is, ants, bees, rooks, beavers, and monkeys, often reach a high standard of social organisation, and some individuals compare favourably with the inferior types of men.

The argument is carried further by Professor Haeckel. He maintains that we may trace the whole pedigree of man, and appeals to embryology as sketching an outline of the universal evolution of life. According to him—

The history of the evolution of organisms consists of two kindred and closely connected parts—Ontogeny, which is the history of the evolution of individual organisms; and Phylogeny, which is the history of the evolution of organic tribes. . . . The individual organism reproduces in the rapid and short course of its own evolution, the most important of the changes in form through which its ancestors, according to the laws of Heredity and Adaptation, have passed in the slow and long course of their palaeontological evolution.\*

Ontogeny justifies the conclusion, it is argued, that in Phylogeny there are twenty-two stages of the human ancestry, constituting the tribal history of the human race. They form five main periods. In the first period the ancestors of man are Monera, and these alone, in the whole series of evolution, which is indefinitely long, are spontaneously generated. In the second period the ancestors of man are Many-celled Animals. In the third period the ancestors of man are Invertebrate Intestinal Animals, and here they rise as high as Worms. In the fourth period the ancestors of man are Vertebrates, first skull-less Vertebrates like the extant *Amphioxus*, then Mud-fishes, then Mammals, then Pouched Animals; Semi-Apes follow, and then Apes proper. The Ape ancestors of men are first tailed Catarrhini, then Speechless Ape-men, and at last

\* Evolution of Man, Vol. I., p. 2.

Genuine Speaking Men. Here the fifth, or present, period of the Human Race begins. Haeckel's genealogical tree of the pedigree of man is a curious picture. There may be seen the Moneral roots and the exact points at which Infusoria, Insects, Sea-squirts, Snakes, Crocodiles, Tortoises, Whales, and Beasts of Prey branched off from the direct line. Bats and Sloths did not branch off till the advent of Apes. From the trunk of the Ape-men four dependent branches bear the fruit of the Chimpanzee and Gibbon on the lower branches, and Gorilla and Orang on the upper branches, while Man shoots up mysteriously as a prolongation of the main trunk of life stretching from Monera to himself.

Other scientists not only reject Darwinism, both moderate Darwinism and extreme Darwinism, which we may call Haeckelism, but maintain that it is unscientific. According to them it imports into science an arbitrary dogma which is incapable of proof. It has, therefore, no value except as an hypothesis. For purely scientific purposes the supposed non-human progenitors, and the supposed angelic descendants of man (with the tails of the former and with the wings of the latter), are outside the jurisdiction of science, like Othello's "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Quatrefages says that evolutionists argue from our ignorance as if they were arguing from knowledge, and while he bears glad testimony to Mr. Darwin's splendid services, he insists that Darwinism—the most captivating of the hypotheses of transmutation—has failed to make out a case.

In certain points it agrees with certain general facts, and gives an explanation of a certain number of phenomena. But it attains this result only by the aid of hypotheses which are in flagrant contradiction with other general facts, quite as fundamental as those which they explain.\*

\* Quatrefages' *Human Species*, p. 102

Virchow says:—

I should neither be surprised nor astonished if the proof were produced that man had ancestors among other vertebrate animals; but I am bound to confess that every positive advance which we have made in the province of pre-historic anthropology has actually removed us farther from the proof of such a connection.\*

Haeckel calls Du Bois Raymond's address on the Limits of Natural Knowledge, delivered at Leipsic in 1873 (and Du Bois Raymond is the foremost naturalist of Europe), "a great denial of the history of evolution."† Among other unconvinced opponents it is enough to mention Agassiz. There is great significance in this multiplied refusal to accept the doctrine of the evolution of man, particularly as the scientists who stand aloof are by no means noted for their orthodoxy, but rather the contrary in every case; and so they cannot be accused fairly of any perverse theological bias. They have the same facts before them that the evolutionists have, and, so far as we can judge, they are quite as well able to explain what the facts imply. Haeckel meets his antagonists by recapitulating the details that they are already familiar with, and then follows up the recapitulation by insinuating doubts of their honesty, because they do not see with his eyes. Thus Virchow, once a Monist and Freethinker, has degenerated into a dualist and a mystic, hand and glove with the "black International." Du Bois Raymond

Knows too well how to conceal the weakness of his argument and evidence, and the shallowness of his thought, by striking images and flowery metaphors, and by all the phraseology of rhetoric in which the versatile French nature is so superior to the sober German race.‡

Agassiz fares still worse, for, misguided man of science that

\* Freedom of Science in the Modern State, p. 5F.

† Freedom in Science and Teaching, p. 9. ‡ Ibid., p. 100

he was, he actually presumed to entertain definite theological ideas, whereas Virchow and Du Bois Raymond are vague.

This great American was, in reality, gifted with too much genius actually to believe in the truth of the mystic nonsense which he preached. Crafty calculation and well-judged reliance on the want of understanding of his credulous followers can alone have given him courage to pass the juggler's pieces of his anthropomorphic Creator as true coin.\*

This is the same Agassiz, who was not an American, but a Swiss settled in Boston, of whom Longfellow wrote—

"And Nature, the old nurse, took the child upon her knee,  
Saying, 'Here is a story-book thy Father has written for thee;  
Come, wander with me,' she said, 'into regions yet untrod,  
And read what is still unread in the manuscripts of God.'"

Haeckel is vexed that so few leading physiologists look with favour on the doctrine of Evolution, when really it belongs to them to figure as its most prominent champions. He nicknames them pedants, and what not, because they cling to facts, and want to move on sure ground. Then he turns savagely round upon them all with his Athanasian Creed—"This is the faith, which, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." So whosoever will be saved knows what he has to believe.

It is plain that there is ample room for divergent conclusions, and nobody need be without prominent names to support him, whether, finally he decide for or against the doctrine of the evolution of man from animals. Indeed, scientific men are like Biblical texts, and can be quoted on opposite sides, and scientific theories are like theological theories, no one, as yet, has succeeding in winning the faith of the universal church. Still, there is a sense in which Haeckel is right, notwithstanding his frequent one-sidedness,

\* *Evolution of Man*, Vol. I, p. 116.

and his uncalled-for ferocity, in his contention against the advocates of bare facts, that we are bound to seek a theory of some kind or other, if we are ambitious to do anything more than make a dry catalogue. Hypotheses may run wild, but they may also assist discovery, and there are not a few instances on record in which they have done so. It seems, the authorities mentioned leave no doubt, that there are innumerable difficulties in the way of accepting the hypothesis of the evolution of man, in addition to those which stand in the way of the hypothesis of cosmic evolution. Still, it is the same with any hypothesis. Some *lacunæ* remain, and the imagination has to fill them up, and then go on as though its own creations had a location in the objective world. This simply amounts to taking it for granted that, given two distant links of a chain, there must be intermediate links. While, then, we may be willing to confess faith in the evolution hypothesis, both in its cosmic and its human applications, we still have to remember that it is unproven; and the particular inferences which its advocates draw from certain facts may or may not be true, although the hypothesis itself may stand on a fairly solid foundation. And even the statement of the facts requires to be carefully scrutinised, for the attitude of belief or unbelief towards the hypothesis under consideration, unconsciously, but inevitably, colours the language that a man uses, and the conclusion has a tendency to find its way into the premises. We recognise with some difficulty that we have the same fact before us in the diverse representations of Quatrefages and Darwin, and the difficulty is increased when we have to reconcile the varying versions of the same fact in Lotze and Haeckel. It is of no use to pretend that the respective combatants wilfully try to steal a march upon us and to entrap us unawares. That accusation may be repeated all round if any one cares to give up trust in

scientific straightforwardness. Of the reasonings that have come under our notice, Haeckel's are the most partial and Lotze's the most impartial. Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and Fiske are studiously fair, but they all fall short of Lotze's catholic sympathy for the infinite diversity of the manifestations of the one idea.

We are now in a position to inquire whether there are any distinguishing characteristics of men. Likenesses of a very close character between man and the first and lower branches of the evolutionist's tree of life we are prepared to expect. What we claim for man is that in his physical structure he is the last link of a series of organisations and the ripest and completest result of everything that has preceded him. Man, whatever may be his relation to speechless apes, and however indistinguishable he may be from frogs in early morphological stages, ultimately becomes something which is different both from apes and frogs, and which is admitted to be the best combination of bones, muscles, and nerves that the spontaneously generated Monera have shown themselves capable of producing. Haeckel is anxious to reduce the difference to a minimum and to magnify the likeness proportionately. He gives the head and face of a cat and the head and face of a man, and makes the cat very manlike and the man very catlike. Similarly he gives heads of a sheep and a bat, and the four on the same page—and they might be taken for imperfectly executed photographs of one object. He has a special fondness for the head of the nosed-ape, an inhabitant of Borneo, and compares it with the head of Julia Pastrana, a human monstrosity. He says:—

There are very many persons who believe that the image of God is unmistakably reflected in their own features. If the nosed-ape shared in this singular opinion, he would hold it with a better right than some snub-nosed people.\*

\* Evolution of Man, Vol. I., p. 374.

But pictures, particularly exaggerated pictures, are bad arguments. Lotze ably reasons that the physical superiority of man does not consist so much in the form of this or that organ as in the peculiar combination of various organs and in the wider and more diversified range of energies which this peculiar combination brings in its train. In this way man is marked out as unique. The poor relations of man are confined to limited geographical areas, and man makes himself at home everywhere. The fishes have the water, the birds have the air, and wild beasts are stronger on the land; but their existence is monotonous, and they perish if they are withdrawn from their native element. On the other hand, man has large natural powers of adaptation, and he has almost exhaustless powers of intellectual adaptation, so that he commands alike air, water, and land; and Nature has given him dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

The faculty of intelligent articulate speech cannot be accounted for by any one physical organ. For the animals appear to possess all the needful organs as well as ourselves, and some birds may be trained to utter articulate words. The explanation must rather be sought in the combination of organs, and the new means thereby furnished for the manifestation of the original energy by which man is differentiated from the animals. And between intelligent articulate speech uttered by self-conscious persons and the cries of animals expressing rage, hunger, and sexual passion, there is a great gulf fixed. Talking parrots and starlings; Barnaby Rudge's raven, master of the two sentences, "Polly, put the kettle on," and "Never say die"; the five distinct kinds of barks which, according to Mr. Darwin, the dog has acquired since he has been domesticated; the methods possessed by ants of communicating with one another; the chattering of rooks in their airy parliaments, and all the vocal powers of the animal tribes, fall, with an "im-

measurable and practically infinite divergence" below human speech. Jack Cade condemned Lord Say for talking of nouns and verbs, though he used them himself without being aware of it. The animals are in no danger from Jack Cade. They stop at interjections. From the standpoint of evolution we may call interjections survivals in man, while they are the consummation in animals, and Horne Tooke's contention that interjections are no legitimate part of human speech at all, has a meaning in it worth considering. We and the animals can interchange measles and small-pox. But the power of intercommunication soon reaches a limit. We never succeed in teaching them to talk, and at the same time to understand what they are saying. The consequences of the absence of the faculty of intelligent, articulate speech, for which, let it be remembered, there is no apparent physical cause, except the different combination of common elements, are sufficient themselves to constitute the human race a race apart. They entail a more lasting memory, and a memory, too, of a more purely intellectual character. They suggest finer distinctions of ideas and emotions. They create a literature. They enable us to hand down the gains of experience to following generations, enriched and multiplied through successive stages. They make history, and they formulate a law of historical progress. Human language produces an Iliad, a Hamlet, and a Faust, it produces a Koran and a Bible, it produces the nursery rhymes of childhood, the eloquence of orators, the reasonings of philosophers, and a word-clothing for the facts of science. What more need be said? The nosed-ape could not be taught to pronounce, much less to understand, a sentence of the "Evolution of Man." By means of language man becomes the "Alps and Andes of the living world," "reflecting here and there a ray from the infinite source of truth." \*

\* *Man's Place in Nature*, p. 112.

The organisation of man is such that ideas flow into us through our senses, or are suggested by them, that have no parallels in the regions of pure animal life. Take the sensations of sound in music. For us there is a complete scale of mutually related notes. Their harmonies or dissonances gratify us or displease us. Beethoven is a master of sacred mysteries. Sound has a soul in it. It tells us stories of romance. It imparts meaning to the waterfall and the thunder-clap. It is religious; it mingles heaven with earth and God with man. Music is a new language, mystical and yet intelligent. For the whole animal world this elaborate musical capacity has no existence. The same difference meets us again in the wider range of faculty possessed by the sense of sight. Compared with that of men, the nervous system of animals is less sensitive to colour and form and number. No doubt animals have a joyous sense of bright colours, and this is peculiarly noticeable in the pairing season.

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;  
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;  
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove."

The bower birds of New Guinea build picturesque homes to attract the females. The cock's gorgeous plumage captivates the troop of hens in the poultry-yard. But there are no animal Turners any more than there are animal Handels. Animal art is rudimentary. The architecture is narrowly utilitarian, and confined to providing bare shelter, and the ornament is crude. In man architecture attains to temples and cathedrals; and the passion for ornament reaches ceremonialism, wanders into dress and furniture, and culminates in painting, all to please the eye, and still more to please the soul by clothing the ideal in garments of matter. In these two ways the waves of ether, striking alike on the animal and the human ear and eye, have more meaning for man than they have for

the animal, and while in the animal they serve purposes of sense enjoyment, in man they serve purposes of spiritual education. That is to say, in man the sensations of sound and sight are peculiarly intellectualised, and they end in the perception of ideas.\* In the best sense of the word, art, then, as well as language, is a distinctively human prerogative.

A surface likeness, accompanied by profound differences, confronts us once more in the social organisations which animals and men are capable of founding. Shakspeare's description of a community of bees is both perfect poetry and accurate natural history. Sir John Lubbock's ants are more sage than Solomon's. Mr. Darwin's anecdotes of animal societies are marvellous. There exists solid evidence which abundantly proves the capacity of animals to constitute admirably organised societies. They have co-operation for a common end. They have subordinate ranks. They have monarchs to rule, soldiers to defend, artisans to work, cattle to milk, and they hold slaves in bondage. They have some good characteristics of human societies, and they have some bad ones. But they are stationary, while an increasing purpose runs through human history, and our thoughts "are widened with the process of the suns." We have emancipated our slaves. No Wilberforce or Clarkson has appeared among the ants. We have been hunters and fishers, nomads, agriculturists, and we are now learning to prize the industrial phase of activity most of all. They continue as they were, and if they do not degenerate, neither do they grow. We do not expect communities of ants and bees to learn from experience. For the purposes they have to serve, their present methods are ample, and if they were to alter these methods, they would be ants and bees no longer. They are shut up within a circle, perfect of its

\* Lotze's *Mikrokosmos*. Vol. II., p. 190.

kind, but narrow. But all human societies are experiments, and development is the order of their life. The elements are at our disposal. Science makes Utopias possible. We have no *finis*. We aspire after an ever-improving social ideal. History is a record of our failures and successes. For man believes in progress, he dreams of it, he works for it. The very crimes and sins that have stained human societies in past times, and that stain them even yet, in the shame with which we regard them in our more advanced state, and in the moral indignation which they kindle in us against themselves, testify to man in his waywardness as being something unspeakably higher than the animals in their fated round, and incapable of righteousness as they are incapable of sin.

And this leads us to the last distinguishing characteristics of man—viz., morality and religion. "Two things there are," said Kant, "which the oftener and more steadfastly we consider fill the mind with an ever-new, an ever-increasing admiration and reverence—the starry heaven above, the moral law within." The admiring and reverent contemplation of the "starry heaven above" belonged to Newton. He had a dog called Diamond; but it is not on record that Diamond ever betrayed any astronomical curiosity, though now and then perhaps he bayed at the moon, and scampered into the house when November meteors fell. Diamond, as well as other dogs, might have a conscience, if the meaning of conscience be confined to doing what a master approves, and not doing what a master disapproves, and so diminishing pains and increasing pleasures. That is a popular theory of conscience, and to that extent there seems no reason why we should not grant its possession to the animals. And all the stories of animal morality go no further than that. Self-preservation and the propagation of the race sufficiently explain the genesis of such conscience as the animals have; but we cannot

confound it with Kant's "moral law within," which we recognise as the will of an objective lawgiver. The categorical imperative, the sense of duty, the feeling of sacred and irrevocable obligation which expresses itself in "I ought," alone describes human morality. Right and wrong for us are not bounded by experiences of the pleasurable and painful. We often call the pleasurable wrong and the painful right. We construct a graduated scale of duties, and estimate their importance as they are higher or lower, not according as they are agreeable or disagreeable. We rejoice to strive after an ideal of righteousness, and though it may be rewarded with a crown of thorns, we feel that "all other pleasures are not worth its pains." The moral law within has a universal binding authority, and changes neither with place nor time. Its reality is not altered by our apparent deviations. We can do nothing against it, but for it, and in the end it asserts and vindicates itself. The earlier and later stages of moral practice by no means imply that the law is variable, but only that our perception of it grows, while it is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. We pity others and we condemn ourselves when savage morals occasionally gain the mastery; but admiration, worship almost, is kindled by the sight of uncalculated heroism and the utter abandonment of the soul to righteousness. Howsoever we falter in action, the moral law never fails to win our reverence. When we speak of the survival of the fittest in the animal world, we mean the survival of the strongest, and of those animals who are best adapted to their physical environment. Human civilisation introduces a new factor, and fitness is correspondence to an ideal of moral excellence. Until the animals engage in such controversies as these, and discuss questions in casuistry, and show by their conduct that they feel any interest in speculative or practical moral problems, we must conclude that a different tendency is from the beginning impressed on

the potentiality intended to be evolved into human proportions.

Finally, the religious sentiment is peculiar to man. It is a dismal joke to pretend to discover its rudiments in dogs licking their masters' hands. No doubt the sense of dependence is there, and no doubt human religion first manifests itself as a sense of dependence. But we go on. By processes which are easily explicable, seeing that experience makes us all acquainted with them, and history is their record writ large, the sense of dependence gives rise to emotions of fear and love. It may be that fear is the eldest offspring; early stages of religion appear to indicate that this is the case. But they grow from the same root, and the sproutings of love are inextricably intertwined with the sproutings of fear. We fear the Power, not ourselves, on which we depend, and which often seems to work us ill, and we love the Power which often certainly works us good, and raises the expectation of greater good. Then we personify the Power, and ascribe to it quasi-human attributes. Thus we become theologians. Theology is the intellectual stage of religion where religion ceases to be the mere emotion it was in its inception, and develops into a kind of science. We are necessarily anthropomorphic in our theology. Goethe tells us, "Man never knows how anthropomorphic he is." Anthropomorphic theology may not be the complete truth of the matter, still it is better than any other form that we are capable of imagining. God always stands for the highest object of our thought; obviously we cannot conceive Him as animal energy, for that is lower than human energy, or simply as force, for that has no meaning to us except as the play of intelligence the type of which we find in ourselves. If we knew of any existence higher than man, we should conceive of God after the fashion of that existence. There are no races of men who have not started on this path of religious thought,

and shown themselves capable of indefinite advancement. It used to be supposed that some tribes in a savage state had no name for God, and no ideas of any kind of a future life. But more careful investigation has established the contrary, and has proved that man is naturally religious, and that he displays his religiosity wherever he is met with. And even if it had not been so, if there actually were barbarians so low that the sense of dependence had never excited in their minds the thought of God, we should decline to measure ourselves by them. "The question," says Mr. Darwin, "whether there exists a Creator and Ruler of the universe has been answered in the affirmative by the highest intellects that ever lived." And only human intellects have put or can put the question. God theologised in creating man, and so man anthropologises in conceiving of God. Still, "His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor are His ways as our ways. But as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His thoughts higher than our thoughts, and His ways higher than our ways."

These like and unlike characteristics of men and animals are more numerous than our space can allow us to find room for. Science comes round in essential particulars to the same conclusion as the common sense of mankind. Nobody pretends that men and brutes can be spoken of in the same way. The common origin, if it be true, must be taken together with existing differences, which are as great as any differences that would arise on the ante-Darwinian theory that God creates each species by itself. On the hypothesis of evolution as applied to man, taken in its largest significance, we and animals pass through similar morphological stages of development, and we and they are constructed on the same physical plan; but we, so far, are the final stage of the development, and the completest expression of the plan which struggled upward to us, and then stopped.

We and they can communicate with one another, but while they are confined to natural language in gestures, cries, and barks, and sympathetic nervous thrills, the faculty of intelligent articulate speech belongs to us alone. We and they share sensations of sight and sound; but while they feel some delight in the sensations, and are stirred up to a reflex activity, we intellectualise the sensations, and create art and music. We and they form societies; but while they are stationary, we, both in the individual and the race, pursue ideals, and rise to higher things on "stepping-stones of our dead selves." We and they have affection; but while in them it is based on appetite, in us it is accompanied by conscience and by a moral law within, by a sense of sin and the felt obligation of righteousness. We and they have a sense of dependence, but we have also morality and religion. In all directions the divergence of man from animals is "immeasurable and practically infinite." Mr. Darwin points out that metaphysical reasoning, mathematical problems, reflections on God, the admiration of grand, natural scenes, the expression of definite ideas by definite words, and disinterested love of all living creatures, are quite beyond animal comprehension. The anthropomorphous ape, if he could take a dispassionate view of his own case, would admit this.\*

Professor Huxley is equally emphatic:—

No one is more strongly convinced than I am of the vastness of the gulf between civilised man and the brutes; or is more certain that, whether *from* them or not, he is assuredly *not of* them. No one is less disposed to think lightly of the present dignity, or despairingly of the future hopes of the only intelligent denizen of the world.†

Two questions of great import emerge at this point. First, if we grant the hypothesis of the evolution of man from animals non-human, what may we infer as to the

Descent of Man, Vol. I., p. 10f.

† Man's Place in Nature, p. 110.

dignity and destiny of man himself? And, second, what changes are required, if any, in our views of the Divine Activity? As to the first of these questions, it is evident that our answers will be determined by our disposition to look either on the cloud alone, or the cloud with its silver linings. As to the second, our answers will depend on the degree in which we feel ourselves free to transport human consciousness, as an authoritative interpreter, into the universe or the not-self. Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley clearly lean to sympathy with the Psalmist—"Thou hast made man a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour." We may suppose them willing to echo Hamlet in his grander mood—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" Haeckel echoes Hamlet when the sweet bells are jangled, out of tune, and harsh, and "this quintessence of dust" delights him not.

Evolutionists are by no means compelled to make light of human dignity, and they may protest as stoutly against our contenting ourselves with the lower pleasures and lower pains of the beasts, as any believer in the poem of Genesis can. And, indeed, their philosophy is more helpful to morality than the current interpretation of Genesis, for it has no fall from the consequences of which we never entirely escape, but involves steady, though sinuous, progress. Nor is this human dignity, whatever it may be, at all lessened by the fact that, according to the evolutionary hypothesis, we have had non-human progenitors. What we are now, what we may be, and what we ought to be, is a weighty business enough; what we have come from concerns us not. Yet if we have to choose between being fashioned direct out of the dust of the earth, and out of the

same dust after it has served an apprenticeship in previous organisations, we choose the latter method, as more agreeable to our belief that we are the aristocracy of nature. When people do not object to an origin in dust, it is making a difficulty out of an advantage to object to an origin in prepared dust. We are more than dust now of any kind. *We* never were dust. *We* never were speechless apes. *We* only began to be when true men made their appearance through the new combination of old materials, or, as we prefer to picture it, through the waking up of a slumbering potentiality, always there, but never conscious of itself till man came, and then it knew itself the offspring of God.

The old arguments in favour of human immortality remain as before, whether we accept or reject evolution. Ideas and emotions present in consciousness as the property of a personal self are still the only realities that we absolutely know, and it still continues impossible to pass by any imaginable transition or growth whatsoever, from what we hypothecate as matter to what we are sure of as mind. "What," asks Professor Tyndall, "is the causal connection between molecular motions and states of consciousness? My answer is: I do not see the connection, nor have I as yet met anybody who does."\* The ear does not hear and the eye does not see.

"What hears is mind, what sees is mind,  
All the rest is deaf and blind."

In us, mind knows its fitness to live immortally, our moral aspirations demand immortality, affection clings to it, faith in God necessitates it. Evolution does not lessen the prospect of the ultimate fulfilment of this universal human hope. It may well be that a future and an endless experiment of life is in store for man—nature's consummate marvel. The fact that he is capable of dreaming of such an inheritance illustrates its consonance to his constitution as a self-con-

\* "Science and Man," *Fortnightly Review*, Nov. 1877, p. 607.

scious person. We need not consider the animals in this respect. It will be time enough to inquire into their chances of immortality when they say they want it. As the case now stands, evolution rather favours than militates against the claim of man to go on living. Every upward step in the round of existence has witnessed the advent of creatures endowed with powers unknown before, and their reality has not been denied because they did not appear earlier. Now is the era of the reign of man. He is dominant, and he dwarfs his predecessors. His actual superiority is unquestioned, and a superiority stretching to immortality waits for the answer of time. Meanwhile, the probabilities in its favour win our trust, and we will not here go outside the hypothesis of evolution to search for more. Say Socrates was evolved, he believed in immortality. Say Jesus Christ was evolved, he did the same. We are in the best of good company with these two as the sharers of our faith.

As to the second question, concerning God, there prevails a superstitious fear in some quarters that as evolution explains so beautifully how the order of phenomena may have been produced, it may lead us to ignore God. But what do we mean by God? We mean Intelligence and Will. We know them in ourselves. They are the surest of facts that we do know. We know our personal intelligence as limited, yet also that there stands over against us an Intelligence which is unlimited, except by its own free self-manifestations. We know that our personal will is limited in its power to perform actions in accordance with what we will, yet also that there stands over against us a Will unlimited, except by its own freely determined and varying *radii* of energy. The laws of nature are divine thoughts and divine volitions. Physical science does not go along with us when we say that,

“ Out of Thought's interior sphere,  
These wonders rise to upper air ; ”

though Professor Tyndall, who is more than a mere physical scientist, quotes Emerson's lines approvingly. Physical science contents itself with observing phenomena, and telling what they appear to be, purely as phenomena. And this is a useful process in its way, but it is partial; and man, the last result of evolution, cannot content himself with it. We are bound to take the suggestions of human intelligence and will as our guides when we endeavour to interpret the meaning of things in their totality. They are the topmost branches of the tree of finite life, and they earliest and clearest catch the light of the revealing skies. We mistake when we seek the meaning anywhere below; it comes out fullest above. The intelligence of God has ordered, and still orders, the universe; the will of God was, and still is, the pervading force. God knows Himself in the play of atoms, in early forms of life, in the succession of species running one into another, but He is not known. He knows Himself again in man, and lets Himself be partially known by man. And evolution is the coming forth of the divine thought and will; it is the incomplete and never-to-be-completed history of the self-revelation of God.

Here is the primary difference between evolution as interpreted by physical science, and evolution as interpreted by theology. Either way there is a change of conditions, and according to the laws of human thinking the change implies the presence of a power competent to produce it. The various conditions conspire to an end which the laws of human thinking again would compel us to regard as determined, provided for, and foreseen if we met with it anywhere else; and why should it not be so when we meet with it in nature? The adaptation of the eye to vision may not be a final cause in the precise sense of Archdeacon Paley. It may be granted that "Design" is an inadequate word to express the working of the Divine Mind, and even Consciousness, the richest word in our vocabulary, has

shortcomings when applied to God. They hint at Him rather than declare Him, and they imply in the source all that we have seen in the stream, and an infinite potentiality beyond. Mr. Fiske thinks that Darwinism has given the death-blow to teleology, and suggests Cosmic Theism in the place of Anthropomorphic Theism. But may not the two be held together, and Anthropomorphic Theism be the best possible interpretation of Cosmic Theism? Professor Tyndall thinks that between the theory of the Almighty Clockmaker and the theory of Immanence, as conceived in Carlyle's Ash Tree Ygdrasil, there is less difference than at first sight appears. Professor Huxley thinks that evolution only pushes the problem farther back, and that the teleologist may take refuge in an impregnable fortress. If he says that God determined all beforehand, evolution cannot touch him, for the simple reason that it knows nothing either for or against the assertion. The whole question, which is too large to deal with here, is freshly and ably handled by Paul Janet.\* Evolution really leaves the teleological argument unhurt, though it has to be reshaped. Instead of beginning with atoms, minus intelligence and will, and arbitrarily introducing these two factors from nobody knows where, in an after-stage of development, we start with them, and call them God. The only distinction that we need make between God and nature is the distinction between the idea itself and the utterance of the idea, always with the qualification that while the idea is the Absolute Deity, the utterance is partly known and partly unknown, and the interpretations of both, either by science or theology, share in the imperfectness which belongs to humanity.

WILLIAM BINNS.

\* *Final Causes*. London. 1878.

*PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MARY  
CARPENTER.\**

**T**HE biography of Miss Carpenter, by her nephew, affords a most true picture of this admirable woman in the two leading phases of her character—the Philanthropist and the Pietist. Nothing is overdrawn by a line in the description of her untiring zeal, her marvellous practical ability, and her exalted and saintly devotion. Nor is anything wanting, assuredly, in the thoroughly complete and intelligent history which Professor Estlin Carpenter has given of Miss Carpenter's multifarious philanthropic projects and achievements. It is a history which cannot fail to interest every reader, and is full of information even for those who once, in a measure, shared her labours.

There are, however, I apprehend, beside these great features of Mary Carpenter's life, several minor ones which her biographer has either omitted, or only partially delineated (as was inevitable) at second-hand; and these, it appears to me, might be advantageously added by friends nearer in age to the beloved subject of the Memoirs, and qualified to record the first impressions made on a stranger by her physical and moral aspect. I do not hope in the following brief Recollections to produce such a supplement to Mr. Carpenter's excellent Biography, but only to contribute a few

\* The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. Macmillan and Co. 1879.

touches which may help those who never knew this noble woman to realise what she was in the flesh, and to rekindle tender memories in the hearts of those who both knew and loved her.

It was with a true insight into human nature that Sir Arthur Helps made one of his "*Friends in Council*" say that he considers it a test of perfect friendship that we may "*feel free to laugh at our friend.*" The more we esteem and revere them in our innermost souls, the more we need to feel thus at liberty to jest with them concerning the little whims, idiosyncrasies, and droll characteristics which detract not one jot from their claims to honour, but rather add to them the charm of thorough humanity. If in anything I shall record of Mary Carpenter I may sometimes raise a smile, it will only be such a smile as she herself would have been the first to share.

My acquaintance with Mary Carpenter commenced in November, 1858, when I went to reside in her house for the purpose of taking part in her work. Lady Byron had communicated to me her desire to find a successor to Miss Bathurst, who had laboured with her during the previous year, and had left her in consequence of broken health. We paid Miss Carpenter for board and lodging, and she provided us with abundance of occupation. My reasons for falling into such an arrangement were that my home duties had terminated, and that I was looking out to see what use I could make of my life. I had by mere chance read her "*Juvenile Delinquents*," and had admired the spirit of the book; but my special attraction to Miss Carpenter was the belief that I should find in her at once a very religious woman, and one so completely outside the pale of orthodoxy that I should be sure to find with her the sympathy I had never yet been privileged to enjoy. My notions of an "Unitarian" were at the time extremely vague; and nothing

could exceed my consternation when I discovered that there was such a thing as "orthodox Unitarianism," and a rather stiff and prickly orthodoxy to boot.

Naturally, I retain a vivid recollection of the years which I spent in Red Lodge House, exceptional as they were from every point of view among the chapters of my small history; and I possess, in addition, to correct any failure of remembrance, some twenty letters from Miss Carpenter, written during my temporary absences from her house, and a considerable packet of my own letters sent during my residence therein to a dear friend, since dead—the same H. S. to whom Mrs. Kemble has addressed her delightful "Old Woman's Gossip."

My first interview with Miss Carpenter was in the doorway of my bedroom after my arrival at Red Lodge House. She had been absent from home on business, and hastened upstairs to welcome me. It was a rather critical moment, for I had been asking myself anxiously—"What manner of woman shall I behold?" I knew I should see an able and an excellent person; but it is quite possible for able and excellent women to be far from constituting agreeable companions for a *tête-à-tête* of years; and nothing short of this had I in contemplation. The first glimpse in that doorway set my fears at rest! The plain and careworn face, the figure which, Mr. Martineau says, had been "columnar" in youth, but which at fifty-two was angular and stooping, were yet all alive with feeling and power. Her large light blue eyes, with their peculiar trick of showing the white beneath the iris, had an extraordinary faculty of taking possession of the person on whom they were fixed, like those of an amiable Ancient Mariner who only wanted to talk philanthropy, and not to tell stories of weird voyages and murdered albatrosses. There was humour, also, in every line of her face, and a readiness to catch the first gleam of a joke. But the

prevailing characteristic of Mary Carpenter, as I came subsequently more perfectly to recognise, was a high and strong *Resolution*, which made her whole path much like that of a plough in a well-drawn furrow, which goes straight on end its own beneficent way, and gently pushes aside into little ridges all intervening people and things.

Long after this first interview, I showed Miss Carpenter's photograph to the Master of Balliol, without telling him whom it represented. After looking at it carefully, he remarked, "This is the portrait of a person who *lives under high moral excitement*." There could not be a truer summary of her habitual state.

Writing to my old friend two days after my arrival at Bristol, I thus described my impressions:—

I like Miss Carpenter *very* much. I have seen her but little as yet, but I feel confident I shall have much happiness in her intercourse. All she feels and thinks about her work meets my highest expectation.

A week or two later I added:—

Miss Carpenter is fearfully overworked, quite breaking down with it. I never sit for a moment with her, even at odd times when we have leisure, because I see she has not an ounce of strength to waste. She does the work of three people on the food of half a one. I begin to love her very heartily. That beautiful loving nature of hers is just what I want. . . . Miss F. was quite right—she is a true "saint," and it is a blessing of the very highest sort to live with her. The homely exterior contrasts curiously always, to my eye, with what I see of the beautiful soul; and the poor stooping frame, and low, slow voice with the resolute energy which has done work which all my vitality would not accomplish in a century. I feel to her a sort of loyalty which makes it quite a pleasure to me to follow out her wishes hour by hour, feeling, as I do, the profoundest sympathy with her ideas of the end to be aimed at, and seeing all the wisdom of the means wherewith she carries them out. Whether I am of much use, I know not; at all events, she says I

cheer her, and bring life into the schools. I can save her some writing.

Our days were very much alike, and "Sunday shone no Sabbath-day" for us. Our little household consisted of one honest girl (a certain excellent Marianne, who well deserves commemoration) and two little *professed* thieves from the Red Lodge. We assembled for prayers very early in the morning; and breakfast was got over, during the winter months, before daylight, Miss Carpenter always remarking brightly as she sat down, "How cheerful" was the gas! After this, there were classes at the different schools, endless arrangements and organisations, the looking-up of little truants from the Ragged Schools, and a good deal of business in the way of writing reports, and so on. Altogether, nearly every hour of the day and week was pretty well mapped out, leaving only space for the brief dinner and tea; and at nine or ten o'clock at night, when we met at last, Miss Carpenter was often so exhausted that I have seen her fall asleep with the spoon half way between her mouth and the cup of gruel which she ate for supper. Her habits were all of the simplest and most self-denying kind. Both by temperament and on principle she was essentially a Stoic. She had no sympathy at all with *Asceticism*, which is a very different thing, and implies a vivid sense of the attractiveness of luxury; and she strongly condemned fasting, and all such practices, on the Zoroastrian principle, that they involve a culpable weakening of powers which are intrusted to us for good use. But she was an ingrained Stoic, to whom all the minor comforts of life are simply indifferent, and who can scarcely even recognise the fact that other people take heed of them. She once, with great simplicity, made to me the grave observation that at a country house where she had just passed two or three days "the ladies and gentlemen all came down dressed for dinner, and evidently thought the meal rather a pleasant

part of the day!" For herself (as I often told her) she had no idea of any Feast except that of the Passover, and always ate with her loins girded and her umbrella at hand, ready to rush off to the Red Lodge, if not to the Red Sea. In vain I remonstrated on the unwholesomeness of the practice, and even entreated, on my own behalf, to be allowed time to swallow my food, and also some food (in the shape of vegetables) to swallow, as well as the eternal, too easily ordered, salt beef and ham. Next day, after an appeal of this kind, made serious on my part by threats of gout, good Miss Carpenter greeted me with a complacent smile on my entry into our little dining-room. "You see I have not forgotten your wish for a dish of vegetables!" There, surely enough, on a cheese-plate, stood six little radishes! Her special chair was a horsehair one with wooden arms, and on the seat she had placed a small square cushion, as hard as a board, likewise covered with horsehair. I took this up one day, and taunted her with the *Sybaritism* it betrayed; but she replied, with infinite simplicity, "Yes, indeed! I am sorry to say that since my illness I have been obliged to have recourse to *these indulgences* (!). I used to try, like St. Paul, to 'endure hardness.'"

Her standard of conscientious rigour was even, it would appear, applicable to animals. I never saw a more ludicrous little scene than when she one day found my poor dog Hajjin—a splendid grey Pomeranian—lying on the broad of her very broad back, luxuriating on the rug before a good fire. After gravely inspecting her for some moments, Miss Carpenter turned solemnly away, observing, in a tone of deep moral disapprobation, "Self-indulgent dog!"

But alongside of this Stoicism there was in Mary Carpenter a strong feeling for Beauty, both of Nature and Art. So far as her means would allow, she made her Reformatory and her house (the Ragged School was past æsthetic help!) as pretty as possible, and she frequently expressed horror

of the bare and pictureless walls of certain other charitable institutions. She was also a very fair artist in the earlier style of water-colour drawings, and especially showed her fancy and delicate feeling in semi-imaginary landscapes. A series of these portrayed the course of the river Otter; and she was good enough to write out for me the words beneath each drawing, forming in succession a sweet little poem. They afford a glimpse of a side of Mary Carpenter's character which has been too much lost sight of among her sterner labours, but one which I always did my utmost to bring up to lighten her toils and relieve the sordidness among which she necessarily passed so large a portion of her time.

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#### WANDERINGS OF THE OTTER FROM OTTERTON TO THE SEA.

##### I.

The Otter ripples along joyously, having just escaped from the last abode of man, and then calmly flows on between peaceful meadows and hanging woods. Flowers bedeck its banks, and trees bend lovingly over their favourite stream.

##### II.

The Otter is full of peace. Large forest trees do not disdain to hang their strong protecting arms over the rivulet, while more slight and delicate branches entwine themselves over it. The Otter lovingly reflects their varied hues—and glides on.

##### III.

The banks open. The red cliffs appear from amidst ancient gnarled trunks and young, bright foliage. Many-coloured lichens have decked even the protecting hurdles of the watering place.

##### IV.

A solitary bird stands musingly on the bank, near a little island. The Otter smiles peacefully, though clouds thicken in the sky.

## v.

The spirit of the Otter ascends the high banks, and, from underneath the fir trees, catches a first glimpse of the blue sea—the home to which it is hastening.

## vi.

The last bridge is passed. The banks recede. The cattle refresh themselves in their favourite stream. The Otter gives a tender farewell glance at its beloved woods.

## vii.

The sea-cliffs are gained! The nymphs of the caverns welcome their longed-for one. Yet the Otter still looks lovingly at the green spots of its own Devon.

## viii.

All is now forgotten but the joy of having reached the home. The setting sun sheds its brightest light on the rocks and sea-green weeds that welcome the Otter. The wild gulls greet it gladly.

## ix.

The joyous stream blends its pure and sparkling waters with the calm, crystal waves that wash Devon's sea-cliffs, and reflect her bright heavens. Undine has gained her home. M. C.

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Speaking of a collection of Miss Carpenter's sketches, I wrote to my friend:—"It is curious to know of this real artist mind, and to watch her in a frightful schoolroom labouring away over some simplest matter with those poor little ragamuffins. I have always deemed the love of the Beautiful to be a *fastidious* sentiment, but she is beyond all that."

Certainly, I did not exaggerate the frightfulness of one, at least, of the schoolrooms in which much of her work lay—a certain Ragged School in a filthy lane named St. James' Back, now, I believe, happily swept from the face of

the earth. The long line of Lewin's Mead beyond the chapel was bad enough, especially at nine or ten o'clock of a winter's night, when half the gas lamps were extinguished, and groups of miserable drunken men and women were to be found shouting, screaming, and fighting before the dens of drink and infamy, of which the street consisted. Miss Carpenter told me, that a short time previously, some Bow-street constables had been sent down to this place to ferret out a crime which had been committed there, and that they reported there was not in all London such a nest of wickedness as they had explored. The ordinary Bristol policemen were never to be seen at night in Lewin's Mead, and it was said they were afraid to show themselves in the place. But St. James' Back was a shade, I think, lower than Lewin's Mead, at all events it was further from the upper air of decent life; and in these horrid slums that dauntless woman had bought some tumbledown old buildings and turned them into schools—day-schools and night-schools for boys, for girls, for infants—and specially night-schools for boys, all the very sweepings of those wretched streets.

It was a wonderful spectacle to see Mary Carpenter sitting patiently before the large school gallery in this place, teaching, singing, and praying with the wild street-boys, in spite of endless interruptions caused by such proceedings as shooting marbles at any object behind her, whistling, stamping, fighting, shrieking out "Amen" in the middle of the prayer, and sometimes rising *en masse* and tearing, like a troupe of bisons in hob-nailed shoes, down from the gallery, round the great schoolroom and down the stairs, out into the street. These irrepressible outbreaks she bore with infinite good humour, and, what seemed to me more marvellous still, she heeded, apparently, not at all the indescribable abomination of the odours of a tripe and trotter shop next door, wherein operations were frequently carried

on which, together with the *bouquet du peuple* of the poor little unkempt scholars, rendered the school, of a hot summer's evening, little better than the ill-smelling *giro* of Dante's "Inferno." These trifles, however, scarcely even attracted Mary Carpenter's attention, fixed as it was on the possibility of "taking hold" (as she used to say) of one little urchin or another, on whom, for the moment, her hopes were fixed.

The droll things which daily occurred in these schools, and the wonderful replies received from the scholars to questions testing their information,\* amused her intensely, and the more unruly were the young scamps the more, I think, in her secret heart she liked them, and gloried in taming them. She used to say, "Only to get them to use the *school comb* is something!" Indeed, at all times the

\* I have elsewhere given some illustrations from this experience of the Ragged School-boy's mind. There was the boy who defined Conscience as "a thing a gen'elman hasn't got, who, when a boy finds his purse and gives it back to him, doesn't give the boy sixpence." There was the boy who, sharing in a Sunday evening lecture on "Thankfulness," and being asked what pleasure he enjoyed most in the course of the year, replied candidly, "Cock fightin', ma'am; there's a pit up by the 'Black Boy' as is worth anythink in Brissel." The clergy troubled us little. One day an impressive young curate entered and sat silent, sternly critical to note what heresies were being instilled into the minds of his flock. "I am giving a lesson on Palestine," I said; "I have just been at Jerusalem." "*In what sense?*" said the awful young man, darkly discerning some mysticism of the Swedenborgian kind, perhaps, beneath the simple statement. The boys who were dismissed from the school for obstreperous behaviour were a great difficulty to us, usually employing themselves in shouting at the door. One winter's night when it was raining heavily, as I was passing through Lewin's Mead, I was greeted by a chorus of voices, "Cob-web! Cob-web!" emanating from the depths of a black archway. Standing still under my umbrella, and looking down the cavern, I remarked, "Don't you think I must be a little tougher than a cobweb to come out such a night as this to teach such little scamps as you?" "Indeed you is, mum; that's true!" "Well, don't you think you would be more comfortable in that nice warm schoolroom than in this dark, cold place?" "Yes, 'm, we would." "You'll have to promise to be tremendously good, I can tell you, if I bring you in again. Will you promise?" Vows of everlasting order and obedience were tendered, and, to Miss Carpenter's intense amusement, I came into St. James' Back, followed by a whole troop of little outlaws reduced to temporary subjection. At all events, they never shouted "Cob-web" again.

events of the day's work, if they bordered on the ludicrous (as was often the case), provoked her laughter till the tears ran down her cheeks. One night she sat grieving over a piece of ingratitude on the part of one of her teachers, and told me she had given him some invitation for the purpose of conciliating him, and "heaping coals of fire on his head." "It will take *another scuttle*, my dear friend," I remarked; and thereupon her tears stopped, and she burst into a hearty fit of laughter. Next evening she said to me dolorously, "I tried that *other scuttle*, but it was no go!"

But this innocent mirthfulness was always quenched if the subject in question trenched on vice or wicked folly of any kind. Miss Carpenter was assuredly not one of the "fools who make a mock of sin." In another of my letters I find these remarks:—

It is rather an awful thing to live with a person whose standard is so exalted, and who never seems to comprehend, with all her pity for actual *vice*, the lax moral half-and-half state wherein most of us habitually muddle. Her merry laugh stops spontaneously if my jokes approach to stories wherein any sort of wrong-doing is treated as ludicrous. . . . At all events, it is a blessed sight to see with one's own eyes the state it is possible to reach even in this world.

The sustained and fervent zeal wherewith Mary Carpenter laboured never ceased to excite my wonder and admiration. Something, perhaps, must be allowed for the first experience of a *working* existence, as compared to lives of leisure and luxury; but far beyond this was the real, high *devotion* of her whole being, body, mind, and heart, to her self-imposed duty. So complete was that devotion, indeed, that a gentleman who contemplated it (from a considerable distance) remarked that it was, "after all, just like fox-hunting." Miss Carpenter got up of a cold winter's morning cheerfully to look after some little pick-pocket, and he got up equally cheerfully to look after his

particular interest—the hounds. It was quite the same thing.

Of course, like any mortal, Mary Carpenter had *les défauts de ses qualités*. Her absorption in her work always blinded her to the fact that other people might possibly be bored by hearing of it incessantly. Had she confined her conversation on the subject to her fellow-workers, it would have been very excusable; but it was with great difficulty that she could ever be moved by anybody out of her groove, or induced to talk (as she could do admirably, and in a most interesting way) of literature or art or general subjects. I always suspected that she did not exactly bear in mind whether she were talking to A, B, or C, much less whether A, B, or C were interested in what she was saying; but that she merely (as she was prone to express it) “developed an idea” without reference to the audience. In India, I have heard that a Governor of a Residency observed, after her visit, “It is very astonishing; I listened to all Miss Carpenter had to tell me, but when I began to tell her what I knew of this country she dropped asleep.” Indeed, the poor, wearied, and overworked brain when it had made its effort generally collapsed, and in two or three minutes, after “holding you with her eye” through a long philanthropic history, Miss Carpenter might be seen to be, to all intents and purposes, asleep.

On one occasion, that most loveable old man, Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, came to pass two or three days at Red Lodge House, and Miss Carpenter was naturally delighted to take him about and show him her schools, and explain everything to him. Mr. May listened with great interest for a time, but at last his attention flagged, and two or three times he turned to me, “When can we have our talk, which Theodore Parker promised me?” “Oh, by-and-by,” Miss Carpenter always interposed, till one day, after we had visited St. James’ Back, we arrived all three at the foot of

the tremendous stairs, almost like those of the Trinità, which then existed in Bristol, and were called the "Christmas Steps." "Now, Mr. May and Miss Cobbe (said Mary Carpenter, cheerfully), you can have your talk." And so we had—till we got to the top, when she resumed the guidance of the conversation. Good jokes were often made of this little weakness, but it had its pathetic side. Never was there a word of real egotism in her eager talk, or the evidence of the slightest wish to magnify her own doings, or to impress her hearers with her immense share in the public benefits she described. It was her deep conviction that to turn one of these poor little sinners from the error of its ways, to reach to the roots of the misery and corruption of the "perishing and dangerous classes," was the most important work which could possibly be undertaken, and she very naturally in consequence made it the most prominent, indeed, almost the sole, subject of discourse. I was once in her company at a friend's house in London, when there happened to be present half-a-dozen people, each devoted to some special political, religious, or moral agitation. Miss Carpenter remarked, "It is a thousand pities that everybody will not join and give the whole of their minds to *the* great cause of the age, because, if they *would*, we should carry it undoubtedly." "What is the great cause of the age?" we simultaneously exclaimed. "Parliamentary Reform?" said our host, a Radical M.P.; "the Abolition of Slavery?" said one; "Teetotalism?" said another; "Woman Suffrage?" said another; "the conversion of the world to Theism?" said I. In the midst of the clamour, Miss Carpenter looked serenely round, "Why, the *Industrial Schools Bill, of course!*" Nobody enjoyed the joke, when we all began to laugh, more than the reformer herself. In a letter of mine, dated Feb. 13, 1859, I find I wrote as follows:—

It is often, I can see, a pure *labour* to her to converse on any

subject except her work. Her thoughts are all the time running on some poor child or other. I am puzzled whether to follow or not the advice of her sister, Mrs. Thomas, and her friend, Miss Sanford, and try to draw her off, or to be silent. The other night we both came home late from our various schools, and after I had read prayers, somehow my thoughts wandered off to far-away summer mornings in my life's dawn at N., and I talked for a time of them and of some hymns connected with those fresh, dewy hours. She listened, as I fondly imagined, and smiled, though rather absently, and then suddenly said, "I don't think those boys in the Industrial School will ever attend to Mr. Higginbotham if he doesn't take care," &c., &c. I could hardly answer her, so awful was the return from my beautiful dream to the ugly school and dirty boys with whom I had been contented to pass the evening, but whom I was only too glad to forget the next minute. . . . Work of the limbs is exhausting—head-work is much more so; but neither of them is anything to the actual *soul*-work she gives—the very depth of her nature stirred and flowing out continually to those poor children.

It was, above all, in the Red Lodge Reformatory that Mary Carpenter's work was at its highest. The *spiritual* interest she took in the poor little girls was beyond words admirable. When one of them whom she had hoped was really reformed fell back into thievish or other evil ways, her grief was a real vicarious *repentance* for the little sinner, —a Christ-like sentiment infinitely sacred. Nor was she at all blind to their defects, or easily deceived by the usual sham reformations of such institutions. In one of her letters to me she wrote these wise words :—

I have pointed out in one of my reports why I have more trouble than others (*e.g.*, especially Catholics). A system of steady repression and order would make them sooner *good scholars*; but then I should not have the least confidence in the real change of their characters. Even with my free system in the Lodge, remember how little we knew of Hill's and Hawkins' *real* character until they were in my house! I do not object to the nature being kept under the curb of rule and order for a time, until some principles are sufficiently rooted to be appealed

to. But then it must have play, or we cannot possibly tell what amount of reformation has taken place. The Catholics have an enormous artificial help in their religion and priests; but I place no confidence in the slavish obedience they produce and the hypocrisy which I have generally found inseparable from Catholic influence. I would far rather have M. A. M'Intyre coolly say, "I know it was wrong (a barring and bolting out)," and Anne Crooks, in the cell for outrageous conduct, acknowledge the same—"I know it was wrong, but I am *not* sorry," than any hypocritical and heartless acknowledgments. [July 9, 1859.]

Indeed, nobody had a keener eye to detect cant of any kind, or a greater hatred of it. She told me one day of her visit to a celebrated institution, said to be supported semi-miraculously by answers to prayer, in the specific shape of cheques. Miss Carpenter said that she asked the matron (or some other official) whether it was supported by voluntary subscriptions. "Oh, dear no, madam," the woman replied; "do you not know? It is entirely supported by prayer." "Oh, indeed!" replied Miss Carpenter. "I dare say, however, when friends have once been moved to send you money, they continue to do so regularly?" "Yes, certainly they do." "And they mostly send it at the beginning of the year?" "Yes, yes; very regularly." "Ah, well!" said Miss Carpenter, "when people send *me* money for Red Lodge under those circumstances, *I enter them in my Reports as Annual Subscribers!*"

Very few can form an idea how large a demand it makes on the highest and most divine kind of charity to do such work as that Red Lodge Reformatory required. The contrast must be felt to be imagined between these poor little criminals and the innocent children of an ordinary village school. The corruption of these hapless young souls is often very revolting, and the most promising of them will not seldom, at the end of months of apparent improvement, betray that she has all the time been plotting to return to a life of crime or vice. But nothing ever turned away

Mary Carpenter's interest, or wearied out her loving care. Abhorring the corruption, she all the more pitied and desired to purify the poor, young, tarnished souls. As Mrs. Nassau Senior so beautifully said, these hapless girls need, above all, "*mothering*;" and it was "*mothering*" which Mary Carpenter gave them. I have a photograph of her, seated in the splendid old black-oak room in Red Lodge, with a group of these poor little thieves,\* in their uniform blue frocks, gathered round her, and well can I remember some of them, with their sad, scarred and seamed faces, and degraded type of heads, and the gentle way in which she used to bring them near her. On certain nights she made it a habit to go round their dormitories and talk to each of them quietly in bed, and often kissed one or another—an act of infinite significance to these hungry young hearts.

\* I recognise one of them as a certain "Kitty," whose story might stand as a specimen of the lot of these poor children. At ten years old, a little, stunted creature, she stood in the dock, with her brother, a still smaller mite, *convicted of horse-stealing*! The babes had been sent round by their tramping parents to pick up whatever they might find, and on their way they spied an old grey mare in a field, and conceived the bright idea that it would be most agreeable for the rest of their journey to travel on horseback. Accordingly they managed to release the mare, clambered up on her back, and proceeded on their way rejoicing, till they were overtaken by the infuriated farmer to whom the animal belonged. Happily for Kitty, Miss Carpenter's Reformatory was open for her *very* juvenile delinquency, instead of the dreadful jail to which a few years earlier she must have been committed. She stayed at Red Lodge for her five years' sentence (indeed, I fancy Miss Carpenter mercifully stretched the term by some little artifice to six), and all that time Kitty behaved like a good-hearted, half-tamed little animal, always in scrapes, but always, with leonine courage, holding up her hand in the class to confess that she was the culprit when any iniquity was discovered. She was devotedly attached to one kind and excellent teacher, Miss Gambell (Mrs. Cross now—still, I am happy to say, engaged in one of the kindred institutions), and was caught one day, I was told, kissing my stockings, on which she was learning the art of darning, from love for me. But, alas! Kitty's dreadful mother came again and again to claim her, and at last the law could be stretched no further. Kitty went away from Red Lodge with her family, half glad, half sorry; and a month or two later we heard that the poor young girl had died of fever, caught in the rough life to which she had returned.

When they left the Reformatory, she watched their subsequent career with deep interest, gloried in the intelligence that they were behaving honestly and steadily, or deplored their backslidings in the contrary event. In short, her interest was truly in *the children themselves*, in their very souls, and not, as such philanthropy too often becomes, an interest in *her Institution*. Those who know most of such work will best understand how wide is the distinction.

But Mary Carpenter was not only the guardian and teacher of the poor young waifs and strays of Bristol, when she had caught them in her charity-traps. She was also their unwearied advocate with one Government after another, and with every public man and magistrate whom she could reasonably or unreasonably attack on their behalf. Never was there such a case of the Widow and the Unjust Judge; till at last most English statesmen came to recognise her wisdom, and to yield readily to her pressure, and she was a "power in the State." As she wrote to me about her Industrial School, so was it in everything else:—

The magistrates have been lapsing into their usual apathy; so I have got a piece of artillery to help me in the shape of Mr. M. D. Hill. . . . They have found by painful experience that I cannot be made to rest while justice is not done to these poor children. [July 6, 1859.]

And again, some years later, when I had told her I had sat at dinner beside a gentleman who had opposed many of her good projects:—

"I am very sorry you did not see through Mr. ———, and annihilate him! Of course I shall never rest in this world till the children have their birthrights in this so-called Christian country; but my next mode of attack I have not decided on yet!" [February 13, 1867.]

Mary Carpenter's theology was, I believe, exactly that of her much beloved father, Dr. Lant Carpenter, and of course was

a little out of date as representing Free Thought at this end of the century. She was so staunch and true to the core that I am sure she never felt it to be a temptation (as it would have been to a weaker nature) to escape all the difficulties of her position, and facilitate her work, by conforming to the Church of England. She had, on the contrary, supreme contempt for Unitarians who (as she drolly expressed it) "turned Church," and never for a moment, for her own part, concealed or mitigated her hereditary heresies. Her sympathies with Robertson of Brighton, with Lady Byron and other Broad Church friends were, however, evidently much more close than with those who diverged in the slightest degree on the other side of her Unitarianism. Every philanthropic worker must know only too well the advantage of labouring under the shelter of a great church and with the aid of a ready-made authoritative code, fit to be applied without discussion to every case which may arise. And Miss Carpenter was enlightened enough to recognise that at the level of her poor *protégées* at Red Lodge, all Christian sects were pretty much alike; and to send them every Sunday, accordingly, without scruple, to the nearest religious edifice, which happened to be a Lady Huntingdon chapel, at the bottom of Park Row. But, for herself, she never wavered, or allowed any one to imagine that she was anything else than an Unitarian. To me, however, this old-school Unitarianism was a most singular phase of religious thought. So much of language which I had been trained to understand only in a Trinitarian sense seemed to be used by Miss Carpenter in a totally different signification, that I was constrained, as it were, to learn a new vocabulary. And when all translations were made, the position of Christ in the Unitarian scheme appeared more and more inexplicable. Miss Carpenter obviously gave him in her religion (by whatever title she addressed him) a place even more prominent than I had been wont to see him hold

among Trinitarians. Every prayer was concerned about him and *through* him, and one prayer which she frequently read at our little domestic devotions, actually invoked *God* to make us "obedient to *Christ*"! I ventured at last to speak to her of this, to say that I could see little to choose between "asking God to make us obedient to Christ" and "asking Christ to make us obedient to God;" and that I felt that if we were thus to have a Great God and a Lesser God (for what was a God practically to us but our Unseen Lord?), I, for my part, would be thankful to be assured by Athanasius that there are "not two Gods, but one God." I had quitted with anguish the church of my fathers to follow the faith, "the Lord our God is One Lord," and this perpetual introduction of the most revered of Teachers and Prophets, recognised as only a man, into the very *penetralia* of prayer was to me unspeakably painful. I fear Miss Carpenter was wounded by my remarks, however tenderly urged; and we never quite stood on the same ground after I had implored her to omit those unfortunate words from the prayers which otherwise I delighted to follow. These differences were the more sad, because they ought to have been so unimportant in comparison with the wide field wherein we might have found sympathies, and of my profound reverence for her beautiful piety. But she could bear no discussion of any such matters. She looked on the doctrines of the Church of England, in which I had been brought up, as quite exploded, and even as almost ridiculous; but, on the other hand, she was impatient of any notion of progress beyond the zone attained by Channing and Dr. Lant Carpenter. I said something one day about the great strides which Biblical criticism had made of recent years, but was silenced at once; "Oh, but my father *settled all that!* He *harmonised the Gospels.*" In short, I found, to my sad surprise, that between her Unitarianism and my Theism there was a sharper line (in *her* mind, not in

mine) than I had often found between my faith and that of many an Evangelical Trinitarian.\* But if I experienced keen disappointment as regarded the expected wide-mindedness of Miss Carpenter, there was no disappointment with, but an ever-growing sense of admiration for, her moral and spiritual excellence. No language which her nephew has used, and no testimony I can add to it, can exaggerate the depth and sincerity of her devoutness, the true saintliness to which she attained. Had martyrdom been offered to her, Mary Carpenter would have gone to the stake singing psalms. Among Romanists she would have taken her place with St. Vincent de Paul and St. Frances of Rome. Indeed, I have heard pious Catholics, while she lived, speak of her as "that other Mary—Mary Carpenter!"

I longed earnestly to be admitted to know somewhat of the high experiences which such a soul could reveal, but in these things Mary Carpenter was as reserved as she was communicative about her secular affairs. She often made me think of St. Jerome's beautiful simile of the vessels of the Hebrew sanctuary, which were ordered each to be closed by its golden lid.

At last my residence under Mary Carpenter's roof came to a close. My health had broken down two or three times in succession under a *régime* for which neither habit nor constitution had fitted me, and my kind friend Dr. Symonds' orders necessitated arrangements of meals, &c., which Miss Carpenter thought would occasion too much irregularity in her little household, which, it must be remembered, was also a branch of the Reformatory work. I also sadly perceived that I could be of no real comfort or service as

\* I have reason to believe that in later years, and especially after her journeys to India and larger acquaintance with various forms of religious belief, Miss Carpenter's sympathies widened out considerably beyond the circle wherein they were partially closed at the period of which I write.

an inmate of her house, though I could still help her, and perhaps more effectually, by attending her schools while living alone in the neighbourhood. Her overwrought and nervous temperament could ill bear the strain of a perpetual companionship, or even the idea that any one in her house might expect companionship from her; and if while I was yet a stranger she had found some fresh interest in my society, it doubtless ceased when I had been a twelvemonth under her roof, and knew everything which she could tell me about her work and plans. As I often told her (more in earnest than she supposed), I knew she would have been more interested in me had I been either more of a sinner or more of a saint!

And so, a few weeks later, the separation was made in all friendliness, and I went to live alone at Durdham Down, still working pretty regularly at the Red Lodge and Ragged Schools, but gradually engaging more in Workhouse visiting and looking after friendless girls, so that my intercourse with Miss Carpenter became less and less frequent, though always cordial and pleasant. After some years an accident, which made me for a long time a cripple, severed my connection with Bristol, and took me away from Mary Carpenter's work and from the circle of her noble-hearted friends, who from first to last had shown me kindness which I shall remember while I live.

From that date I had, from time to time, the pleasure of receiving visits from Miss Carpenter at my home in London, and hearing her accounts of her Indian travels and other interests. In 1877, I went to Clifton to attend an Antivivisection meeting, and also one for Woman Suffrage, and at the latter of these I found myself with great pleasure on the same platform with Mary Carpenter. Professor Estlin Carpenter, while fully stating her recognition of the rightfulness of the demand for votes for women, and also doing us the great service of printing Mr. Mill's most admirable

letter to her on the subject (p. 493), is, it seems, unaware that she ever publicly advocated the cause of political rights for women. But on this occasion, as I have said, she took her place on the platform of the West of England Branch of the Association at its meeting in the Victoria Rooms, and, in my hearing, either proposed or seconded one of the Resolutions demanding the franchise, adding a few words of cordial approval.

Before I returned to London on this occasion I called to see Miss Carpenter, bringing with me a young niece. I found her at Red Lodge, and she insisted on my going with her over all our old haunts, and noting what changes and improvements she had made. I was tenderly touched by her great kindness to my young companion and to myself, and by the added softness and gentleness which years had brought to her. She expressed herself as very happy in every way; and, in truth, she seemed to me like one who had reached the Land of Beulah, and for whom there would be henceforth only peace within and around.

A few weeks later I was told that her servant had gone into her bedroom one morning and found her weeping for her dead brother. The next morning the woman entered again at the same hour; but Mary Carpenter was lying quite still, as she had lain in sleep. Her "six days' work" was done. She had gone to the world where there are no more tears.

It was the fitting close of a beautiful and blessed life.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

## HOURS OF THOUGHT.

FOR those who have read Dr. Martineau's former volume of the "Hours of Thought," or his "Endeavours after the Christian Life," there will be no need of extracts from the present work \* to represent its grace and beauty of style, its logical force, and spiritual insight; and to those who have not as yet enjoyed this pleasure it would be so difficult to convey an adequate impression by the quotation of a few disconnected passages, that it seems best not to attempt to review the volume as a whole, but to refer readers to it with an assurance (if such an assurance may be made without impertinence) that their perusal will be amply repaid.

But there are in the second volume of the "Hours of Thought" two sermons on "Christ the Divine Word," which seem closely to approach, if they do not actually reach, the recognition of the divine nature of Christ and His claim to our worship. These sermons are interesting, not only in themselves, but also as suggesting a comparison with their author's previous utterances on the same subject: and, accordingly, the object of these pages will be to gather, not only from this volume, but also from the two others mentioned above, such passages as illustrate Dr. Martineau's attitude towards "Christ the Divine Word."†

\* Hours of Thought on Sacred Things. Vol. II. By James Martineau, LL.D., D.D. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1879.

† In subsequent quotations, E. will represent the "Endeavours after the Christian Life;" H. i. will represent the first, and H. ii. the second, part of the "Hours of Thought."

But an objection meets us at the outset:—"Does not Dr. Martineau reject the miraculous Incarnation of Christ; and, if so, how can he be said in any sense to worship Christ, or to recognise His divine nature? For if this fundamental truth is denied, then Christ is a mere man, and there is an end at once of all possibility of worshipping Him." Now, that the author denies the Incarnation is undoubted. He speaks of it as a "fiction" containing a great truth. (E. p. 23.):

Every fiction that has ever laid strong hold on human belief is the mistaken image of some great truth; to which reason will direct its search, while half-reason is content with laughing at the superstition, and unreason with believing it. Thus, the doctrine of the Incarnation faithfully represents the impression produced by the ministry and character of Christ. It is the dark shadow thrown across the ages of his Christendom by his mortal life, as it inevitably sinks into the distance. It is but the too literal description of the real elements of his history; a mistake of the morally for the physically divine; a reference to the celestial descent of that majesty of soul which, even in the eclipse of grief, seemed too great for any meaner origin.

This belief, distinctly stated in the earlier of these volumes, is not retracted or modified by any subsequent statement.

But from the rejection of the miraculous Incarnation does it necessarily follow that we reject the worship of Christ? Just as it is possible to believe that Jesus did really spiritually rise from the dead, and did and does hold spiritual converse with the souls of His disciples, while yet we may not believe that His material body rose from the grave in which it was interred, in the same way it is clearly possible to believe that Jesus, the Eternal Word, took upon Himself our manhood in accordance with the laws of our humanity, and, although the Son of God from the beginning, yet stooped to be born into the world as the son of Joseph and Mary. The miraculous Incarnation is there-

fore not necessary in order to believe that Jesus is the Incarnate Son of God; nor can any reason be alleged *a priori* why the Eternal Son of God, taking our nature upon Him, should not have been born (as also He lived and died) in strict conformity with the laws of our material nature. Nor can it be denied, I suppose, that had it not been for a few introductory verses at the beginning of St. Matthew's and St. Luke's Gospels, all Christendom would now be worshipping Christ without a thought that there was anything miraculous in His birth. There is nothing in the second Gospel, nothing in the Epistles of St. Paul, nothing even in the fourth Gospel, to necessitate or suggest that Christ, according to the flesh, was not the son of Joseph as well as the son of Mary; yet both St. Paul and the author of the fourth Gospel clearly regard Christ as divine.

So far, then, there is no reason why the author of these volumes should not consistently worship Christ. But whether he can actually be said to worship Him, will depend upon our definition of worship. If worship is to be defined as "the feeling with which we approach one only Being, the Maker of the world," then clearly that feeling may be quite unworthy of Christ, may be an altogether immoral feeling, and indeed will be, if we regard Moloch, for example, as the Maker. But Dr. Martineau, though I cannot recall a passage where he defines worship, tells us (H. ii., p. 102) that "to adore you know not who, to fling your homage into the dark, to mutter gratitude or terror into the ear of vacancy" is no worship; for worship "implies the reverent approach of mind to mind, the living intercommunion of spirits that have a thought and sympathy between them." This statement is not inconsistent with the definition of righteous worship which commends itself to the present writer—viz., "love, trust, and reverence carried to their highest limits." But if we accept this definition, why should we cease to love, trust, and revere, or, in other words,

to worship, the Eternal Son of God, because it pleased Him, in His Incarnation, to conform Himself to all the physical conditions of humanity? Whether we worship Christ must depend, not upon any physical considerations, but simply upon the degree to which we can love, revere, and trust in Him. To the present writer Dr. Martineau appears to approach Christ with such an intensity of reverence and devout affection as to more than compensate for some possible deficiency in the third element of worship (I mean faith or trust); and the reality of his worship seems to outweigh a thousandfold the professed and orthodox adoration offered by myriads of reiterators of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds. Nevertheless, there are two points in which Dr. Martineau's conception of Christ—ampler and truer though it appears to be in his later than in his earlier volume—still demands development. The first of these is the conception of Christ as (apparently) "finite," in contrast with the Father, who is "infinite." The second is an insufficient recognition of Christ as the "strong Son of God," powerful in wisdom and forethought, delivering the world in accordance with a preconceived plan, and in harmony with eternal principles. These two points we will now attempt to illustrate in detail.

I.—Of the "immensity" and "infiniteness" of God Dr. Martineau repeatedly speaks in language which indicates that, while he is fully alive to the danger and, so to speak, the imposture of this quality of "immensity" when it encroaches too far in the sphere of spiritual conceptions, he is profoundly (and perhaps in his earlier works unduly) impressed by that revelation of God which comes to man not through the conscience, but through the "starry heaven." Some variety of expression, at all events, if not of thought, may be traced in the two earliest of the three works compared with the second part of the "Hours of Thought." In the former (E. 2) we read that "God,

by the very immensity of His nature, is a stationary being, perfect and therefore unchangeable, and so far as Jesus Christ was 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' so far is he the emblem of Deity." Again (H. i., p. 111), "Everything in God is infinite; and all the splendour of his revelation in the old earth and in the older sky, and on the heart of humanity, and even in the unique life of the Man of Sorrows, are but a few front lines of light streaking the surface of immensity." But in his latest work Dr. Martineau speaks of this conception of God as merely a possible truth, and as practically useless (H. ii. p. 185): "God in himself, as he was before ever a soul existed in his likeness, may be the sort of impassive sublimity that some imagine; a palace of mere intellectual space, where you vainly seek a surface on which any colour can be flung; without love, without preference, without sorrow,—a shadowless light equivalent to universal darkness;" and the same passage declares that "of God's absolute essence, I suppose, we cannot speak at all."

Surely the latter view is the true one. Not in virtue of His unchangeableness, but because of the moral intensity and infiniteness of His love and wisdom is Jesus an emblem of God, and one with God. And this Dr. Martineau himself seems clearly to recognise in the first part of the "Hours" (i. p. 276), where he tells us that it is not "in mere magnitude of scale that the immensity of God exists. We cannot coldly satisfy ourselves with the mere physical belief which diffuses His being among the stars, and perpetuates it through the courses of eternity. In this kind of sublimity there is *nothing truly divine*. God is a spirit; and besides this boundlessness of dimension, is infinite also in moral intensity; not, if we may say so, in quantity merely, but in quality too." From this last passage it would appear that the only true divine infinitude is infinitude of "moral intensity," and this in "quality," as

well as in "quantity." But if this be so, it is difficult to believe that the author of "Christ the Divine Word" would now desire to convey the impression that, as compared with the "moral intensity" of the Supreme, the moral intensity of the Son of God is so slight as to be adequately described in the preceding metaphor, "even in the unique life of the Man of Sorrows are but a few front lines of light streaking the surface of immensity."

One is tempted to suppose that there is some difficulty here arising from a confusion (probably on the part of the reader) between "immensity," in the one case used physically, and in the other spiritually. For elsewhere (H. i. 73) the author clearly distinguishes between physical and moral "immensity." The passage is so important that it must be given at full length :—

Self-evidently, it is not in the scale, but only in the kind, of character, that our nature can be brought to the similitude of God's. Cut off, as we are, from all sensible approach to him in dimension, we can bear his image only in the spirit of our souls. It is just in this, however, that the perfection of a moral agent must consist. He might have great magnitude and long duration and intense force, yet be no more than a monster and an anti-god, a gigantic depositary of passion and disorder. Space and Time and Power are mere physical elements, quite neutral in the estimate of character, and conceivable alike of Devil and of Deity. It is in the kind of sentiment ruling within the mind, the balance of its graces and the proportion of its love, that all its perfectness consists: and these are colours that may be *no less faultlessly blended within the miniature frame of a mortal nature* than on an amplitude as boundless as the sky. To change our physical relation to God, of absolute dependence and incommensurable littleness, is no more possible than for the wave to become the ocean: but just as the same laws that sway the masses of the sea also trace the ripple and shape the spray, so may the very same divine principles, the same preferences, the same constancy which belong to the spiritual life of God, reappear in the tiny currents of our will and even the very play and sparkle of our affections. It is but the affectation of humility,

or the dislike of noble claims, that can make us shrink from our affinity with the Father and Inspirer of all souls.

This phrase, italicised above, ("no less faultlessly blended") deserves close attention. It seems to imply that the difference between the human soul and the Inspirer of all souls may consist in a mere difference of scale. The "miniature" may be as perfect as the picture, but the picture is larger: that is all the difference. The same thought is expressed and applied to Christ in the later volume (H. ii. pp. 214, 215): "Thought, Love, and Holiness take up no room, and want no huge orbit round the sun. The earth will serve them as well as heaven; nay, the peasant's home, the young child's heart, will give them verge enough. God-like qualities, being simply intense in beauty and not mathematically large, can glow within the human limits as clearly as in the scale of infinitude. If there is to be any expression of the Divine *character* at all, it can only be through the lineaments of an individual soul, passing through a *concrete and particular life*, and representing the sentiments with which the Soul of souls regards the moral conditions of this world." "Those who shrink from recognising in Christ a human impersonation of Divine character often press upon us the question, whether then we are to regard him as a *unique* being, differing, not in degree only, but also in kind, from the just and wise and saintly of every age. I answer in a parable: he that always hits the mark does not differ in kind from those whom he surpasses; yet, if all others fall short of this, he is unique. . . . Among all natures that can speak together of duty and righteousness, and exchange ideas of the right and wrong, there must prevail one system of values, one metrical notation; failing this, there could be no commerce of thought or sentiment. Hence we can neither deny to faithful, heroic, and holy men, to a Socrates, a Marcus Aurelius, a Blaise Pascal, an approach to Christ upon the same line,

nor claim for him any pre-eminence that removes them from his fellowship. But neither can we speak otherwise of God himself. He also, *with all the infinitude of his perfections, is still but the Father of spirits, and on the side of moral goodness differing from his children only in degree.*"

Approaching now the consideration of the difference between Christ and ordinary men, we find in the earlier volume of "Hours of Thought" the statement (H. i. 16) that in the Word made flesh the divine life was humanised and the human glorified, and mention is made of the "divine perfectness of Christ;" while elsewhere in the same volume (H. i. 73) Christ is described as "the middle point of reconciling harmony where the attributes of humanity are touched with the glory of a divine perfection." But in the later volume the relation of Christ to the Father seems to be described as one of closer approximation (H. ii. 203):—"It is fit that once in history God should not simply *visit* a soul, but wholly occupy it: that he should so extend his presence there as to exclude whatever would oppose itself, and reveal the perfect relation between the human spirit and the divine." And, again (H. ii. 205), whereas in every other human soul there is a divine margin bordering the province of the human spirit, "in Christ this divine margin was not simply broader than elsewhere, but spread till it covered the whole soul;" so that God was "*personally there, giving expression to his spiritual nature, as in the visible universe to his causal power.*"

In spite of the subtlety and delicacy of the language in which these views are set forth, there is something in it which suggests that the ampler and higher thought of the later volume is occasionally encumbered and entangled by being clothed in expressions more suitable for the author's earlier thought. The earlier conception of Christ as a faultless "miniature" of the Supreme, and the expression

of the later conception of Christ as a soul apparently "finite," completely "occupied" by the infinite Nature—are they, when analysed, entirely satisfactory? May not Christ be fairly called infinite in the intensity of His unselfishness, love, and pity? And may we not aptly ask, in Dr. Martineau's own words (H. i. p. 276), "Can you say in terms of measurement *how* good and right it is to pity the wretched, and maintain fidelity and truth? In everything" (and surely in every person) "which we profoundly revere and love, there appears a certain infinitude which fills us with untiring wonder and draws us with perpetual aspiration." To think, then, of the infinitely compassionate and merciful Christ, whom the author unquestionably loves and reveres most profoundly, as other than "infinite," is surely a misconception which he would be the last to encourage. Now if it be replied that though Christ's love is morally infinite, yet Christ's soul is morally finite, it appears impossible that ("finite" being used of two things in the same sense) the finite should contain the infinite; but if "finite" is to be used physically and "infinite" spiritually, the meaning appears to be either incomprehensible, or, if comprehensible, of no practical interest.

May we not arrive at some conclusion concerning our right attitude towards Christ by a somewhat different path, beginning, not from the divine, but from the side of human nature? To conceive of God as immutable and stationary amid His changing children, is practically to conceive of Him as being without love of us or thought of us; for how can an immutable Father duly love or censure a progressing or retrogressing child? In order to be the same relatively to changeable objects, must not God Himself be regarded as, in a sense, changeable? And why should He not be regarded as perfect motion, rather than as perfect rest? On the "natural" conception of God as the mere Antecedent, Dr. Martineau has some remarks

which have an important bearing on his attitude towards Christ :—

We naturally think of him, as pre-existing while as yet there was no universe, as filling a vacant eternity and constituting an illimitable solitude. Probably, no such time ever was; and could we retire into that perspective till we had left behind object after object and at last emptied the theatre of whatever *now* stands there, we should find, instead of mere vacuity, some predecessor in its place, still carrying us another stage away, till forced to own that the energy of God is co-eternal with his existence. Nevertheless, for our imagination it is easier and for truth of religion it is nearly the same, to prefix him rather to all things at once than to each in its turn: what is false for no item holds good for the whole; and we do but collect the truth into a picture, rather than distribute it along a history, when we represent the infinite Mind as once *alone*, with no *scene* at which his presence might be given, no *object* to receive his agency, no *spirit* to engage his love. . . . In short, in his Primitive and Absolute being, he is inconceivable by us, except with reference to what will be developed from his thought. . . . At this "beginning" in the old eternity, that silent "*Word*" of his *was really there*; only, while unspoken, it remained "*with God*;" and, coalescing with his thought, truly "*was God*." (H. ii. pp. 192—4.)

Now in this powerful and suggestive passage (and the whole context should be studied by those who desire to appreciate its power and suggestiveness) is there not some sacrifice of truth to the appearance of logic? It is "natural," no doubt, that the mind of man should sometimes glance at the conception of God as a mere Antecedent, a blank Infinitude; but when we have once ascertained that the mind learns nothing from such a conception, should we not do wisely to turn from it as unpractical, perhaps false, certainly dangerous in the bewilderment that it generates? Can a conception of God which regards God not as loving, but only as intending to love when He finds "an object to receive His love," be regarded as more adequate, more worthy, and more logically

true than that which refuses to conceive of Him as ever filling a vacant eternity, and insists upon supposing that there was from the first, co-eternal with His existence, that Energy of God of which we speak as the Divine Wisdom, or Word, or as the Eternal Son. If, as Dr. Martineau tells us, "no such time (of vacant solitude) ever was," and we are "forced to own that the energy of God is co-eternal with his existence"—why should we make a sacrifice of this truth? It is better to face the logical, rather than the moral, difficulty; better to say that we cannot conceive of God as antecedent to all things than attempt to conceive of Him as ever being other than Love.

Again, as to God's attribute of physical immensity (that is to say, I suppose, His power of controlling all things) this being (as Dr. Martineau himself repeatedly warns us) a comparatively low revelation of the Supreme, and, by itself, scarcely worthy of being called a revelation at all, why should we lay much stress on it? Why any stress at all, except so far as it sets off and completes the higher revelation of God through the conscience? About immutabilities, immensities, and infinities we are in the dark, knowing little or nothing, and not even able to make a step in conjecturing without coming to some logical stand-still. But we do know that God has manifested Himself to us, partly by non-human, but much more by human nature, as One to be without measure revered, trusted, and loved, or, in other words, to be worshipped. When we thus strive, in the attitude of worship, to look up to the Supreme as revealed to us by God, we find in our purest moments no purer conception of Him than that of a Father in heaven; but this conception has not only been bestowed upon us by Christ, but is also inseparably connected for us with Christ; so that we cannot think of God as our loving Father without thinking of Christ as the Son, nor can we think of Christ without at the same time thinking of Him whom He

revealed to us as the Father; and all our love and aspirations and prayers to the Father pass upwards through the Son. If this be so, and if we feel it to be natural, why not accept the feeling as coming from God? Why trouble ourselves greatly about abstruse questions concerning immensities and infinities, or about difficult historical questions concerning the miraculous or non-miraculous element in the New Testament. Let metaphysicians, theologians, historians, and critics, settle these questions among them; but for the majority of mankind, is it not better to say with Dr. Martineau, "Of God in the absolute essence, we can, I suppose, know nothing," and then to add, "But we know that, if there be an absolute essence of Him at all, we can best approach to it by knowing Him and worshipping Him as Love, through our knowledge and love of Jesus of Nazareth, His Son"?

II.—But the worship of Christ implies somewhat more than mere love of Him: we can love one weaker than ourselves. Nor is reverence a sufficient complement: we can reverence even one who is injudicious and unwise, if his motives are perfectly unselfish, and his unwisdom not so excessive as to border on folly. Worship demands trust or faith, in addition to love and reverence; and our trust implies wisdom and power in the person whom we trust. On the wisdom and power of Christ scarcely sufficient emphasis appears to be laid in these volumes in proportion to the stress laid on Christ's gentleness, pity, and self-sacrifice; and to these points accordingly we will now turn our attention.

In the passage quoted above concerning the nature of Christ, we are told (H. ii. 205) that God was "personally there (*i.e.*, in Christ), giving expression to his spiritual nature, as in the visible universe to his *causal power*." In the words I have italicised there may be detected an interesting illustration of Dr. Martineau's attitude to Christ.

The phrase "causal *power*" might seem to demand, as its antithesis, not "spiritual nature" but "spiritual *power*." Dr. Martineau, however, does not contemplate Christ as a *power*, but rather as a pattern and an ideal, and as representing rather the affection than the uplifting and purifying force of God (*Ib.*): "He, whose *intellect* overarches us in the vault of stars, whose *beauty* rests on the surface of the earth and sea, embodied his *affections* and his will in the person of the Son of Man." The stupendous spiritual force of forgiveness, introduced by Christ for the first time into the world, is left by Dr. Martineau in the background, and, even when mentioned, is regarded rather as a loving protectiveness than as an uplifting energy. It finds no place in the following enumeration of the qualities wherein Christ reflects the Divine Holiness (H. ii. 204): "The Man of Sorrows is our personal exemplar; the Son of God is our spiritual ideal; in whose harmonious and majestic soul, imperturbable in justice, tender in mercy, stainless in purity, and bending in protection over all guileless truth, an objective reflection of the Divine holiness is given us, answering and interpreting the subjective revelation of the conscience."

In part, perhaps, this subordination of the uplifting power of forgiveness (which surely Christ Himself announced as a new and central force in the new government of the world) seems to arise from a contrast which the author is fond of drawing between the invariable uniformity of the material world and the freedom of the immaterial (H. ii. 29): "It is only in the outward system of the world that he has given notice, by invariable uniformity, that we must stereotype our expectations, and that he will deal with us as if he were under a bond of persistency." And again (H. i. 112): "Within that realm of law and nature, he is inexorable, and has put the freedom of pity quite away;" but in the spiritual world He is free—"free as our soul is

to come back and cry at the gate, so free is he to open and fold us gently to his heart again ;" and again (H. ii. 228) : " Out beyond the limit of contact with nature . . . he has made no rule, but the everlasting rule of holiness, and given no pledge, but the pledge of inextinguishable love. In his physical agency he deals with his objects in masses, and imposes everywhere the same liabilities on the same conditions. . . In his spiritual agency he has not thus committed himself to disregard all moral considerations for the sake of a basis of mechanical order." A very interesting characteristic of this view is the summary condemnation of *habit* as a spiritual poison (H. ii. 166) : " Habit is the grand hope of good morals, but the despair of deep religion."

But surely the spiritual, no less than the material, actions of God obey some law and order. God forgives and condemns, lifts up and casts down a soul upon no less orderly a law than He lifts up or casts down a body ; and bestows or takes away physical or spiritual health, equally in accordance with physical or spiritual laws. And this may be illustrated even from the very illustration which Dr. Martineau selects to set forth God's freedom in the spiritual sphere elsewhere. " He is free to modify his relations to all dependent minds in exact conformity with their changes of disposition and of need, and let the lights and shadows of his look move as swiftly as the undulating wills on which they fall." True ; but does not the very metaphor here used, suggest that beneath this spiritual variety there must underlie some spiritual law ? Just as in the infinite variety of beauty and play of light and shade upon the cloud-dappled mountain sides, every most transient phenomenon and part of a phenomenon is based upon the immutable laws of light applied to the wandering mists and the undulating surfaces of the hills, so the wonders of divine forgiveness and mercy, amid all their occasional appearance of

arbitrariness, must none the less pre-suppose eternal laws of spiritual light.

To the existence of such spiritual laws Dr. Martineau, it is true, occasionally refers ; but his more general tendency is to pass lightly over law in the spiritual sphere, and to insist rather upon its freedom and elasticity. And in treating of forgiveness in particular, he lays little stress upon the spiritual and general law by which a genuine forgiveness, genuinely believed in, has power to uplift the persons forgiven ; and prefers rather to call attention to the mere change in personal relations produced by forgiveness in destroying all alienation between the persons forgiving and forgiven. The insufficient emphasis thus laid upon forgiveness, as a law of human nature first brought to light and utilised for the regeneration of mankind by Jesus of Nazareth, seems to affect the author's appreciation of Christ's whole work on earth, which he regards as beautiful indeed, divinely beautiful and tender, harmonious, majestic, but not (or, at least, not adequately) wise and powerful ; not as a preconceived plan based upon a divine intuition into human necessities and capacities.

The following passage (H. i. p. 161, 2) seems to illustrate Dr. Martineau's conception of Christ's work as a tentative exploration : " He did not know, and as a consequence of his inspiration could not know, what he did, except that it was his best, or whither he went except that it was whereto God was sending him. No standard of usage or habit availed him to compute his way. . . . So he had to dispense with the help of custom ; to break through all dreamy traditional veneration for things abominable to his inner heart ; to see for himself the true and divine path of light through the clouds which his age and place had thrown around him ; content if he could discern the next step clearly ; and ready to follow the pointings of the finger of God, though it directed his foot upon the sea, or bade him walk sheer off

into the darkness of the abyss. At every instant he had to *find* his work by the living spirit of love and truth and trust, without and against the dead momentum of habit and of law. It was a moral life without sleep ; a watch in the great observatory of nature through a night that never yielded to the dawn, with eye ever strained on the eternal stars." Still stronger is an expression in the earliest of these works, the "Endeavours" (p. 6), which describes the answer of Jesus to His parents as being uttered "in the entranced and exclusive spirit of young devotion," which, for the time, threatened to suppress filial dutifulness until "the very sight of home restored his household sympathies again." And even in the latest of these volumes Dr. Martineau seems indisposed to admit that Jesus foresaw that "the Son of Man must needs suffer many things and be crucified" (H. ii. 129) : "It was not till after his resurrection that Jesus was prepared to show, for the conviction of yet reluctant minds, that he ought to have suffered ; and that no complaint could stand against the Providence by which he had been stricken."

Without commenting in detail on the incidents last mentioned, we may remark that even if the answer of the youthful Jesus in the Temple (found only in the Gospel of St. Luke) be strictly historical, it hardly necessitates the interpretation here set upon it. As to the other, the three Synoptists concur in declaring that Jesus predicted His death, and there are many reasons why that prediction may be regarded as historical. But, apart from detailed criticism of this kind, the Kingdom of God, as proclaimed by Christ, based upon the laws of self-sacrifice, brotherhood, forgiveness, and retribution, seems to the present writer to contain such distinct traces of forethought as to make it impossible to say that the Founder of it "knew not what He did," or that He was "content if He could discern the next step clearly." Rather it would seem more accurate to say that He discerned the end, but did not always discern the proximate steps

towards that end. He was confident of His direction, but not always certain of His position; waiting patiently from time to time for indication of the Father's will to reveal when and where a particular step should be taken. May we also, without being hypercritical, suggest that, instead of saying that Jesus "had to find his work by the living spirit of love," and "with eye strained on the eternal stars," it may, perhaps, be more appropriate to a nature in which Dr. Martineau so readily recognises harmony and imperturbable majesty, to say rather that His eye was ever "fixed" on the eternal courses, and that the Spirit of His Father revealed to Him intuitively, without strain or effort, the works that He was to do.

Our reason for laying stress on these points is obvious. If Jesus of Nazareth "knew not what he did," love for Him may remain the same, but trust is necessarily diminished. For that He "knew not what he did" is a far more serious deficiency than mere intellectual not-knowing—ignorance, for example, of the Newtonian philosophy, or the historical interpretation of the Old Testament. That Jesus should have known not what He did would imply ignorance of the laws and principles of human nature, and of the causes and effects of His love for mankind. Love in itself, Dr. Martineau distinctly acknowledges to be not sufficient to constitute a divine character. In a fine passage in one of these volumes, "regulated love"—that is, love controlled by wisdom—is placed above mere love, as the highest level on which human nature approximates to the divine. Love without knowledge is a perfectness of a certain kind, but, as the author of "In Memoriam" would call it, a "narrower perfectness," and in order to distinguish Christ from "the lesser lords of doom," we need to behold in Him—

"Large elements in order brought,  
And tracts of calm from tempests made,  
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd,  
The vassal tides that follow'd thought."

It is the conscious power wielded by Christ over the "world-wide fluctuation" of the minds of men which, when joined to His inexpressible love and pity, proclaims Him the fit object of our profoundest trust as well as our strongest affection, and stimulates us not only to look back with admiration upon the story of His past pitifulness, but, in our hour of present need, to look up to Him as our helpful Friend. But in both volumes of the "Hours of Thought" much stress is laid on the sufferings, and little, comparatively, upon the active, helpful power of the Messiah. Even in the beautiful passage (H. ii. 375) which encourages the young communicants to turn their eyes upon the "Prince of souls" and to be of good cheer, because "the faithful have a living Leader in the heavens," it is still not Christ Himself who is to send us help from heaven, but rather the spectacle of His past victory which is to generate our present help. "What is to help us in the arduous hour? There is no support like that which we feel when others in our sight have borne their burden well." Nay, even when Christ is described as drawing the hearts of believers to Himself, it is rather "the image of Christ" or the "ideal Christ" than Christ Himself; and "it" suggests itself more naturally than "he" (H. ii. 381): "This image of perfectness,—this Christ within the mind,—holds us captive by *its* native authority, and wins us by *its* grace and truth, when only God is there to ask account of what we think. In lonely hours we lean upon *it* with perfect trust. In repentance, *it* turns *its* look upon us, and we know *it* to be true."

But who can lean on an "it" in perfect trust? Or what is the "it" that with reproachful eyes can bend us to repentance by a glance? "Ideas," says the great novelist of our times, "are poor things;" and not till they take flesh does their presence become a power. Surely we should not realise the full and natural influence of a

dead brother if we spoke and thought of him as an "ideal image;" and how, then, can it be natural or helpful to speak of the Elder Brother of all humanity in these impersonal phrases, thus taking away from Him the very humanity He assumed, and converting Him from a Man into that "poor thing," an idea?

What, then, is the explanation of this apparently exceptional retrogression in the language here used by the author of these progressive volumes? The solution which suggests itself to the present writer is that it is a result of a collision between two conflicting thoughts. On the one hand, it is impossible not to feel that the author's deep affection and veneration for the character of Jesus of Nazareth—carried in his last work to a height exceeding the bounds indicated by his earlier expressions—approximate to a devotion which cannot be distinguished from worship. But, on the other hand, one seems also to perceive traces of an antagonistic belief that a finite being, and therefore a human being, cannot possibly be worshipped. It is a consequence, perhaps, of these two conflicting thoughts that Dr. Martineau prefers, when speaking of Christ as the object of our highest aspirations, to describe Him as something different from man—an "image of perfectness," a "divine Word," the "Master-spirit whose title to us we know to be entire," "it" rather than "him."

Now, every true friend unconsciously idealises his friend, every filial child his father; and this habit of idealisation has advantages not to be denied. But we do not *consciously* idealise one whom we love, nor resolutely set ourselves to love or admire an ideal which we know to have, and to have had, no existence. If Christ, therefore, cannot be worshipped for Himself and in Himself, it seems most truthful to say that we cannot worship Him, but only the Father whom He has revealed to us. But, on the other

hand, if we feel towards Christ the elementary feelings of worship, we are acting unnaturally in suppressing those feelings through the consideration that He was "after all a mere man." For if it pleased the Eternal Word of God to become a "mere man," we ought (it would seem) to worship Him all the more, and not all the less, because He thereby facilitated that "intercommunion of spirits that have a thought and sympathy between them," without which (H. ii. 103) "worship is impossible." Even those who would shrink from assuming (with the present writer) the pre-existence of every human soul before birth, will readily admit that every child of man is introduced into the world at birth by some spiritual congenital act of God as well as by the physical generation of the human parents. But if we admit this, we need find no difficulty in supposing that the pre-existent Eternal Word of God became flesh in exact conformity with the laws which regulate the introduction of every other human soul into the world. Applying the same theory consistently and thoroughly to the life and work of Christ, we may believe that, in conformity with the same laws, He lived and worked on earth, and was manifested after death to His disciples in the same way and with the same results as attended His manifestation to St. Paul—all this without the violation of any laws physical or spiritual; and further that, just as the spirits of the dead have influenced and do influence the souls of the survivors, so (though to an inconceivably greater extent) the Spirit of Christ influences for all good (but still in accordance with spiritual laws) the souls of those who love and trust and reverence Him. What is there in this creed inconsistent with the highest worship of Christ, and at the same time with the most reverent appreciation of historical and scientific truth?

Now, as to the question whether Christ is different from us in "degree" or in "kind," may we not dispose of

it by practical considerations? Besides difference in "degree" and in "kind," is there not another category much more practically important, more intelligible, and more ascertainable—that of *relation*? And can it be denied (at least by those who feel with Dr. Martineau) that of whatever nature our difference may be from Christ, our *relation* to Him is unique? With Dr. Martineau (H. ii. 215) we cannot indeed "deny to faithful, heroic, and holy men an approach to Christ upon the same line:" but this fellowship with good men being predicable, not only of the Son, but even of the Father (compare H. ii. 215: "Neither can we speak otherwise of God Himself"), no more necessarily destroys the uniqueness of our relation to Christ than that of our relation to God. Place Christ by the side of Gautama, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, or Pascal, and are we not forced to confess (if we in the least degree appreciate the records of His past life or the significance of His present influence) that our relation to Christ is entirely different from our relation towards any other or others of the best of men? Some may deny this uniqueness of relationship. With them we are not at present concerned; we appeal only to those who honestly feel that, though Christ is "a mere man," He is nevertheless our Master, our Supporter, our Inspirer, as no other man has been, and we ask why, if this be so, we may not express the feelings which are the natural outcome of our acknowledgment of this relationship, those feelings of love, and trust, and reverence which—called by whatever name—constitute the essence of righteous worship? And may we not deal in the same practical way with curious metaphysical questions about Christ, relating to infinities and immensities, and with curious historical questions concerning the residuum in miraculous narratives? About the infinity or immensity of the character of Christ (though if He is not infinite, I know not what spiritual infinity may

mean) it is difficult to speak dogmatically, because it is difficult to weigh precisely the meaning of terms of dimension metaphorically applied to spiritual qualities; and again, about miracles that were, and miracles that were not, and miracles that might have been or might not have been, performed by Jesus, it is difficult to speak dogmatically, even though we may have spent a lifetime in the research, because it is difficult as yet, with our present *data*, to ascertain in every case the exact historical truth; but amid all these difficulties one thing is easy for any man of the least degree of spiritual appreciation; and that is to feel that to Jesus, if to any being in heaven and earth, he owes gratitude, affection, reverence, and trust. That these feelings are not at present universally felt, is, in great measure, the result of a blindness to the spiritual forces which are developing manhood, and, in some measure, the result of the prolonged ignoring of Christ's human nature. But when men have learned impartially and dispassionately to acknowledge the facts of life and the facts of the New Testament, it is impossible that they should remain in the present state of torpid ingratitude towards the Saviour of the human race. To love, to trust, and to revere Christ will then be a necessity for every plain man who has the most rudimentary understanding of the work that Jesus did, and is still doing. And these emotions, analysed and rightly interpreted, what, after all, are they if not righteous worship?

That Dr. Martineau may seem here and there inadequately to appreciate certain aspects of Christ's character should blind no one to the fervour and intensity of the love, reverence, and allegiance which he feels for the Divine Guide, "with whose will we are to harmonise our own, and which it is a vain attempt to reduce to our own;" and his intense appreciation of some elements in Christ's character will be felt by many to more than compensate for

some possible deficiency in appreciating the rest. Though the present writer believes firmly in the doctrine of the Trinity, he does not envy the feelings of those Trinitarians who would reject such worship as this, and call it "nothing but mere affection." To all who desire to see built up by slow and sure degrees a simple worship of Christ, a Christian Positivism which shall include all who accept the miracles without excluding any who reject them, a worship intelligible to every working man, credible to every historical and scientific student, and self-commendatory to every sound and healthy conscience, it must afford deep gratification to find that the author of these volumes appears to have been led—without any suspicion of orthodox bias, and without the slightest change of views on the question of miracles, which he rejects as unhesitatingly as ever—to a recognition of Christ as at once the living Leader of men and the Divine Word of God. And to a critic, compelled by necessities of space to subordinate eulogy to analysis, and to sit in judgment upon seeming and occasional deficiencies instead of reverently acknowledging the pervasive excellence of a master-hand, it must be no less pleasing than fitting to conclude this attempt at criticism by bearing testimony to the spiritual beauties lavishly strewn throughout these pages, enriching even those passages where the author appears (under the influence of a recluse innocence of evil) scarcely to realise the chasms and horrors of sin to which our grosser human nature may be sometimes dragged down, writhing in spiritual agonies, and piteously crying to heaven, not for an image of perfectness, not for an ideal, not for a spectacle of past victory, but for a Strong Son of God who "hath power on earth to forgive sins."

EDWIN A. ABBOTT.

### FACT AND TRUTH IN ART.

ON Wednesday, the 18th of April, 1827, Eckermann found himself—as that happy man so often did during many years—alone with Goethe. The place was that immortal house in the *Frauenplan* at Weimar, to which so many pilgrimages of reverence have been, will yet be, made. After much carefully recorded and valuable conversation, which yet need not detain us now, Goethe proposed to afford to his future biographer the pleasure of a sight of “something good;” and the great poet produced a plate which contained a landscape by Rubens.

“You have seen this picture before with me,” said Goethe, “but one cannot look too often at excellence, and this time there is something quite particular to observe. Tell me what you see.”

Eckermann, looking earnestly at the picture, proceeded to describe it. He mentioned the clear sky, resembling that of the heavens after sunset; he pointed out, in the extreme distance, a village and a city seen in the clearness of evening light; he remarked a path in the middle of the picture, along which a flock of sheep strayed towards the village; he noticed, to the right of the picture, haycocks, and a waggon being driven, while horses grazed near it; he saw a group of great trees, and several peasants returning home. In short, he described the incidents and the facts, which composed the objective materialism of the landscape.

Goethe was not satisfied. He said, “Yes, that is pretty

well all ; but yet you leave out the chief point. From which side are all these things lighted ? ”

Eckermann regarded the picture more closely. “ The light comes,” he replied, “ from the side turned towards us, while the objects cast their shadows into the picture itself. . . . But then the figures throw shadows into the picture, while that group of trees throws its shadow towards the spectator ! We have here light coming from two opposite sides, which is against all Nature.”

“ That is the point,” said Goethe, with a smile ; “ that it is by means of which Rubens shows himself so great ; that proves that he stands, with free spirit, above Nature, and makes her subservient to his higher objects. There is something even violent in the treatment of the opposing lights, and you may correctly say, that they are against Nature. But, if they be against Nature, I add, that such a use of them is something that is higher than Nature ; that it is a bold touch which proves a master. By such means he shows, genially, that art is not subordinated to Nature, but obeys her own laws.” The great poet-critic proceeded, enlarging upon and illustrating his theory of art ; and I shall venture to translate, disjointedly, other of his sayings as they occur in this conversation. After pointing out that the artist should be reverently true to Nature, in her details ; that, for instance, he must not capriciously deviate from Nature when depicting, say the skeleton, the position of the sinews, or muscles, of an animal, because to neglect accuracy in connexion with such matters would be to violate, or to destroy Nature, he adds, “ in those higher regions of art effort in which a picture becomes truly a picture, the artist has free scope, and he may even employ fiction—as Rubens has done in this work with his conflicting lights.”

“ The artist has a twofold relation to Nature. He is at once her master and her slave. He is her slave in so far that he must work with human means in order to be under-

stood; he is her master in proportion as he succeeds in subordinating those human means to his higher purposes, and thus renders them his vassals."

"The artist seeks to speak to the world through a whole, but he does not find this whole in Nature. It is, indeed, an outcome of his own mind; or, if you prefer that way of putting it, it is the offspring of a fruit-bearing, divine inspiration."

"In no case should we take in too exact or petty a sense the brush-work of a painter, the word of a poet. No—rather should we regard and enjoy in a spirit similar to that of the creating artist a work of art produced boldly and with freedom."

I might quote much more from Goethe to the same purpose, but it will suffice to cite in addition an instance of his example in letters. He terms his own Autobiography *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (Truth and Fiction), nor would he ever undertake to define the "thin partition which the bounds divide." On the basis of a narrative of the adventitious events and occurrences of a life, he raises the ideal superstructure of imaginative truth; he sees and depicts the facts of life in their larger relations; he describes all the thoughts, and images, and fancies, which surround a life as its atmosphere surrounds a planet. His genius recognises the interfused connexion and dissonance between Fact and Truth.

Let us turn to another instance.

Mr. Ruskin says of Turner, speaking of the painter's work in Switzerland, done between 1800 and 1810, "and observe, generally, Turner never, after this time, drew from Nature without *composing*. His lightest pencil sketch was the plan of a picture; his completest study on the spot, a part of one. But he rarely painted on the spot; he looked, gathered, considered; then painted the sum of what he had gained, up to the point necessary for due note of it—and

much more of the impression, since that would pass, than of the scene, which would remain."

That is to say, the great landscape painter, obeying the laws, which were known to him by instinct rather than through culture, of all true inventive or creative art work, subordinated the actual facts of Nature to the imaginative, or higher truth of art. He sublimated fact to truth. He idealised the mere temporary, accidental, local fact to that imaginative truth in which consists the higher value of art work. "Such rare men (as Turner) can give to their art work a higher value through the personality given to them by the Deity, than the Deity has given to inanimate creation."

Following Mr. Ruskin a little further, we find him saying of the cottage in Turner's "Aiguillette," "the sketch has been quite literal; only afterwards Turner was vexed with the formality of the gable, and rubbed out a minor one in white."

This is an instance of the true art instinct of selection. The painter rejects an ugly fact of detail, and supplies its place by introducing a more beautiful truth.

Again, Mr. Ruskin says of Turner's "Brinkburn Priory," which is a mere rough sketch made on the spot—"This was all he wanted for a subject of picture, if he saw no details on the spot of any particular beauty or importance. If he did, he went on; if not, *he put in out of his own head what would serve.*"

"Neither snows, nor pines, in Turner's 'Switzerland.'" These, says Mr. Ruskin, he "refuses us." Turner did not care for Gothic architecture; hence, in his "Ducal Palace at Venice," "while the detail of the Salute Porch is given with perfect intelligence, he does not represent the Gothic palaces on the left with the least accuracy." In the "Lost Dungeon," on the Pass of the Splügen, "Turner was continually combining impressions from this gorge, and that of

the Devil's Bridge on the St. Gothard." In connexion with the "Bridge of Narni," we read that "Turner's mind at this time (1810-20) was in such quiet joy of power, that he, not so much wilfully as inevitably, ignored all but the loveliness in every scene he drew." These sayings contain for us deep lessons drawn from the practice of this typical painter. Ruskin's true criticism always proves how true an artist, in very essence, Turner was. He does not paint things—as snows or pines—which do not suit his powers or stir his love. Things that lie outside his power, or his love, he "refuses us." He is careless about Gothic architecture; careless only because it does not touch him nearly. He combines, in one picture, impressions made upon him by two scenes. He ignores in his work all elements which do not at the time appeal to his "quiet joy of power" by their loveliness. If he finds no detail of beauty or importance, he supplies such detail "out of his own head."

Thus, a painter may sit down before a landscape subject which strongly moves and attracts him. As he proceeds with his work he finds one figure accidentally on the spot which suits his purpose, and he accepts it; he sees another figure which does not compose well, and he rejects it. He inserts another figure, or figures, "out of his head" when the subject needs them. "How inaccurate!" exclaims the barren literalist, who happens to be by. "Why, he's left out that man standing there; and, by Jove! he's put in a woman who wasn't there at all. I say, this is too bad; this is a mis-statement of fact." And so it is, my poor friend and brother—thou who knowest nothing of art. The mere local, temporary fact is not tamely reproduced; but art, by selection and by addition, has realised a higher truth. The figures that were standing about at the particular time are transitory; they shift and go. Those that appear in the picture—if it be a picture, and not a mere view—remain in permanent beauty and in truth of art.

Our literal friend looks, we will assume, at Turner's "Heidelberg." His mind, of course, desires a very realistic guide-book view, and cannot understand a picture. He naturally becomes very despondent, and ultimately very highly incensed. "This is all rubbish!" he exclaims; "there was no rainbow when I was there! What a funny sky! The bridge isn't really so white as that, you know! And besides, the castle doesn't look to me to be so big as that. You may talk of your Turner as you like, but he isn't the painter for me."

Nor is he, my friend. There you are right. Neither work of painter nor word of poet *is* for you. Imagination, creative work, the higher truth of idealising art, are things not dreamt of in *your* philosophy. Every fact of life is but a material suggestion, to the creative mind, of its own inner meaning, of the larger truth which encircles the fact. The objective lies outside the human mind, is extraneous and external to it, but it is comprehended by the inner subjective faculty. When you rise through and above the productive processes of the arts of painting and of poetry—when you attain to the pure soul and essence of either art—you find that this essence or ideal is the same in both arts; you find that poetry and painting rise to the same abstract height of mental effort and spiritual altitude. All art work, whether in painting or in writing, that approaches the nature of a *poem*—that is the one indispensable condition—must, either inspired by instinct or informed by culture, recognise the correlation and antagonism of fact and truth; but the unalterable laws under which art faculty works are not perceptible to the bald and barren literalist—indeed, they sorely worry and perplex and anger him. The popular ignorance and confusion touching all art production are surely very crass. To the stupidity of the prosaic literalist idealisation appears falsity; to his apprehension the effort to ennoble fact is but endeavour to violate truth. Our pro-

saic friend often works his dull and pompous mind into a strong ferment of moral indignation, and seen in this aspect, he is unconsciously but irresistibly comic. The literalist is a person whose name is Legion. Your literalist is very positive and loud, and has entire confidence in himself and in his own limitations. Intelligence and intellect are by no means synonyms. A man may have a shrewd intelligence in the practical, finite, economic affairs of life, and yet be destitute of any spark of intellect; he may amass large property, and may, nevertheless, be wholly without art insight or enjoyment.

In a short essay on any subject connected with the ideal in art it is necessary to sample acres of wheat by a handful of corn. Few illustrations only can be chosen, but those few must be pregnant; should be, if possible, sufficient, and, therefore, exhaustive. It is impossible to omit reference to the example and authority of Shakspeare.

Of all pieces of pure fantasy in poetical literature "The Tempest" is perhaps the most ideal, the most ethereal, the most exquisite. Of what hints or scraps of suggestion was the fine vision, the dream-like conception, born? There is no one complete tale or legend which could have stirred the wonder-working imagination, the fine frenzy, to this supreme creation. Disjointed ideas, as those of a banished prince, of a pure and lovely maiden, of a desert and enchanted isle peopled by delicate Ariel and by loathsome Caliban, until a magician noble and a peerless daughter were driven over the wild, vexed seas to inhabit and to rule it—these and other such rare fancies have been combined by genius into the constituents of this immortal drama picture. Nay, the human "low comedy" in this play only heightens the effect of the serener portions. With other of the plays of Shakspeare—take, for instance, the four masterpieces of the master, "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Lear"—the suggested origin, the basis of chronicle, of novel, of legend, is more

clearly traceable. Our literalist friend—if, indeed, he could be supposed to know anything of the sources, of the suggestive bases, of Shakspeare's plays—would again be furious at the poet's art treatment of record, of chronicle, of tale, of fact. He would fiercely denounce the departures from authorities, the shocking exaggerations, the gross mis-statement of fact, which are justly attributable, from the literalist point of view, to the poet who wears the "crown o' the world."

The real Amleth of Saxo-Grammaticus gets drunk and sets fire to the palace. Why does Shakspeare omit this important fact? "*The Moor of Venice*," by Giraldi Cinthio, a novel which, as a tale, may be an art fact, is elevated by Shakspeare to a truth—to the truth of *Othello*; but this is not done without many departures from the incidents of the foundation story. "*Lear*" is rough hewn in its basis of incident out of the semi-fabulous chronicles of Britain; but those incidents are always subordinated to the high and true poetical purpose—are used only in so far as they are useful to the poet. The "*true Chronicle Historie of the Life and Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters*" is ideal work merely, based upon the real in so far only as that is supplied by the olden chronicle.

"*Macbeth*," again, is a very flagrant instance of contempt of court—i.e., of the literalist's court. Shakspeare has used *Holinshed*; but, as Mr. Hayward points out, he has departed from fact in many important particulars. Neither Banquo nor his son was an ancestor of the house of Stuart. "Instead of being an usurper, *Macbeth* was a legitimate claimant of the throne; instead of being the victim of a midnight and treacherous murder, Duncan was slain in fair fight at a place called *Bothgowan*, near *Elgin*, in 1039; instead of being a tyrant, *Macbeth* was a firm, just, and equitable ruler; instead of being killed at *Dunsinane*, he fell, two years after his defeat there, at *Lumphanan*."

Perhaps the instance in which creation may be most distinctly traced is that of Brutus in "Julius Cæsar." Read the Brutus among Plutarch's "Lives," and then compare the foundation of fact upon which Shakspeare has raised the superstructure of his creation of Brutus. Another flagrant case—for the literalist—is the manner in which Goethe has used the grotesque but pregnant old popular legend as the basis for his immortal poem-drama of "Faust."

All mere facts, all incidents, all scenes, must, before they can be translated into art, be fused in the crucible of imagination. It is by means of the crucible, objective or subjective, that alchemist or artist labours to transmute baser metals into gold. A poet, when about to sing, rises from the basis of simple fact as a lark rises from its nest upon the ground. There are men to whom the yellow primrose is a yellow primrose, and nothing more; but the modest flower contains a deeper meaning for the profoundly meditative poet. A commonplace model may sit for a noble figure, as (to cite one instance) was the case with Millais' *Moses*. An artist must dominate fact before he can sublimate it to larger truth; the highest value of true art work resides in the personality of the artist. It is the glamour of the mystic magic of the human mind which gives art value through art treatment. Objects to a painter, incidents to a poet, are but the bases upon which rests the superstructure of wonder-working creative art. A fact, small in itself, may suggest large issues to the artist; who requires liberty of idea for his free-est, noblest activity. Love, in a high nature, always idealises, and sees the loved one ennobled to the latent possibilities inherent in the character; and art, like love, idealises to the height. An artist can see no subject restricted by the limits of the actual; he must always glorify and ennoble by the instinctive exercise of the aggrandising and etherealising fancy.

Painter and poet work their grandest work in a certain

glow of emotion ; they must work with enthusiasm, and in a pure white heat of passionate production. Every object suggests an image which transcends the scope and limitation of the object itself ; indeed, the object *cannot* be seen by the poet as a mere fact. He sees, in unconscious inspiration, the "pomp and prodigality of Heaven" in the deeper meaning and profounder beauty of all things under the sun that he can deal with through his art by means of the shaping spirit of imagination. Through outward semblance he attains to inner essence ; beneath the shows of things he pierces to the transcendental life within. Poet and painter record impressions made by outward things upon their receptive and reflective faculties, and paint themselves through their subjects. Dryden says the poet is "a maker, as the word signifies ; and he who cannot make—that is, invent—hath his name for nothing." There is as much difference in quality between the mental eyes as there is between the physical eyes of men ; one man sees in everything so much more than another does : the artist must see through the adventitious and accidental to the profound and the perennial. Things as they actually are, are actually even very different to different minds ; and the highest-mounted mind of all—that of the thinker and the poet—sees through the sadnesses and the humours of this unintelligible world to hints, half seen, half suggested, through the veil, of Divine purpose, and of heavenly hope.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of." Our dreams themselves vary strangely, and art paints itself in many moods and varying tempers. Nature may be apprehended through fervent lyrical gladness ; through a tenderness as of the "pale, purple evening" of summer twilight ; in a dejection sad as the "doleful grey" of the heavy rain-cloud ; through mad, turbulent passion as of the soaring surges of the tempest-riven main. The singer's inspiration is the

impulse of the hour; and around impulse hangs an ever shifting atmosphere of mood.

Payne Collier, in speaking with Wordsworth about the beautiful lines, so full of truth in essence —

“O, cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?”

remarked, with a tendency to literal depreciation, that he “had several times seen a cuckoo;” but Wordsworth observes “that that made no difference to the general accuracy;” and Wordsworth was deeply right. Mr. Collier represented the prosaic view which lacks insight into the truth of poetry. Many more men understand candle-light than that magic

“Light that never was on land or sea;”

which is seen only through “the vision and the faculty divine.” Poetry may, however, well exist in the medium of prose; as Sir Philip Sidney says, “it is not rhyming and versing that maketh poetry; one may be a poet without versing, and a versifier without poetry.”

And here we part with our literalist friend; nay, part with him not wholly without good-humour. Some amusement may blend with our scorn. We would not attack him for his ignorance, or his incapacity, for “who would rush at a benighted man and give him two black eyes for being blind?” It is his dogmatism that offends; it is his self-confident denunciation of things beyond the reaches of his soul that irritates. “Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.” His views are distorted by stupidity, as the image of a face reflected in a spoon is distorted. His want of insight is proportionate to his loud and angry blatancy about that art of which he understands about as much as a Hindoo does of skating. He is a type of a large stupid faction in this sad world of ours; and he does harm in the rare cases in which he meets, and possibly influences or

confirms in their views, men even duller than he himself is. Otherwise he is innoxious, if annoying. Though a black wafer be affixed to the glass of *his* telescope, yet the stars remain. It is not quite easy to put out the moon with a squirt. The law always "contemplates the possibility of a return to virtue." O! my poor literalist!

"O, wad ye take a thought an' men?

Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken!"—

but you *might* be taught better things. Industrious fleas are susceptible to educational impulses; and if our literalist began with modesty, he might assume, if not quite assimilate, a veneer, at least, of culture?

"What know we greater than the soul?" "Poetry is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious." The Divine mind, which created animate and inanimate nature, evolved, as its highest work, that mind of man which is formed in the image of its Maker, and which, like unto its Divine original, strives also to produce and to create. When it would create, the human mind works through art, and through art man displays most clearly his affinity with the Creator. Art selects, and rejects; it combines, it ennobles, it idealises. Art, in its higher range, is an outcome of "the holy spirit of man." It is born of the spirit. It elevates the temporary and accidental to permanent beauty and to perennial truth. It is sacred and is spiritual; and, being what it is, it must, of necessity, disregard Fact, except in so far as that may be a starting point for Truth.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

### *THE DOCTRINE OF "UNIFORMITY" IN GEOLOGY.*

**R**ELIGIOUS faith is profoundly affected by whatever conceptions may be prevalent touching the method of the creation of the physical universe. The Bible contains a cosmogony, and the acceptance of that cosmogony has been deemed essential to the profession of Christianity itself. The theory of the literal accuracy of the Scriptures has been so hardly pressed that discipleship to Christ has been connected with the confident assurance that the world was the result of six days of exceptional work. The most spiritual of all religious teachers—the Teacher whose words were spirit and were life—has had his religion blended with the vague speculations of early thinkers on the origin of things. A strange fate! Surely no more ironical comment on the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," could be made than to add, "if only they will believe that fish and birds succeeded grass and fruit-trees, and were followed by 'beasts of the earth' in the order which seemed natural to an early Hebrew writer."

There are deeper relationships between man's life and the Power by which this universe was fashioned than any furnished by this merely artificial and mechanical tie between Christianity and the Book of Genesis.

Whatever reveals the nature of the forces determining the successive epochs which have left Man upon the stage as the last result of their unfolding history, must throw light on his responsibilities and his destiny. The links

binding Man to his physical surroundings are so intricate and subtle that the method of their production must concern some of the innermost secrets of his being. The theological critics of science have been sufficiently prejudiced, and have done much to deserve the curt dismissal they received from Lyell, who set aside their works without notice, holding them excused for sensitiveness on points which excite uneasiness in the public mind. They have been right, however, in not quietly passing science by, on the other side; and in claiming that the sanctities of religion cannot be kept apart from the results of scientific researches. It is impossible to divide religion from science by any hard and fast line. The attempt has been made by scientific men, who have been impatient at being troubled about their heresies; and by theologians, who would fain reconcile dogmatic creed-making touching things unseen with rational investigations into things seen. But it has failed. The problem of our age is *not* how to arrange the terms on which science and religion can live apart, but how to express the principles of religious faith in terms which science can accept.

Among the principles which have on their enunciation constituted epochs in the intellectual history of the world must be numbered those "Principles of Geology" laid down in Lyell's famous work, in which the modern changes of the earth and its inhabitants are considered as illustrative of its past history. The great problem may—to use the words of Lyell—thus be stated, whether the former changes of the earth made known to us by geology, resemble in kind and degree those now in daily progress.

It is not too much to say that Lyell's statement of the "theory of the uniform nature and energy of the causes which have worked successive changes in the crust of the earth, and in the condition of its living inhabitants," gave the human intellect a fresh starting-point.

This doctrine—with whatever limitations it may have to be ultimately received—swept away at once and for ever, as by one stroke, all those fantastic attempts at world-making which had for centuries usurped the place of accurate observations. The kind of errors previously committed by those who sought to solve the problem of Creation can never be repeated. Whatever explanations of past phenomena may be advanced, they can no longer be evolved out of the depths of human consciousness, but must have some connection with forces which can be brought to the test of direct examination.

But Lyell's doctrine had results far more momentous than the simple clearing away from the field of his science of those vast accumulations of rubbish which had so long interfered with its fertility. It established a method of research into the processes of Creation. Putting aside for the moment the question, how far the forces now observed in active operation can give an exhaustive account of the earth's history, it is certain that, without consulting them, the past is utterly inexplicable. Before their resources are examined, no conception whatever can be formed of what may have been possible or impossible through geological epochs. Apart from them, no standard of measurement, however rough, can exist for application to the succession of phenomena.

Without studying the modern history of the earth, the language in which its ancient records are written will be unintelligible. Geological science begins at the point at which the words of the Present are just forming themselves out of the mingling dialects of the Past. Its alphabet must be learnt by noting the last marks left by the waves upon the newly risen land; by gathering and classifying the mollusca embedded in the clays and sands which only yesterday were at the bottom of the sea; by marking the changes made in the beds of rivers and streams by the rains

of last autumn; by examining the rock-crevices widened during the last frost; by tracing the course of the last earthquake's wave.

The principle of uniformity practically put into the hands of man a new instrument for gaining knowledge. That the great series of geological changes, dating from the earliest period at which the earth has been the abode of living creatures, has been produced by forces of the same kind, and acting with the same degree of intensity as those now operating, is a doctrine, however, still regarded with a certain amount of popular suspicion; while some special directions taken by modern scientific investigations have raised the question whether a restatement of that doctrine is not required.

It may be instanced as a sign of this popular suspicion that a book, entitled "*Scepticism in Geology, and the Reasons for it*,"\* and professing to give an assemblage of "facts" from Nature opposed to the theory of "Causes now in action" and refuting it, has reached a second edition. The anonymous author declares himself one of many persons who have, from the first, felt the want of adequate "scientific proof" of this theory. He describes geology as an "uncertain science," and asks why it should be "exempt from the tests demanded from other sciences and beliefs." The forces acting upon the earth's crust, the elements in general, earthquakes, weather, frost, ice, and running water (such as we now experience) are regarded as "feeble agencies," utterly incompetent to produce the results attributed to them.

A few illustrations will show the character of the arguments set forth in this book. Denudation—the power of water in motion, including rain, frost, rivers, and sea waves—is not a hypothetical agent. Its actual work can be mea-

\* *Scepticism in Geology and the Reasons for it*. By Verifier. Second Edition. J. Murray, Albemarle Street. 1878.

sured with more or less accuracy. The amount of sediment brought down by great rivers every day and every hour is, as a simple matter of fact, enormous. Every streamlet, however small, is carrying away some part of the earth's surface. A small stream in Shropshire has recently been experimented upon in order to ascertain the amount of sedimentary matter carried away annually.\* The basin of the Onny covers an area of 84 square miles, and its breadth is only 40ft.; and yet by that small stream 2,128lbs. of mud per minute were carried down in suspension, besides the quantity of sands and pebbles rolled along the bottom. The mud must have been derived from some source. The streamlets feeding the stream, the drops of rain trickling through the soil and down the banks, must have brought their tribute. When the power of one petty rivulet is so tremendous, the washing away of a mass equal in area to a continent (which means the formation of an equivalent mass of new sedimentary strata) by its innumerable rivers and streams, comes within the range of "causes now in action."

The author of "Scepticism in Geology," however, asserts that the boundaries of the sea and those of the dry land "*are fixed*." He contends that geologists have lost sight of the limit set by the almost universal spread of vegetation over the globe to the erosive effects of the atmosphere, except always that small amount, chiefly the result of frost and ice in conjunction with the decay of leaves and other vegetable products. The erosive power of running water is dismissed as a "theory," and various gorges are instanced which, it is argued, could not have been opened by it.†

\* *Vide* Midland Naturalist, Vol. II., No. 21.

† Among the instances given is that of the Gorge of the Avon. It is asserted that it is "undeniable" that this gorge was produced by a great convulsion. The reader is referred to Ramsay's "Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain" (p. 512). Dr. Ramsay entirely rejects the notion that a "convulsion of Nature" rent the rocks asunder, and gives a lucid explanation of the origin of the gorge.

The question at issue is, Whether the denuding agencies now in operation could have produced the sedimentary strata which form part of the earth's crust? The objection to an affirmative answer taken by this author is that denuding agencies are now doing no work of any special importance.

*But where does the amount of sediment carried away by water at every moment of time actually come from?* No arguments concerning the possibility or impossibility of certain results can convert the Rhone into a pellucid stream, or prevent a single rivulet from being turbid after rain. The geologist only asks for the quantity of material at this hour held in solution by the streams and rivers of the world, to be continuously deposited. Given time, on the borders of every sea and on the surface of every continent the effects of the continuous denudation will be felt. The correctness or incorrectness of any calculations as to the precise period it would take to re-distribute the whole of the solid land of the globe, cannot affect the fact that the denuding process is going on unhastily and unceasingly. It may take 15,000 years, instead of 1,500 years, to remove one foot of rock from the river basins of the Rhone and the Hoangho; but these rivers never cease to carry away sediment, and the result consequently remains a matter of time. It may or may not be true (according to the calculations of Dr. Croll) that should there be no upheaval of the land and no alteration in the force of the fall of water, the British islands would be reduced to the sea-level in about five-and-a-half millions of years, and that rather less time would suffice to level the whole of the North American continent: it still remains certain that the rock surfaces of Great Britain and North America are not the same in mass as they were an hour ago.

Every mud-laden stream proves that disintegration has never stopped. Although it only went on at the rate of an

ounce an hour—should it never pause, as it never can have paused—the extent of its work would remain a question of time.

Given time, therefore, a mass, equal in extent to that of the existing sedimentary strata, could be deposited by water exerting the activities known to man—that is, an equivalent amount of land surface could be washed away; for deposition is a measure of disintegration. No one maintains that all points of the land are acted upon by water with an equal degree of intensity. Dislocations of the earth's crust have certainly been produced by faulting and other agencies; and air, running water, rain, and frost would naturally take advantage of them. But whatever air touches is doomed to some decay; wherever rain falls there is some waste; and the extent of that decay and that waste time must determine.

The admission made by this author that some estuaries have been silted up, changing the outline of Britain since Roman times, is entirely opposed to the confident assertion that the *fiat* has gone forth to the sea, "Thus far shall thy waves come and no farther."

In demanding time, the geologist does not (as is asserted) avoid the necessity for proof, and draw bills at very long dates, which are never paid, because they never arrive at maturity. He does but calculate the results of known forces, should they be continuously carried on. He credits them with achieving results proportionate to the signs he detects of the self-same action as that of which he has practical knowledge, in the composition of ancient rocks, in the wave marks left upon their surfaces, and the mode in which extinct forms of life are embedded in them.

It is perfectly possible that the rate of denudation may have varied from age to age. An increase of the average rainfall would of course promote it. The burden of

proving that this has been the case must, however, rest upon those who make the assertion.

The hypothesis is not needed to account for the existence of the sedimentary strata and the great general outlines of our valleys, although it may be deemed necessary for the explanation of other facts. Neither does it touch the patent evidence that the boundaries of sea and land are now shifting.

The author of "Scepticism in Geology" quotes the fact that there are many places where land is gaining upon the sea, as though it took away all meaning from the notorious yielding of many spots in Great Britain, as all the world over, to the sea's gnawing power; and gave him liberty to dismiss such instances as of slight moment. On the contrary, the filling-up of estuaries and the consequent shallowing of near waters involves the very point under discussion.

If denudation only resulted in the spreading of mud and sand along the edges of continents, if it simply covered the bottom of the sea with *débris* within a few miles of the shore, enough would be done to show how it must have played its part in altering the physical geography of past epochs. The continental areas of the world may never have greatly varied in extent, and the changes from sea to land and land to sea may thus have been effected by the most obvious and undeniable of the causes now in action.

The author resorts to some curious speculations to explain such patent signs of denudation as are presented in the Weald of Kent and Sussex. Having suggested that mountain masses, lake basins, river channels, and the bed of the ocean are the result of fissures and cracks in the earth's surface, caused by the contraction and shrinkage of the rocks while in the act of cooling down from the state of a molten mass—a suggestion which he has adopted from Professor Suess, and which will presently be examined—he

pictures a great table-land of stratified deposits as once forming the even surface of the earth's primeval crust. He then makes the following attempt to account for the gaps and voids in the continuity of strata (p. 97):—"If we take into account the shrinkage of rocks at the time of cooling, and the recoil of the strata at the moment of fracture, it is tolerably certain the edges of strata, stretched to the utmost degree of tension previous to breaking, would fly asunder, and leave vacant spaces between, independent of any denudation. This relieves us from the necessity of supposing that the whole area between the escarpments of the North and South Downs was ever covered by a continuous bed of chalk." It is difficult to treat such a speculation seriously. Suffice it to say that the escarpments of Weald clay, green-sand, and chalk, to be found in the Weald, present no characteristic that can even be imagined to indicate fracture through strained tension; and both in themselves and in their relationship to the plain from which they rise, furnish every proof that is conceivable of being the remains of denuded strata.

It is further asserted that any movements of the earth's crust have practically ceased, and that no causes now in action can explain the elevation and depression of the land in geological eras. "We may rest content," it is said, "with the conclusion that, after all, the round world stands so fast that it cannot be moved, and that its surface, on the whole, is neither rising nor falling."

Much criticism is spent upon the records of earthquakes to show that, save in a few exceptional cases, they do not produce any permanent elevation or depression of the land. But an earthquake does not exhaust the action of subterranean forces. On the contrary, so long as earthquakes occur it is certain that there are subterranean forces in action quite capable of uplifting and depressing the earth's crust. Dr. Geikie's statement that the Scandinavian

peninsula offers a fine example of tranquil movements is criticised as remarkable "in a geological point of view," if real, because earthquakes are said to be almost unknown in Scandinavia; and it is added that Geology can furnish no reason why such movements should occur, which is a strong *primâ facie* reason against them. To imagine that geologists regard all changes of level as due to the actual shocks of earthquake waves, is to caricature their arguments. Whatever may be the local consequences of the earthquakes so constantly occurring, they prove the existence of subterranean forces of such enormous magnitude that the whole surface of the earth must be liable to be affected by them. Ample evidence is at hand to justify this inference; it is enough to allude to the well-known Temple of Serapis. The author, oddly enough, regards this building as a "puzzle to geologist and archæologist alike." It is hardly necessary to say that it is no puzzle. The pillars, bored as they are by a marine bivalve, must have been immersed in sea-water for a considerable time; and fluctuations in the level of the land during an historic period are indubitably proved. Here, again, therefore, we have a cause in action, which, if time be given, could uplift large platforms of land to a considerable height. Its intensity may not always have been the same; but this question must be decided upon its own merits.

In order to free geological history from the action of known forces, as thoroughly as possible, the author ignores the proofs of the gradual retirement and diminution of the ice covering, and suggests that a state of glaciation followed close upon, if it did not result from, the cooling down of the earth from a molten state. He pictures "glaciation" as taking possession of a fractured, but unpolished, world, and describes how lake beds might have been formed, dammed up with ice, which would receive the pounding and grinding of rocks.

Quietly dismissing the whole period between this "primitive glaciation" and the present day, he claims that his suggestions would

"at least enable us to dispense with 'three successive periods' in North Wales when the land was alternately (1) much higher than at present—ice excessive; (2) 2,300 feet lower than now—reduced to a cluster of low islands; (3) and raised again when the valleys were ploughed out by a second set of glaciers" (p. 110).

The subsidence and the re-elevation of Wales during the glacial epoch are, however, facts established by the most positive evidence. Not only are marine shell-beds of a semi-arctic character found on Moel Tryfaen, at a height of 1,360 feet, but fragments of the Welsh mountains, which icebergs alone could have floated away, are scattered over the midlands of England at points 800 feet above the sea. Around the coast of Wales are remains of ancient forests, now washed by tidal waters, and for their growth the land must have stood at a slightly higher level than at present.

Passing from these elementary considerations (which would not have been noticed in this *Review*, save for the circulation "*Scepticism in Geology*" appears to have enjoyed), the only grains of salt I am able to find in the book are—(1) its insistence on the physical effects of the cooling-down of the earth; and (2) the attention it draws to lateral, as well as vertical, movement in the operations which have produced the existing surface of hill and valley. These points, however, are treated very roughly, and reference will immediately be made to their statement in a scientific form.

So far as this discussion has advanced with reference to the doctrine of Uniformity, it appears that denuding agencies and subterranean forces are now in action, to which the deposition of the sedimentary strata, and, to a certain extent, the changes which have taken place in the

level of the land, can fairly be attributed. It remains, however, an open question whether these agencies may not have acted with more intensity at one period than another.

A very remarkable paper has been lately (Jan. 23rd, 1880) read at the Royal Institution by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, "On Land and Sea Considered in Relation to Geological Time." Dr. Carpenter has been led by the convergence of several independent lines of inquiry "to a belief in the permanence throughout all geological time of what may be called the framework of existing continents on the one hand, and of the real oceanic basins on the other;" and regards this doctrine as likely to take rank as one of the fundamental verities of geological science.

According to this view, the repeated changes which have unquestionably occurred at various periods in the distribution of sea and land, have been generally produced by elevations and subsidences, for the most part of very moderate amount, in portions of elevated areas in the original crust of the earth, which occupied the general position of our existing continents; the upheaval of lofty mountain chains, and the formation of very deep local troughs, in which long successions of sedimentary deposits have been formed, having taken place in parts of those originally elevated areas, especially near their margins. The far larger oceanic basins occupy, on this view, areas of the crust which were originally depressed by an abrupt border many thousands of feet beneath the continental platforms, and, like them, had a nearly uniform level, until disturbed by local upheavals and depressions, occasioned by forces subsequently generated during the progressive contraction of the molten sphere within—these upheavals and depressions, when considerable vertically, being usually limited in area, and only breaking the general uniformity of bottom-level as the elevation of the Ural chain interrupts the uniformity of the great plain of North-East Europe and Northern Asia (p. 3).

No more lucid and profound example of reasoning from the present to the past could be quoted, than is presented in this paper. Lyell's assumption, not only "that every

part of the space now covered by the deepest ocean has been land," but even that "the bed of the ocean has been lifted up to the height of the loftiest mountain," disappears in the light of his own great method. The sediments *now in process of deposition* on the ocean bottom furnished Dr. Carpenter with his clue; those sediments, when deposited at a distance from existing continental land, showing no traces of *land-degradation*. His deep-sea soundings revealed the enormous disproportion between the depth of the real ocean-floors beneath the sea-level and the height of the land elevated above it, rendering it (as he argues) very "unlikely that any subsidence of a land area should be compensated by such an uplifting of a portion of the ocean-floor as would raise it above that level" (p. 11). The *Challenger* observations enabled the *contours* of the deep-sea bed to be determined over a considerable area, so as to render it possible to calculate the physical results of definite amounts of depression and elevation.

So far, the principle of Uniformity requires no modification; but another element comes into the problem when Dr. Carpenter's reasoning, from the present to the past, is supported by Professor Dana's reasoning in the contrary direction from the primal assumption of the earth's original fluidity (p. 11, 12). That the forces acting on the earth's crust, both in a vertical and in a horizontal direction, have been continued to the present time, is indicated by its observed movements, as also by earthquakes and volcanoes.

If, however, the earth has cooled from fusion—and Dr. Carpenter gives his high authority to the statement that no man of science will now call this in question—it must have contracted; and pressure, especially lateral pressure, must have been generated under conditions which cannot again occur.

"This contraction of the crust (writes Professor Dana in a passage quoted) has been the chief agency in determining

the evolution of the earth's surface-features, and the successive phases in its long history" (p. 9). Some limitation, therefore, to provide for phenomena produced under circumstances to which *the earth as it now is* furnishes no analogy, must be introduced into any adequate statement of the doctrine of uniformity. *By the forces now acting, all the phenomena of the world's physical history could not be reproduced.*

Sir W. Thompson has declared, on kindred grounds, with especial reference to the principle of uniformity, that a great reform of geological speculation is necessary. Taking into consideration the motions of the heavenly bodies and the earth as one of them, there cannot (he says) be uniformity. "The earth is filled with evidences that it has not been going on for ever in the present state, and that there is a progress of events towards a state infinitely different from the present." \*

He regards the idea that the sun always has given out the same amount of light and heat, and will continue to do so for ever, as equivalent to regarding the sun as a "perpetual miracle;" the word "miracle" being used in the sense of a perpetual violation of those laws of action between matter and matter, which we are allowed to investigate here in our laboratories and workshops. The phenomena presented by the earth's crust, he contends, disprove Playfair's notion that there is no evidence of a beginning and no progress towards an end.

The surface temperature of the earth, for example, must have been greater than it is now at some calculable period in the past, and is being constantly dissipated with the certain result of altering the state of things now prevailing. The earth did not quietly settle down under fixed and final arrangements when it first became the abode of animal and vegetable life. If it were a globe cooling in

\* Trans. Geol. Soc. of Glasgow. Vol. III. p. 16.

space, the effects of the process must have been felt through many ages, and the amount of its volcanic energy, together with the rate of subsidence or elevation of its crust, may have varied with possible effects on the development of life itself. Every epoch must, to some extent, have had its own physical characteristics. Our own age cannot be exempt from the same rule, neither can the epoch that is to come. It is absolutely impossible that the world of the future should be a mere copy of the world as it is.

The question is thus carried one step further. Not only when the general topography of our continents and oceans was practically established in the early history of a cooling globe, must such a force as that of lateral pressure have acted with an intensity of which we have had, and can have, no experience, but *every* epoch must have been affected by influences which have more or less passed away.

Another point has yet to be considered. As epoch has succeeded epoch, not only new, but higher forms of life have been introduced.

In what sense can we speak of uniform causes as producing higher and higher types of being? Uniform causes might be the means of bringing into the world an almost infinite series of *varieties* of forms of life, but they would be on the same level. The causes being uniform, the results would be on the same plane. The problem, however, is one of ascent from type to type until man is reached. The power which has evolved from age to age forms of life more and more complex in structure, can scarcely be said to have acted uniformly in any ordinary sense of the word. The space between Eozoon and Man indicates action which, so far from being uniform in intensity, has systematically resulted in peopling each epoch with organisms more complex in structure than any known in earlier times.

In one sense there has been no "Uniformity" in nature:

no one epoch, either in the distribution of land and sea, or in its groups of characteristic organisms, has repeated another. Epoch has followed epoch with a changed world, peopled by creatures more or less peculiar to itself; although each epoch has possessed certain features in its scenery and has been characterised by certain organisms familiar to the student of the one immediately preceding. While, therefore, the facts of life gathered by observation must be employed in the determination of the laws through which this wondrous succession of phenomena has been unfolded, the possibility of the introduction of fresh species, and even of the higher development of man himself, must not be excluded from thought.

From these various considerations it would appear, that the bare assertion that "the former changes of the earth made known to us by geology resemble in kind and degree those now in daily progress," does not cover the whole ground of a scientific inquiry into the method of Creation.

Without doubt, the establishment of a geological principle or law must primarily depend on the exhaustion of every known force. No scientific study can be carried on, unless the elements are calculated upon as having behaved in the past after the same fashion as they behave in the present. Identity in *the kind of action* exercised by natural forces at every epoch, constitutes the basis of geological reasoning. Geology cannot exist as a science at all, unless we confine ourselves to known forces, and admit that these known forces have always obeyed the laws which now regulate their conduct. But the refusal either to invent new forces for the explanation of past phenomena, or to attribute to known forces powers of which man has had no experience, must not be pressed beyond its strictest meaning.

While any special agent, *given time*, may be capable of doing a certain amount of work, it does not follow

that its action may not have been accelerated by the circumstances under which it has operated. The amount of lateral pressure at the present day, for example, can be no measure of what was accomplished by lateral pressure during the cooling of the globe. The earth cannot be treated as eternal—without beginning and with no prospect of an end. The introduction of a force now known may have taken place at a specific point of time. Man himself, the most powerful agent as a modifier of physical circumstances that has ever existed, is a comparatively new comer into the world.

The agencies now operating may so act and react upon each other as at last to produce results entirely different from any that are either now visible, or will be visible for a few million of years to come. The relationship of the earth to the solar system is so intimate that the changes which are being worked out through space must touch its ultimate destiny.

The fact that the deposition of certain strata *could* be accomplished by known forces, cannot preclude the geologist from asking how known forces would have operated in any condition in which the earth may have existed from a nebulous film to a heated ball, and from a heated ball to the fit abode of animal and vegetable life.

The doctrine of Uniformity can not be held to justify the inference that geological changes have merely consisted of a constant sorting and resorting of the old materials. It must not be concluded that each successive epoch has merely constituted a chapter in the history of precisely the same kind of world as that in which we live, a few plants and animals having died out, and other species having been substituted. Such a proposition would be open to Sir W. Thompson's famous criticism that it is the doctrine of perpetual motion.

What may legitimately be admitted is this:—So far as

observed and measurable forces are capable of producing geological phenomena, they must not be forsaken for the sake of purely speculative equivalents; although the mind must never be closed to changes which must have marked, and, doubtless, will continue to mark, the history of the earth alike from cosmical causes and causes connected with its own construction.

If the beat of the rain and the touch of the air, frost and the motion of waters can excavate valleys and wear away mountains, and if it is impossible to discriminate between the certain results of these agencies and the past phenomena under examination, we must be content to believe that valleys have been so excavated and mountains so worn away. If common-place agencies, such as ocean-currents, winds, clouds, and aqueous vapours, united with ascertained variations in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, are sufficient (as Dr. Croll contends) to account for the accumulation of ice which occurred in temperate regions during the glacial epoch and its subsequent disappearance, no mere theory must be summoned from "the vasty deep" of space. If any existing creatures possess the generic marks which ally them with fossil forms, by these organic relationships their development must be traced.

Imaginary causes must not be sought to account for the history of rock masses, the distribution of sea and land, the connection between the species and genera of extinct and living creatures, before the range of known forces has been accurately measured. But when this has been done, scientific imagination must play its part in geology as in all other sciences; classifying isolated facts under such hypotheses as it may frame, and thus preparing the way for future discoveries.

One thing is certain—the method of creation involves something more than the constant repetition of the same phenomena. It may be that the creative energy which has

evolved so vast a series of organisms as that which stretches from the Laurentian to the Human period, may so act upon the brain of man himself, that a million years hence there may be as striking a contrast between the intellectual capacity and social organisation of our race as it now is and then may be, as there is at this hour between a body of professors at a great university and a tribe of savages.

In the same way as seeds may be concealed in the soil for centuries, awaiting favourable conditions ; as the common foxglove will spring up when the trees of a wood have been cut down, in places where it has never been known before ; and the deadly nightshade suddenly appears in churchyards as the soil is disturbed and human bodies pass away, ashes to ashes and dust to dust—so may it be with the nature we possess. As mortal generations pass, powers now hidden may be revealed. The invariability of natural laws does not involve monotonous uniformity in the method of creation.

The earth, as it now is, is the last result of the play of forces which have never ceased to bring forth "some new thing."

The only report the man of science can bring from any spot on which he may choose to plant his feet, is that of the seer who bare record "in the isle that is called Patmos"—  
"I saw a new heaven and a new earth ; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."

HENRY W. CROSSKEY.

### WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE name of William Lloyd Garrison is entitled to a place in the foremost rank of illustrious Americans, not alone because of his earnest and successful labours, but on account of his blameless and remarkable character. Few men have been privileged, as he was, to yield his mind with all its faculties, and his heart with its truest emotions, to a great cause, and then to pursue his efforts for its advancement, until he witnessed its complete triumph, and was able to rejoice, during a few years of serene enjoyment, in the blessings which it brought to millions of his fellow-creatures. No great wrong of our time has been so sternly maintained as that of American Slavery. Four millions of human beings were owned as goods and chattels by those who claimed to be regarded as respectable and religious people; and, save in a few instances—so few, indeed, that one recounts the number with a blush of shame and indignation—this claim was acknowledged without question. Southern slaveholders were members of Christian churches, and many of them held high office and rank in the respective communions to which they belonged. Some of them were ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and large numbers of them laboured, in close association with their Northern brethren, zealously and strenuously for the evangelisation of the heathen. The distinguished American orator, Mr. Wendell Phillips, turning for a moment to young men, when delivering an address at Garrison's funeral, said, "It is not

given to you to remember with any vividness the blackness of the darkness of ignorance and indifference which then brooded over what was called the moral and religious element of the American people." At the time which we have indicated, only a Christian man or woman here and there in the United States dreamt of questioning for an instant the righteousness of Slavery. The slaves were not only held in bondage, and compelled to toil through hopeless lives for the benefit of their white-skinned owners, but they were kept in a state of abject ignorance, subject to the unrestrained passions of their masters, and bought and sold as if there never flashed across the mind of a single white person in the great Republic, the thought, that upon the brow of the slave there yet rested the royal stamp and seal of God. It is not possible to extenuate the conduct of professedly Christian slaveowners by offering the excuse that these people had come into their hands under such difficult circumstances, and in such large numbers, as to render it well-nigh impossible to accord to them the freedom of human beings, save by gradual processes and at some hoped-for, though distant, period. Slavery was defended without any apparent qualms of conscience; indeed, we may say that to a very great extent it was hardly deemed requisite to defend it at all. Its existence appeared a matter of simple necessity; and until a few brave men and women raised their voices in earnest protest and fiery indignation, nobody thought of even apologising for an institution which had come to be regarded as a settled condition of society in the United States. Mr. Wendell Phillips says, "No man or Church proposed, much less set on foot, any plan or movement for its abolition. Each and all seemed confounded and disheartened at the complexity of the problem and the vast work. There was the most entire ignorance and apathy on the slave question. If men knew of the existence of

slavery, it was only as a part of picturesque Virginia life. No one preached, no one talked, no one wrote about it." He claims for Garrison that he "began, inspired, and largely controlled the movement which put an end to negro slavery in the United States."

There was not a shadow of what can be called public opinion on the subject of Slavery in America in the year 1805, when William Lloyd Garrison was born at Newburyport, Mass., on the 10th of December, in a house which still stands, in close proximity to a church, under whose pulpit rest the remains of George Whitefield. The story of his "Life and Times" has just been told, in a volume recently published, by an old friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Oliver Johnson, with an Introduction by Mr. Whittier. This admirable book furnishes us with the main portion of the facts of Mr. Garrison's life and work. His father was a sea-captain from New Brunswick, and is spoken of as a man of some literary ability and ambition. His mother had a deep and earnest fear of God, which was evidently roused to an intense height in connection with the religious services of some itinerating Baptists. Her parents had brought her up in attendance upon the Established Church, for they were respectable adherents to the religious and loyal customs of the times, both in Church and State. But at eighteen years of age, this bright-hearted girl, who had hitherto mingled in the gaieties of her station, felt the upheavings of a new life, and connected herself bravely with the sect whose preaching she had been led to attend. These itinerating Baptists were very much like Ranters, and their practices were utterly foreign to the sentiments of her parents. When she proposed to unite herself to them in the public ordinance of baptism, their indignation knew no bounds, and the doors of home were closed against her. Her uncle received her into his house, and she remained under his care until

her marriage with Mr. Garrison, the sea-captain of whom we have spoken. From such a mother, William Lloyd, her second son, received influences of precious and immortal value. She inspired in his young breast a vision of the eternal God, and a reverence for His righteousness, which mingled in the very core of his being, and was never disturbed throughout the labours and vicissitudes of a long life. The father became intemperate, and at an early period, Garrison's mother was left with a family of helpless little children, to struggle with many cares. While seeking to earn her living as a sick nurse, she found it necessary to put her boys out at a very tender age, that they might relieve her burden. William Lloyd was apprenticed when only nine years of age to a shoemaker; but he was removed from this uncongenial occupation to a cabinet-maker's. Later still, he found the work which suited his tastes at the printing-office of a Mr. Allen, the editor of the *Newburyport Herald*. To this paper, while in his "teens," he made frequent and acceptable contributions; and he wrote also anonymously for a Boston journal—his political articles being thought so much of as to be attributed to one of the most eminent citizens of Massachusetts. When his apprenticeship ended, he edited a new paper, called the *Free Press*, in his native place; which, while distinguished for its high moral tone, Mr. Johnson observes, "proved unremunerative, as such papers generally do." Then he was heard of as the editor of the *National Philanthropist*, in Boston, in the years 1827-28. The object of this journal was to advocate total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. Some time in 1828, he went to the town of Bennington, Vermont, to establish a paper for the support of Mr. John Quincy Adams for the Presidency. This paper was called the *Journal of the Times*. He had already made the acquaintance of one of those remarkable pioneers of reform, to whom it is often given to stir within the breasts

of abler men than themselves those impulses which become the mightiest forces in the regeneration of society. This man was Benjamin Lundy, a Quaker, who came to Boston while Garrison was living there, for the purpose of exciting an interest in the minds of the people on the question of slavery. Lundy issued, at irregular intervals, a print called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. He was an itinerating printer and social reformer, who spent the greater part of his time in "travelling from place to place, procuring subscribers to his paper, and endeavouring to excite an interest in his subject by conversation and lecturing. In some instances he carried the head-rules, column-rules, and subscription-book of his paper with him, and when he came to a town where he found a printing-office he would stop long enough to print and mail a number of the *Genius*. He travelled for the most part on foot, carrying a heavy pack." This man's soul had been fired with an intense and unspeakable hatred to Slavery, by what he had seen in his boyhood of the wrongs and miseries from which the poor wretches suffered when going down the Ohio on their way to the far South. Garrison's Vermont paper had reached him as an exchange, and he longed to lay firm hold upon the young champion of liberty, and if possible secure him as a coadjutor in the special work upon which he was employing his life. "After making the journey to Boston by stage, he walked, staff in hand and pack on back, in the winter snow, all the long and weary way from that city to Bennington. The meeting of these two men, in the shadow of the Green Mountains, 'whose winds were ever the swift messengers of freedom,' may be regarded as the beginning of a movement which was destined under God to work the overthrow of American Slavery." "In this fresh mountain spring originated the moral influences which, feeble at the first, became at length too mighty to be resisted." Garrison agreed to join Lundy in Baltimore;

and in the autumn of 1829 he took the principal charge of Lundy's paper, which was now enlarged, and published weekly. It was indeed a holy compact; never did two men more honestly and bravely address themselves to a high and difficult task. Two such men, bound together with such convictions and sentiments as those which throbbed within their breasts, received the fulfilment of that great promise which the Redeemer of mankind gave to His disciples for the encouragement of their faith, when two or three should meet together in His name. And no great wrong, though it throw its black shadow even across half a world, should reckon upon long continuance and security, when two spirits as true and as courageous as those of Garrison and Lundy sound the trumpet of its doom.

Lundy was in favour of gradual emancipation, and had his mind directed to schemes of colonisation for the slaves. Garrison had come to see, that "Slavery was either right or wrong in principle as well as in practice; that if it was right even for an hour, it might be so for a century or to the end of time; but that if it was wrong, there was no excuse for its continuance for a day or even an hour." From the moment that the young reformer saw with his clear vision the deep unrighteousness of the thing, he gave his whole soul unreservedly to unceasing toil for its extirpation.

Owing to the vigour of Garrison's management of the paper and his uncompromising assertion of immediate abolitionism, the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* soon became intolerable to the people of Baltimore and that part of the country generally. "The slave power entrenched in Church and State began to growl like a wild beast at bay. The air was thick with fierce denunciations of 'that mad-cap Garrison,' and men in places of power and influence began to look each other in the face, and ask whereunto this new crusade against Slavery would grow if some means of crushing it out were not speedily found." The means

were found, as they thought, in a short time. A Mr. Francis Todd, of Newburyport (Garrison's own native town), owned a vessel which traded between Baltimore and New Orleans, and which at this time took a cargo of eighty slaves from the former to the latter place. The heroic young editor denounced the transaction with all the might of an indignant protest. The law of America was against foreign slave-trade, holding it to be piracy. Garrison would not allow that the domestic trade was one whit better. The owner of the vessel brought a charge against him for libel, which was sustained, of course, and Garrison was fined a sum of fifty dollars and costs of court. He was too poor to pay, and of necessity went to gaol. It is believed that if riches had been his portion rather than poverty, he would not have paid the fine. The South exulted in the punishment, and, with few exceptions, the North said it was what he deserved. One Boston paper, however, published some sonnets which he wrote in his cell, and a few enthusiastic young spirits regarded him as a martyr in the cause of liberty and truth. Amongst the number was John Greenleaf Whittier, then hardly known beyond the town or State in which he was working as the editor of the *New England Review*, which was published at Hartford. Garrison, at Newburyport in earlier days, when he edited the *Free Press*, had inserted in his little paper some of Whittier's poems. Mr. Whittier wrote to the celebrated Henry Clay, of Kentucky, begging him to pay Garrison's fine, and thus open the gaol-door to the "guiltless prisoner." The statesman was evidently inclined to accede to this request, but meanwhile another friend stepped forward—Mr. Arthur Tappan, a prosperous New York merchant, and a warm friend of freedom, who had been a reader of Lundy and Garrison's paper; he paid the fine and bill of costs, and once more the "fanatic" was at his work.

Circumstances rendered it desirable that Garrison should pursue a course independently of his friend Lundy. He hoped at first to issue a weekly paper from Washington, to be called the *Liberator*. He had no capital wherewith to commence the enterprise. He visited Philadelphia, New York, Newhaven, Boston, and other towns, and finally resolved to publish the *Liberator* at Boston. He found that the North was absolutely disinclined to disturb Slavery in the South. His own words, when referring to the tour which he had taken, were: "I found contempt more bitter, opposition more active, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen in the free States (and particularly in New England) than among slave-owners themselves." He made his appeal for help in the great work to which he had consecrated his life, to two famous Boston clergymen—Dr. Lyman Beecher and Dr. Channing. Dr. Beecher told him that his zeal was commendable, but that he was misguided. Said he: "If you will give up your fanatical notions, and be guided by us (the clergy), we will make you the Wilberforce of America." For all that discouragement met him on every path, his resolve was taken, and the *Liberator* was published on the first day of 1831. Its motto was, "Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind." It was a small weekly folio, of only four pages, and was issued from an office which was afterwards spoken of as an "obscure hole." Garrison was editor, printer, and publisher, with the help of one associate. They announced "their determination to publish their paper as long as they could do so by living on bread and water, and so they made their bed on the office floor, and lived for a year or more on such food as they could procure at a neighbouring bakery." Mr. Oliver Johnson testifies, "More than once did I partake with them of their humble fare; Mr. Garrison doing the honours of the table with a grace worthy of a richer feast, and a cheerfulness that nothing could dis-

turb." He describes the office thus: "The dingy walls, the small window bespattered with printer's ink, the press standing in one corner, the composing stands opposite, the long editorial and mailing-table covered with newspapers, the bed of the editor and publisher on the floor—all these make a picture never to be forgotten." The present American Minister at the Court of St. James's has thus referred to it in some lines which will not be forgotten:—

" In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,  
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearn'd young man;  
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean,—  
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

" Help came but slowly; surely no man yet  
Put lever to the heavy world with less;  
What need of help? He knew how types were set;  
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press."

That little print, the *Liberator*, did not mince matters from first to last. It lifted up a testimony which an age of indifference and compromise sorely needed: Garrison spoke out with all the boldness of a man who had made up his mind, and would not, to save his life, modify one earnest plea for the oppressed and the helpless. "I will be," he said, "as harsh as truth, as uncompromising as justice. . . . I am in earnest; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I WILL BE HEARD."

The *Liberator*, it soon became evident, was not to be treated with greater mildness than Garrison's former paper in Baltimore. The Vigilance Association of Columbia, S.C., composed, according to the *Charleston Mercury*, of "gentlemen of the first respectability," on the 4th of October, 1831, offered a reward of 1,500 dollars for "the apprehension, and prosecution to conviction, of any white person who might be detected in distributing or circulating the *Liberator*, or any other publications of a seditious character." The authorities of Georgetown, D.C., enacted

a law making it penal for any free person of colour to take from the Post-office "the paper published in Boston called the *Liberator*." In Oriel, N.C., a grand jury found a true bill against the editor and the publisher, evidently in the hope of finding a way to bring them into that State for trial; but in the State of Georgia more still was done. A law was passed ordering 5,000 dollars "to be paid by the Government to any person or persons, arresting and bringing to trial, under the laws of the State, and prosecuting to conviction, the editor or publisher of the *Liberator*, or any other person, who shall utter, publish, or circulate the said paper in Georgia." None who have ever known anything of the noble man who was the object of this preposterous malignity can fail to be thrilled with emotion as they read Garrison's grand response to this threat: "Know this, ye patrons of kidnappers, that we despise your threats as much as we deplore your infatuation; nay, more: know that a hundred men stand ready to fill our place as soon as it is made vacant by violence. The *Liberator* shall yet live—live to warn you of your danger—live to plead for the perishing slaves—live to hail the day of universal emancipation. For every hair of our head which you touch, there shall spring up an assertor of the rights of your bondsmen, and an upbraider of your crimes." Who that remembers the circumstance, that the *Liberator* witnessed the end of American Slavery, and that its editor lived long enough to know for many years the results which followed its abolition, fails to perceive that he was a prophet as well as a great leader? When one of the most powerful newspapers of the time denounced him, and sought to connect his influence with the cruelties and horrors of a certain insurrection, saying, "We know nothing of the man [Garrison]; we desire not to have him unlawfully dealt with; we can even conceive of his motive being good in his own opinion, but it is the motive of a man who cuts the throats of your

wife and children,"—Mr. Garrison replied, "I appeal to God, whom I fear and serve, and to its patrons, in proof that the real and only purpose of the *Liberator* is to prevent rebellion by the application of those preservative principles which breathe peace on earth, goodwill to men. . . I look to posterity for a good reputation."

That is a sad chapter in the life and times of Garrison which records the persecution to which the brave Reformer was subjected on account of his alleged Heterodoxy—we should rather say Infidelity, for he was frequently charged with being an infidel. We have seen that his mother was an Evangelical Christian of the most Orthodox type. Her son, it is evident, through all the years of his early manhood—that is, throughout the period of his first struggles in the Anti-Slavery cause—maintained an adherence to the religious principles in which he had been brought up. He was a hearer of Dr. Lyman Beecher's at Boston, and tried to win the support of his Orthodox Christian friends for the cause which he had espoused. It is not denied that, when he found Orthodox Christian ministers warmly defending Slavery, and as warmly denouncing its opponents, quoting freely from the Bible in its defence, and giving their support to an institution which he regarded with the profoundest indignation of a human soul, he began to examine the Scriptures with a different feeling, and came to somewhat different conclusions with regard to some subjects. His biographer testifies, "To the very last the Bible was to him the Book of books, and he found in its pages the truths on which his soul was fed, and which were his chief reliance in the great struggle with Slavery. His writings and speeches from first to last throb with quotations of the most striking appositeness and power from that Book. Above any minister of the Gospel whom I have ever known, he was indeed mighty in the Scriptures, and thousands have confessed that, before hearing him, they were not half aware of

the quickening and inspiring power of the volume around which so many of the most sacred associations of the Christian world have clustered." One frets and wearies at the memory of what men and women have said and done to cast suspicion upon the religious beliefs of their fellows who have dared to think or speak in a different manner from themselves. It is pitiful and shameful. Mr. Phillips remarks, "It was no flippant bigot, but Harriet Beecher Stowe, who, in 1852, asked Mr. Garrison, 'Are you a Christian?' What more is needed," adds Mr. Phillips, "to demonstrate how stone-blind were then the best American thought and religion; how absolutely they were shut up to insist on always calling 'evil good, and good evil,' 'putting darkness for light, and light for darkness,' and insolently refusing to test things by the Master's touchstone, 'their fruits'?"

The Anti-Slavery movement knew nothing of distinctions of sect or party. The test of membership stood in no case connected with a man's religious opinions. Mr. Garrison was found fault with for inserting in the *Liberator* articles which discussed certain questions and subjects about which great differences of opinion were constantly arising; questions, that is, having no relation to Slavery, but to social matters, like the Rights of Woman; or religious subjects, such as the duty of Non-resistance, the proper observance of Sunday, and some theological points. The space devoted to such subjects was very small; but he was blamed for admitting them into its columns. He evidently revealed some of his liberal religious opinions, and gave the apologists for Slavery some excuse for fault-finding. It does appear to us that probably rather more subjects than were either suitable or profitable may have been mixed up in the literary publications of the Anti-Slavery cause at that time. Certain it is, that the Rev. Amos A. Phelps, a confessedly earnest and true-hearted friend

of the cause, resigned his place as one of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Society, alleging as his reason for that step, that "the Society is no longer an Anti-Slavery Society simply, but in its action a Woman's Rights, Non-Government Anti-Slavery Society." It was thought that a Society of which Garrison was not the head and front, might bring a considerable accession of Orthodox Abolitionists; and so the Massachusetts *Abolition* Society was organised in Boston, in May, 1839. Garrison held on his way, and was at his post long after this new Society had ceased to exist. It will be clear to the apprehension of most people, that although at times there may have been some impropriety in mixing up other social movements, as well as a few theological questions, with the Anti-Slavery struggle, either in the columns of the *Liberator* or elsewhere, the objection to Garrison on the score of his religious opinions was a mere excuse for not enlisting beneath the standard of the Anti-Slavery cause. It was easy to hurl the epithet "infidel" at a man whose cogent reasonings could not be answered, and whose earnest protests against Slavery came with a scathing effect upon the consciences of men. It was enough to make a man of Garrison's type turn with indignation upon the religious organisations of his day, when it was almost impossible to find in Boston a clergyman of any standing who would so much as consent to open an Anti-Slavery meeting with prayer. We have it upon the best authority, that Methodists and Baptists, Episcopalians and Unitarians, and even the Quakers, barred their doors against Anti-Slavery lecturers and agents; and "Dr. Channing's mild rebukes of Slavery and Slaveholding, drawn from him only after years of pleading and appeal on the part of Samuel J. May and other Abolitionists, brought down the bitter wrath of the congregation upon his head, many of the members refusing all further intercourse with him socially, and even refusing

to recognise him in the street." The American Board of Foreign Missions, which was seeking to excite in the heart of the nation a deep interest in the heathen world—and succeeded in this object—looked with deadly hostility upon the Anti-Slavery movement from the start.

It is impossible for us in these pages to recall, ever so briefly, the history of the several steps in the Anti-Slavery movement, which are associated with Mr. Garrison's career. The first Anti-Slavery Society was founded in January, 1832. It was called the New England Anti-Slavery Society. The first meeting was held in a school-room, under the African Baptist Church, in Boston; and as the little company broke up, and were going forth to encounter a pitiless storm, in the dense darkness of that January night, Garrison impressively remarked, "We have met to-night in this obscure school-house; our numbers are few, and our influence limited, but mark my prediction: Faneuil Hall shall ere long echo with the principles which we have set forth. We shall shake the nation by their mighty power."

The foes with whom Garrison and the uncompromising Abolitionists had to deal were manifold. Among the most powerful, and certainly the most troublesome, we may indicate those whose material interests were bound up in the system, and those who were in favour of African Colonisation and gradual Emancipation. There were many sharp passages of arms with the latter class. It would be interesting to take note of some of the incidents of that painful struggle in which Garrison took so conspicuous a part. We can only pause for a moment, to look at him as he came to England in 1833, for the purpose of securing the sympathy of our most distinguished Anti-Slavery leaders, and to seek to correct the impressions which had been made in this country by an agent of the American Colonisation Society. While he was in this land, Wilber-

force died. Garrison attended his funeral in Westminster Abbey. He spoke in Exeter Hall, and otherwise produced a strong impression in favour of the cause which he came to serve. He made the acquaintance of Mr. George Thompson, then in the full tide of his fame as a speaker, and obtained from him a promise to visit the United States. The circumstances of Mr. Thompson's visit form a startlingly interesting episode in the history of those stirring times. It was while he was in the States that the sympathisers of Slavery in Boston did their utmost, in a very serious riot, to upset the cause. Garrison ran a narrow risk of his life; and George Thompson, though not immediately connected with the riot, shortly afterwards returned to England. In 1840 a division came about in the ranks of the foremost Anti-Slavery workers. We have little interest on this side of the Atlantic in making more than a passing reference to the causes and circumstances of this division, which led to the formation of the American and *Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society. It is apparent that the division stood related to the great differences of opinion which had arisen in respect to the position of women in the constitution of the old Society and in the public advocacy of the cause. A number of Mr. Garrison's old friends joined the new Society, but the separation between himself and them was more nominal than real, and therefore did not become permanent. Undoubtedly it had, however, much to do, in the minds of many of its promoters, with Garrison's alleged heresies; for it was believed that "it was actually his design to wage war upon the most sacred institutions of society." This new organisation, which was formed, as we have seen, in 1840, only lasted thirteen years. The old Society held on its way until Slavery had ceased to be. The great leader continued to exert an unrivalled influence upon the movement, although, as the years wore on, many others came forward to lend a helping hand. Mr.

Oliver Johnson bears a handsome tribute to the eminent services which were rendered to the cause by Mr. Theodore Parker. He remarks :—"He did not accept the Garrisonian view of the constitution, but on every other point he was in close affinity with us. He loved to speak from our platform, and never once declined to do so if it was in his power to answer our summons. He was at home there, and set a very high value upon the influence of the Garrisonian movement. He knew that the discussions of our platform contributed mightily to the formation of that sound public sentiment without which no measures in opposition to Slavery could be effected. In his own pulpit he never failed to improve an opportunity to bring the question of Slavery before his hearers. His name was a terror to the ecclesiastical and political trimmers of his time, but a star of hope to the oppressed, especially to fugitive slaves, harried by official kidnappers, and in danger of being seized under the shadows of Faneuil Hall, or of the steeples of numberless fashionable churches, and doomed once more to wear the chain and feel the lash of Slavery. The brave words spoken by him were a part of the very soul of the time, and his name will be reverently cherished when the moral dwarfs of the Boston pulpit, Orthodox and Liberal, who droned over their creeds and formalities while the nation was sinking into the embrace of the Slave Power, will be remembered no more." We do not wish to forget, that another well-known name was mixed up very early with the Anti-Slavery cause. On Sunday evening, May 29, 1831, the *Rev.* Ralph Waldo Emerson, then pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston, opened his pulpit for the delivery of an Anti-Slavery sermon by the *Rev.* Samuel J. May. Of Mr. Whittier it is impossible to speak in too high terms of gratitude and praise, in review of his great services. His poems were effectual protests as well as touching and earnest pleadings on the

slave's behalf. Nor should we forget Mr. James Russell Lowell, whose pen was a mighty instrument of power in the same cause in the days gone by.

Mr. Garrison, in 1843, raised in the *Liberator*, the question whether it was not the duty of the people of the Free States, on account of the inherent weakness of those provisions of the Constitution which related to Slavery, to dissolve their political relations with the South. Ten years before, he had written in the Declaration of Sentiments, issued by the Anti-Slavery Convention at Philadelphia, the words:—"This relation to Slavery is criminal and full of danger; it must be broken up." But he had not apparently felt the full force of his own uncompromising conclusions. Dr. Channing had also said: "No blessings of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures." The circumstances of after years brought a result in a different manner from that which was deemed likely. "The mutinous Rebellion changed all the conditions of the problem, and worked out the deliverance of the North as well as of the slaves by a process which no one had contemplated."

Mr. Garrison's second visit to England, in 1840, when he came as a delegate to the London Anti-Slavery Conference, is very notable, because the female delegates who had come over from America were excluded from taking part in the Conference. He, and certain other delegates, refused to take their seats, and simply became spectators of the proceedings. In 1846 he came again to England, the main purpose of this visit being to seek to induce the Free Church of Scotland to return the money which had been collected in its aid among the slave-holders in the South. Although public feeling was greatly excited upon the subject, the money was retained. In 1867 he came again, connecting with this a visit to Paris, and much pleasant intercourse with old and new friends. This visit was specially memo-

rable, because of a great public breakfast held in his honour at St. James's Hall, London, on June 20th of that year, when Mr. John Bright occupied the chair, and a number of distinguished speakers took part in the proceedings. Garrison was at his best. The Duke of Argyll referred to him as having been at one time on a stormy sea in a one-oared boat. Garrison himself used these memorable words: "I must here disclaim, with all sincerity of soul, any special praise for anything that I have done. I have simply tried to maintain the integrity of my soul before God, and to do my duty. I have refused to go with the multitude to do evil. I have endeavoured to save my country from ruin. I have sought to liberate such as were held captive in the house of bondage; but all this I ought to have done." Referring to the remarkable overthrow of slavery, he said: "Seemingly, no system of iniquity was ever more strongly entrenched, or more sure and absolute in its sway, than that of American Slavery. Yet it has perished—

" In the earthquake God has spoken,  
He has smitten with His thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken."

So it has been, so it is, so it ever will be, throughout the earth, in every conflict for the right." He was in England once more in 1877, but although he mingled in many circumstances that were of the most gratifying social kind, he had not the same strength as formerly; and two years later, while visiting his only daughter in New York, where he had gone specially to obtain the best medical care, he passed away somewhat suddenly, on Saturday night, May the 24th, 1879. The hymns which he had learnt in his own childhood were sung to him in his dying hours by his children. They were such as are the best known to those who were trained in Evangelical homes fifty years ago. On the following Wednesday after-

noon the funeral took place in the neighbourhood of Boston. The pall-bearers included two coloured men and six of his old friends. The Rev. Samuel May conducted the devotional exercises, and a quartette of coloured singers sang the hymns beginning—"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," "Ye tribes of Adam, join," and "Arise, my soul, and stretch thy wings." Wendell Phillips, whose eloquence had attained a lofty height in its earliest efforts on the Anti-Slavery platform, delivered an address as a friend of between forty and fifty years. The coloured singers sang one more song at the grave; and as the last rays of the setting sun fell across it, the old veterans and the new recruits in freedom's never-dying cause took a last look into the chamber of the dead, and many hearts gained new impulses for the struggle which yet remains.

Mr. Phillips remarked, in the address which he gave at the funeral, that the grandest name beside Garrison's in the America of our times is that of John Brown.

Brown stood on the platform that Garrison built, and Mrs. Stowe herself charmed an audience that he gathered for her, with words which he inspired, from a heart that he kindled. Sitting at his feet were leaders born of the *Liberator*, the guides of public sentiment. I know whereof I affirm. It was often a pleasant boast of Charles Sumner that he read the *Liberator* two years before I did; and among the great men who followed his lead and held up his hands in Massachusetts, where is the intellect, where is the heart that does not trace to this printer-boy the first pulse that bade him serve the slave? For myself, no words can adequately tell the measureless debt I owe him, the moral and intellectual life he opened to me. I feel like the old Greek who, taught himself by Socrates, called his own scholars "the disciples of Socrates."

Mr. Phillips affirms that the true root of Garrison's influence was *character*. And this he holds in combination with the belief that, as an intellectual awakening and moral discipline, the forty years of the Anti-Slavery agitation has

only three parallels in history—the age of Vane and Cromwell, Luther's Reformation, and the establishment of Christianity.

Taking as earnest a review as we can of the life of this remarkable man, we must express the opinion that, looked at together—man and movement—history furnishes hardly a parallel to the combined power and fitness of work and worker. Never was reformer more honest, brave, and disinterested. He quailed before no foes, however invincible they might appear; he had but one clear purpose, from the moment of consecration to the hour when death drew him away from the field of conflict; and he never enriched himself out of the cause which he served with patient and persistent energy to the last. If America had produced no other men of action besides Washington and Garrison, she would have gained the right to place these men amongst the very greatest of the race. Garrison is one of those men who have shown forth the living power of that religion which holds the Bible as the charter of human liberty and the source of our divinest hopes. He gained his influence over men through the appeal which he made to their consciences as believers in that Book. He was a *moral* reformer to the end, and during many years of the struggle left such of his friends as were inclined, to wage the battle in the political arena. As for him, his arguments, his inspiration, and his encouragement were drawn from sources to which the politician might, or might not choose to repair. That single-hearted, intrepid, clear-eyed printer's boy, fastening his heart upon high enterprises, looks, to our mind, far greater than a Hannibal or a Wellington; and only those who have been the greatest benefactors of the poor, the weary, and the sad, have a right to be mentioned beside him when the story of his brave life is recalled for the instruction and encouragement of mankind.

WILLIAM DORLING.

## THE MIRACLES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

### II.

IN a former article I endeavoured to illustrate the process by which miraculous narratives may grow out of *bonâ fide* records of natural events, and also to show by internal evidence and historical analogy that this process might be traced with great probability in the New Testament.

It is the purpose of the present article to indicate other processes, by which miraculous stories may have been grafted upon the historical traditions of the New Testament without resting, even indirectly, upon the records of events that actually took place.

#### (i.)

There can be little doubt that the early Christians were often inclined to regard the so-called Messianic passages of the Old Testament as actual authorities for the life of Jesus. Believing that all the Messianic predictions had been fulfilled by the Messiah, they were naturally led to ascribe to Jesus any action which this pre-established theory required. If they supposed the Scriptures to have definitely asserted that the Messiah would do or suffer such and such things, they would feel that they had the best possible authority for saying that Jesus actually did or actually suffered them.

The Gospel of Matthew in particular is rich in illus-

trations of this tendency. We can see that the Old Testament precedents were continually before the eyes of its writers, and the result is sometimes almost grotesque. For instance, an ancient writer (Zechariah ix. 9) had spoken of the ideal King of the future as coming to Jerusalem in peaceful and lowly guise, riding upon an ass. The writer of Matthew was very naturally reminded of this passage (which may possibly have been in the thoughts of Jesus himself) by the joyous entry into Jerusalem just before the cleansing of the Temple. Accordingly, he appears to have supposed that the prediction of the prophet must have been precisely fulfilled by Jesus, and that the words of Zechariah were a perfectly trustworthy authority for the details of the actual event. Now Zechariah, in accordance with the well-known practice of Hebrew poets and orators, had repeated his description of the beast on which the King was to ride, in two parallel lines. "Lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, a she-ass's child," where the "and" is simply equivalent to "yea!" But the first evangelist, misunderstanding the expression, represents Jesus as actually riding into Jerusalem upon *two* beasts—an ass and her colt. (Matthew xxi. 17, where the Greek text has "upon them" for "thereon.")

Trifling as this circumstance is in itself, it will serve to illustrate the use which the Evangelist made of the Old Testament as an authority for the life of Jesus. In this instance the result has only been an incongruous detail in an undoubtedly trustworthy narrative; but there are other cases in which we are justified in suspecting that a whole series of events has been created by the Evangelist, or by the popular tradition he recorded, on no other foundation than misunderstood texts of the ancient Scriptures. Thus the second chapter of Matthew speaks of a wholesale massacre, of which we find no notice in the historians, and connects with it a series of events, including the

"flight to Egypt," which it is difficult to accept as historical; but the writer himself indicates clearly enough the basis upon which he reared this part of his narrative by quoting three texts from the Old Testament. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, [not] small amongst the families of Judah! out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel" (Micah v. 2). "A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not" (Jeremiah xxxi. 15). "I called my son out of Egypt" (Hosea xi. 1). These texts he understood to mean—first, that the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem; second, that a number of children would perish in connection with his birth; third, that he would himself, on some great occasion, come out of Egypt. It is needless to point out what the texts really meant, or how the Evangelist came to misunderstand them so completely. The fact that is important to us at present is the evidence given by this story that the Old Testament was regarded as an authority for the details of the life of Jesus.

If we admit this principle, we shall see at once how strong the tendency would be to ascribe to Jesus miracles analogous to those performed by the Old Testament heroes, together with the fulfilment of such Messianic predictions as that of Isaiah xxxv. 5, 6—"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."

It is hazardous to apply this theory to special cases, though some scholars have done so freely. But we can hardly fail to trace the influence of the very text just cited in such passages as Matthew xv. 30, 31; xxi. 14—"And great multitudes came unto him, having with them lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them. Insomuch that

the multitude wondered when they saw dumb men speaking, maimed ones restored, lame walking, and blind seeing; and they glorified the God of Israel." "And the blind and lame came to him in the Temple, and he healed them." The vague character of these passages forcibly suggests some such origin as we are discussing; and, when once current, these general statements might themselves become the basis upon which more detailed and circumstantial narratives were reared.

Old Testament precedent is likewise supposed by many scholars to have had a marked influence in producing such narratives as those in which Jesus restores a dead son to his widowed mother, like Elijah (compare Luke vii. 11—16 with 1 Kings xvii. 17—24), or miraculously feeds his followers, like Moses.

We must decline, however, to push the application of this principle into details, and must be content with merely indicating its probable influence.

(ii.)

Another factor in the production of miraculous stories may be traced in the misapprehension of metaphorical language, of which we have some striking instances in the New Testament writings.

The constant use of poetical and metaphorical language in the Old Testament, the frequency of parables and metaphors in the mouth of Jesus himself, and the love of historical allegories universally characteristic of Eastern nations, might all help to facilitate the transition from a mere metaphor or parable to a miraculous narrative.

In one remarkable instance this process can be almost demonstrated. "To be born of the Spirit" or "of the Holy Spirit" is a simple and transparent metaphor. A man is "born of the Spirit" when he is "spiritual," when he feels that he is a child of God. Jesus, then, might well

be said to have been "born of the Spirit." It was straining the metaphor rather harder than our modern usage would allow when the Christians went on from this to say that "the Spirit was the father of Jesus." The expression, however, was still purely metaphorical, as is shown by the curious fact that "the Gospel according to the Hebrews" called the Holy Spirit the *mother* of Jesus, because the Hebrew word for "Spirit" was feminine. After a time, however, the metaphorical origin and meaning of the expression was lost sight of. "The Holy Spirit was the father of Jesus" came to be interpreted literally. It was therefore supposed that Jesus had no earthly father at all, and the strange stories that open our Gospels of Matthew and Luke came into existence accordingly.

With this example before our eyes we can hardly doubt that the account of the Holy Spirit descending upon Jesus at his baptism rose in a similar manner out of a misinterpreted metaphor.

Again, the account of Jesus walking upon the waves and calling Peter to come out and meet him, of Peter's terror, of his beginning to sink as soon as his heart failed, and of his being supported by the hand of Jesus, strikes us almost irresistibly as a parable setting forth the power of faith, and contrasting the unshaken firmness of Jesus in the midst of every storm with the fluctuating courage of his loved disciple, Peter.

We are tempted, however, to go much further in interpreting the miraculous stories of the Gospels as petrified metaphors and allegories.

Let us suppose, for instance, that when Jesus still retained some hope that the piety of his countrymen might be regenerated, and that Israel might yet be a holy people, he uttered the parable of the fig-tree, preserved in Luke (Luke xiii. 6—9), in which he compared his people, and especially their leaders, to a barren tree, represented his

own attempts to reform them as the last efforts of the vine-dresser to make the tree fruitful, and declared that, if they were still obdurate, they could no longer be suffered to cumber the ground. Let us further suppose that when he had come into contact with the leaders of Jewish orthodoxy in Jerusalem, and had become convinced of the hopelessness of all attempts to convert them, he pronounced the doom of the "barren fig-tree" of Jewish piety, and sorrowfully declared that "no man would eat fruit of it any more." What would then be more natural than that, while the meaning of the words was still fresh in men's minds, the disciples should say that Jesus "cursed the barren fig-tree" when he had entered Jerusalem, and that the misinterpreted metaphor should give rise later on to the story that now appears in Matthew (xxi. 18—20) and Mark (xi. 12—14, 20—21)?

Nor have we yet exhausted the possible applications of this principle of interpretation.

Attention has been called already to a passage in Isaiah in which highly-coloured expressions are so employed that we can hardly tell whether the writer intended to be understood literally or not, or whether he himself drew any sharp line between the physical and the moral phenomena of the glorious future. There are many other passages in the Old Testament in which physical language is undoubtedly applied to moral phenomena. Thus Jeremiah cries in his anguish, "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" And Isaiah, in the well-known passage that stands at the beginning of his prophecies, says that Israel's "whole head is sick, and his whole heart faint." In either case it is a moral and not a physical malady that is intended.

Now we meet in the New Testament, and in the mouth of Jesus himself, with a precisely similar use of physical

imagery in dealing with moral phenomena. Jesus compares himself to the "physician," and the publicans and sinners amongst whom he worked to "sick men" (Matthew ix. 12; Mark ii. 17; Luke v. 31); and if he could describe his work as "healing the sick," might not both he and others likewise speak of it as "cleansing the leprous," as "giving sight to the (spiritually) blind," or even as "raising the (morally) dead"? How easily this last expression might occur is exemplified by the words which Jesus himself puts into the mouth of the returning prodigal's father, "he was dead, and is alive again."

Now, if we are ever justified in accepting such expressions in a metaphorical sense, we are tempted to suppose that they were so used by Jesus in his celebrated answer to John's disciples. Here the ground is very uncertain, and we must not pretend that we are in a position to prove what we cannot really do more than suggest; but we may observe that the absence of the definite article in the original Greek gives a vagueness to the passage decidedly favourable to the metaphorical interpretation: "Blind men see again, and lame men walk, lepers are cleansed, and deaf men hear, dead men are raised up, and poor men have the Gospel preached to them" (Matthew xi. 5). It has often been noticed that no account has been given by Matthew of any dead person being raised to life in special connection with John's embassy, and, indeed, that no miracles of healing immediately precede the declaration. All this, together with the easy transition from "blind" and "dead" to "poor," strongly favours the allegorical interpretation of the words. Moreover, Luke, who certainly understood these expressions literally, appears to have felt the necessity of supporting them by some explicit statement. Accordingly, he gives the story of the raising of the young man of Nain as the immediate cause of John's embassy, and inserts between the question of John's dis-

ciples and the answer of Jesus the words, "And in that same hour he cured many of their infirmities and plagues and of evil spirits; and unto them that were blind he gave sight" (Luke vii. 11—23). If we were at liberty to assume that the passage as given in Matthew is meant to be taken allegorically, we should then be made witnesses of the actual transition in Luke from the metaphor to the miraculous narrative. But the assumption in question would be a rash one, and we cannot safely go any further than to say that such a transition *might* take place. "The scales have fallen from blind eyes, and deaf ears have been unstopped," might easily be said of moral blindness and deafness, and might as easily be understood as recording miraculous cures.

This "symbolical" interpretation of the miracles is in great favour at present with many of the liberal theologians of the Continent, who apply it even to the details of the stories of miraculous healings. Thus, when Jesus is said to "touch" a "leper," the meaning is that he "freely associated with" the "sinners" whom he was trying to "heal," in the moral sense. Such interpretations, however, appear to me to rest on a misapprehension of the nature of both symbolic and legendary narratives. Even in a parable we must not expect the details always to be significant; and when a parable or metaphor has passed through several revisions at the hands of those who have overlooked its real nature, and have accepted it as an historical fact, it would be most unsafe to regard the details as part of the original symbolic element of the story and attempt to recover their primitive significance. The most we can say is that metaphorical expressions about "giving sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf" may very likely lie at the heart of many of the stories of miracles, and that the comparison of such words as "he was dead and is alive again," in the parable (Luke xv. 32),

with such as "the maiden is not dead but sleepeth," in the miraculous narrative (Matthew ix. 24), appears to indicate a possible line of transition from metaphor to miracle.

(iii.)

Very closely allied to the "symbolical" is what may be termed the "polemical" origin of miraculous narratives. It is impossible to do justice to the consideration of this subject without entering upon the whole question of the principles of Biblical criticism—a question which the present writer hopes to see dealt with in an early number of this *Review* by far abler hands than his own. A very brief indication, in which much will have to be taken for granted, must suffice meanwhile.

It is generally acknowledged amongst critics that the formation of the New Testament literature has been very powerfully influenced by the controversy between the Jewish and Gentile Christians, the followers of Peter and the followers of Paul, which tore the early Church. The points upon which this controversy turned were the significance of the old Mosaic dispensation for those who had accepted the faith of Christ, the terms upon which Gentiles could be admitted into the Church, the relation of Law to Gospel, and of Works to Faith, with other questions of minor importance. Now, it is easy to trace in many books of the New Testament a very definite dogmatic position with regard to all these questions. Thus the Book of Revelation is violently Jewish and anti-Pauline; the Epistle of James directly combats the doctrine of justification by faith; the Gospel of Matthew insists on the lasting validity of the Mosaic dispensation, and asserts the privileges of the Jews; whereas the Gospel of Luke is generally characterised by Pauline tendencies, and is adverse to the Jews. The Book of Acts is pervaded by an obvious desire to smooth away the differences between the two schools, and hold the

balance evenly between the Pauline and the Petrine teachings.

The divergent or opposing "tendencies" of the several writers must always be kept in mind by the student of the New Testament, who desires to form a sound judgment as to the value of any special statement which he meets with in this or that writing. For instance, we find that the same saying of Jesus is differently reported in Matthew and Luke, and that the same events are differently recorded by Paul and by the author of Acts, and that in either case the variation is such as we might expect from the "tendency" of the authors.

It is impossible to defend these positions in the present article, but it is necessary to lay them down in order that our readers may be able to understand what is meant by a miraculous narrative having a "polemical" origin.

Let us take a single instance. In Luke (xvii. 11—19) we are told that Jesus healed ten lepers, and that one only came and thanked him, that one being a Samaritan. Now, the story reads very much like a parable, intended to illustrate the superior spiritual capacity of the Samaritans as compared with the Jews. It seems to have been a frequent practice with the Israelite teachers themselves for many centuries to enforce the lessons they wished to teach by inventing stories about Moses, representing him as having said or done certain things in the wilderness to serve as a precedent for after ages. Similar allegorical stories are frequently told of other great men, and both Jewish and Arabic literature appear to be full of stories about Abraham, David, and Solomon, in many of which a moral or controversial "tendency" is quite unmistakable.

Now, it seems to be the fact that the early Christians of different schools were likewise in the habit of attributing words and deeds to their Master, and making use of his name for allegorical and dogmatic purposes, in a way

that answers very closely to the practices we have mentioned.

The writer of Luke is very favourably disposed to the Samaritans, and is often hostile towards the Jews, and it is easy to suppose that just as Jesus himself invented a story in which he introduced a heartless priest and Levite and a good Samaritan, so the Evangelist or some one else from whom he derived his traditions, invented a story in which he introduced Jesus himself together with nine ungrateful Jews and one grateful Samaritan.

But the consideration of these controversial narratives is far too closely connected with the general criticism of the New Testament to be capable of satisfactory treatment by itself, and it has only been for the sake of completeness that it has been touched on here.

We have now enumerated a variety of causes which may have contributed towards the formation of the miraculous element of the New Testament narratives. In some cases the miraculous stories may rest upon the authentic records of eye-witnesses; even in others they may preserve characteristic sayings of the Master, or reflect the true spirit of his life and teaching. In yet other cases they may represent attempts on the part of early disciples to recover and set forth the latent teaching of Jesus upon questions which had not been definitely framed during his lifetime. And, finally, some of them may be mere echoes of Old Testament stories, or even the free creations of a wondering imagination.

Nothing is further from our intention than to stimulate our readers to set about analysing the miraculous stories of the New Testament, and referring each of them to one of the categories we have given. Such a task should only be

undertaken after long and careful preparation, and its results must even then be regarded as purely tentative in the great majority of cases.

On the other hand, the general principles that may be supposed to have regulated the growth of miraculous narratives in the New Testament are so simple as to be readily grasped, and it has been the object of these articles to set them forth and illustrate them.

As we read the first three Gospels (to confine our concluding remarks to them) we receive an irresistible impression of reality and authenticity as far as the central personality, the central teachings, and the central events are concerned. Certain details, however, both of word and deed, strike us as inconsistent with the conception thus formed, and practically drop away from our idea of Jesus. In thus allowing the stronger impressions to exclude the weaker, we are not consciously guided by any definite principles of criticism, and neither reject everything that we find in connection with miraculous stories, nor accept everything that has come down to us unencumbered by supernatural surroundings. We simply allow the narrative, as it stands, to produce its own impressions, and then allow whatever details are out of harmony with those impressions to remain in a kind of suspended state, not definitely rejected perhaps, but not practically assimilated so as to form a part of the actual picture we have made to ourselves of Jesus. We are aware that, in any case, this rough-and-ready process can lay no claim to certainty in detail, and that no such amateur criticism can venture to insist upon its special conclusions unless confirmed by the results of methodical and scholarly study. But it would be an infinite relief to know that, in the main, the Gospel narratives themselves will furnish us with the general standard of truth by which the details must be tried.

But, then, if we are not prepared to accept miraculous

stories as true, the questions rise, "Ought we not to make the presence or absence of miracle our supreme test of truth? Ought we not to reject every impression that is derived from miraculous stories as unhistorical? And if so, have we anything substantial left?" I have tried to show that these questions need not disturb us, since the central historical facts may have so moulded and dominated even the miraculous outgrowths of tradition as still to be recognisable through them.

In conducting that spontaneous criticism and sifting of the historical from the unhistorical, which no intelligent reader of the Bible can help performing, consciously or unconsciously, we are not bound to reject every conception that is based on the record of a miracle, and we are justified in laying greater stress upon the intrinsic quality of a saying or a trait of character than upon the connection in which it occurs.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

## PRAYER IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.

### A DISCUSSION.

*DE gustibus non disputandum* is a rule which should not be broken without grave cause. Unless some point of high principle be involved, in a matter of mere sentiment it is always in better taste to leave the sentiment alone. Not without due hesitation, not without a very high appreciation of the moral and spiritual standpoint of Mr. Picton as exhibited in his essay in the first number of this *Review*, entitled "In the Name of Christ," I have felt it incumbent on me to dispute some of his positions, and to present a wholly different aspect of the practice in question.

Mr. Picton's avowed aim is to defend the traditional form of prayer in the name of Christ; but in order to do this he has found himself compelled to adopt at least two circuitous routes. In the first place, he puts an entirely new meaning on the phrase "in the name of Christ," and then elaborately vindicates and praises a practice which no really devout soul could possibly object to, which all religious hearts have long recognised as the proper spirit in offering prayer to God at all. For using the phrases "through Jesus Christ our Lord" and "for Jesus Christ's sake" in our prayers, he furnishes no defence whatever, but only an apology; and this apology is equally applicable to all other forms of intercession which have become anywhere established, to the invocation of saints and to the prayers offered by devout Catholics in the name of the Virgin Mary.

And it may be said at once that if this were all, if every traditional form be deemed sacred from criticism on account of the spiritual emotions and associations bound up with its use, then all objection must be silenced, and all forms alike retained and revered, all change and progress would become impossible, and the endeavour to bring into harmony new and higher religious thought with its outward expression would never be made at all.

Still the most "advanced"\* thinkers would exceed their just liberty by attempting to interfere, except by the mildest remonstrance, with any of their brethren for continuing to use forms which they deemed superstitious or obsolete. If Mr. Picton finds it more congenial to his taste, more helpful in his prayers, to use the name of Christ, those of us who pride ourselves on our freedom from the habit should of all men be the most backward to urge him to give it up. Nothing is more sacred than our individual right to commune with our Heavenly Father as we please. There is a *sanctum sanctorum* in every heart where only God and the soul can meet, and far be it from us to profane it by a rude intrusion. It is only when we are appealed to for our assent and consent to a practice dear to another that we may, without exceeding our liberties, criticise the grounds on which the practice is urged, and state freely the grounds on which we object to it.

The first point in Mr. Picton's essay which arouses our opposition is the endeavour to fix a new meaning on the words "in the name of Christ." This practice of retaining language hitherto conveying a definite and universal signification, and, at the same time, using it in a sense wholly foreign and heretofore unknown, cannot be condemned too strongly. No doubt Mr. Picton sins in goodly company;

\* In some respects this is a detestable epithet, implying conceit of an abominable kind. I use it here, however, only for convenience, as it will be readily understood to apply to that class of persons who have gone further than others in a particular direction of heresy.

but the companionship only aggravates the mischief and perpetuates the strife. The arch-culprit of our times in this matter of stealing and appropriating language was the late Rev. F. Denison Maurice, who spirited away one after another of the essential dogmas of Christianity, while he continued to use and to repeat with greater emphasis the very words which were chosen to express and define them. The vice has spread far and near, and it is to be deeply deplored that so clear-headed and powerful a thinker and writer as J. Allanson Picton could not resist the contagion.

In defiance of all history, and in the teeth of the Christian Churches and sects, he says: "The phrase 'for the sake of Christ' does not signify that this sacred name is to open to us the door of the Divine audience-chamber, and to be an introduction, without which we could not gain the ear of God."

Does *not* signify? Ask every Church and sect in Christendom, except the Unitarians (to whom the very name of Christian is denied), and they will tell us that the phrase "for the sake of Christ" does signify this, and has never yet stood for anything else. They will go on to tell us how Christ himself urged his disciples to pray in his name. "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "I am the door." "If any man enter not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." "We own you not," the Churches will all say to us, "because you do *not* pray in the name of Christ and for his sake." Hopeless, endless confusion and strife have ever followed upon the use of terms in an ambiguous sense. The history of ecclesiastical warfare is a history of war about words; and in most cases the disputants only fought because one side used the same words in a sense different from that held by the other. And so it will be now with the phrase "in the name of Christ," or "for

Christ's sake." Fresh controversies will grow out of the new and non-natural sense which Mr. Picton (following the example of a few predecessors) has put upon the words; and all in vain, so far as reconciliation with the old Churches is concerned. They will resent even more than ever this attempt to appropriate their exclusive privilege, to utter the sound of their *shibboleth* while the true meaning of it is denied.

And now we may ask, What is the new sense which Mr. Picton attaches to the phrase? He says that he and others "feel nearest to God when we can approach God in the spirit of Christ; and the *name* of Christ represents here to us the *spirit* of Christ. When we pray in the name of Christ, we mean that we strive to approach the Heavenly Father just as he did, who was pre-eminently called the 'Son of God.'" This is, indeed, remarkable, for if we try "to approach God just as Christ did," the one thing more necessary than another for true likeness would be to pray without reference to any other name at all. If we are to pray just as Jesus did, we shall find it simply impossible to pray in the name of Christ. We find in the recorded prayers of Jesus, not one in which he makes any allusion whatever to another name besides that of the Father upon whom he calls. As an example for us, as a model in prayer for our imitation, he *ought* to have prayed in the name of his blessed and spotless mother, or in the name of some psalmist or prophet of Israel (whose prayers and communion with God are the highest models the world has ever seen). I say he *ought* to have prayed in the name of some one else, if he wished us to adopt any form of intercession or to pray to the Father in his name. But this he did not do; therefore, if we strive to approach the Father just as he did, we shall certainly not use his name in our prayers. Mr. Picton must, I think, find a better reason than this for *departing* from the example of Jesus himself.

It remains now to state briefly the grounds on which we object to pray "in the name of Christ."

First and foremost stands the fact that praying in the name of Christ has been for centuries the universal practice of Christendom, and has always had but one meaning, has always involved the belief in specific dogmas which I do not imagine Mr. Picton holds any more than I do. These dogmas are—the Trinity; the true Godhead of Jesus; the Atonement by his sufferings and death to reconcile us to God, or—as it is still expressed in the Articles of Religion—"to reconcile the Father to us;" the constant presence of Jesus at the right hand of God, where "he ever liveth to make intercession for us;" and lastly, the belief that unless we pray in the name of Christ as our Mediator, God will not accept our prayers.

With more or less minute variations of detail, this has been the universal signification of the doctrine of the mediation of Christ and the corresponding practice of praying in his name. When Unitarianism first arose, and even long after the Deity of Jesus and the Atonement were abandoned, the belief in his superhuman nature and his mediatorial functions survived, and the idea of renouncing this belief was not even dreamed of. We do not wonder, then, at the survival of the practice of praying in the name of Christ, nor even at the continued use of the orthodox formula in Baptism and the celebration of the Lord's Supper. We have no stones to cast at those who adhere to these forms because they continue to believe in the doctrines therein symbolised. But for those of us who have entirely abandoned all idea of the superhuman nature or functions of Jesus, it would be absurd, it would be hypocritical, it would be outrageous, to use forms of prayer from which every trace of the original meaning had been obliterated. We have arrived at such a blissful consciousness of our Father's love for us as to make the very mention of media-

tion painful. The atmosphere of perfect peace and reconciliation with Him is one in which the idea of intercession could not live. It is even distressing to be reminded of the melancholy want of faith in His love which first gave rise to a cry for a Mediator. Our repugnance to pray in the name of Christ is, therefore, not merely intellectual, but also emotional. It has not only sprung from a clearer perception of God's relation to us, but from our hearts' rapture in finding in Him all that we can possibly need or desire.

Our repugnance might possibly not be so strong if all Christendom were, like Mr. Picton, to repudiate the notion of "intercession," and to explain away the phrase "in the name of Christ," till it stood only for the spirit of true Sonship to the Father. But, at present, the Christian world is further than ever from any such sensible reform. To-day, more than at any former period in the history of the Christian Church, Jesus is cherished and worshipped, adored and loved, as man's only Redeemer and Lord. Never before was the Father so darkly eclipsed by the Son, or the Son so exalted in the affections of the orthodox world. I do not accuse all who would pray in the name of Christ of insincerity, much less such a man as J. Allanson Picton; but I deliberately charge many unorthodox persons with a tendency to yield to the pressure of social opinion, and to endeavour to recover a *status* forfeited through heresy by a not quite straightforward profession of homage to Christ. The passionate claim to be called Christians, the continued practice of certain orthodox forms, especially the mention of the name of Christ in prayer, are too often found in connection with an earnest desire to escape the social stigma which attaches to independent religious thought. And at such a time, under such circumstances, it would seem almost criminal to palliate, much more to recommend, the practice of praying in the name of Christ.

Can this practice render men's prayers any more acceptable to the Father? And if not, what object can there be for adopting it? In all honesty, it must be said that the only object apparent in many cases is to make their prayers more acceptable to the *congregation*.

We conclude by calling to remembrance the native tendency of the human mind to fall into idolatry, to worship and love the creature more than the Creator, to cling to any embodiment of the beauties of human virtue rather than to the unseen hand of the living God.

CHARLES VOYSEY.

[Some additional points in Mr. Voysey's argument have been unavoidably omitted through want of space.—Ed.]

IT is perhaps due to the readers of this *Review*, and to myself also, to state that an accidental circumstance, which need not be more particularly specified, led the Editor to invite me to say a few words in reply to Mr. Picton's article on prayer "In the Name of Christ," a task which I have undertaken with diffidence, and which I certainly should not have undertaken without invitation. This explanatory word will, I trust, be sufficient to clear me of seeming presumption.

Mr. Voysey has stated, it seems to me with a great deal of force, the grounds of his objection to the views of Mr. Picton. It may be convenient, therefore, that I should briefly indicate the difference between Mr. Voysey's view of the matter under discussion and my own. Mr. Voysey approaches the subject from the standpoint of one who holds the opinion that "the traditional practice existing everywhere in the Christian Church, of offering prayer to God in the name of Jesus Christ," is based on misconception and falsehood. I approach it from the standpoint of one who believes that the traditional practice is based

on profound and most significant truth. Mr. Voysey says in effect, "It is unjustifiable to use language in prayer which conveys the impression that you believe in superstitions and errors which you have rejected." I would say, "It is unjustifiable to use language in prayer which conveys the idea that you maintain your faith in truths which you have abandoned." The difference, of course, is an extremely important one; but the main objection to the position occupied by Mr. Picton is the same. Mr. Voysey feels that it is "distressing to be reminded of the melancholy want of faith in" God's "love which first gave rise to a cry for a Mediator," and that "the atmosphere of perfect peace and reconciliation with" God "is one in which the idea of intercession could not live." To myself, on the other hand, it seems that such statements are utterly at variance with the facts of human history, the necessities of human nature, and the experiences of human life. I regard the mediatorship of Christ as the supreme manifestation of God's love and mercy to mankind—the agency by which He enables us to realise what He is and how near He is to every one of us as a Father and a Friend, instead of being, as we might have thought, afar off, enthroned in awful and inaccessible splendour, and indifferent, if not hostile, to us in our weal and in our woe. Still, from the very opposite side of the theological field, I can unite in protesting against the use of language in prayer which, according to all ordinary methods of judgment, seems to be quite inconsistent with candour and simplicity, and I go the entire length with Mr. Voysey when he says, "But for those of us who have entirely abandoned all idea of the superhuman nature or functions of Jesus, it would be absurd, it would be hypocritical, it would be outrageous, to use forms of prayer from which every trace of the original meaning had been obliterated."

This may be bluntly and strongly put, but I do not understand Mr. Voysey to wish, and certainly I do not myself

wish, to fasten upon Mr. Picton a charge of doing what is directly and in his case "absurd," "hypocritical," or "outrageous." Nevertheless, in a discussion of this sort it is useless to bandy compliments, and I am free to say that Mr. Voysey's uncomplimentary adjectives appear to me most fitly to describe the course which he supposes to be taken, and which Mr. Picton has defended in these pages.

Mr. Picton wishes to retain the traditional form of prayer "in the name of Christ," while elaborately explaining away and rejecting the traditional meaning attached to it. The real question at issue, then, is a very simple one. It is not whether prayer "in the name of Christ" is right, or on what grounds it is right; it is not whether the doctrine of the mediatorship of Christ is true or false; it is not whether in private devotion our thoughts may profitably recur to certain truths concerning Christ which are helpful as indicative of the true attitude of the soul in prayer. Mr. Picton does not discuss these questions. The question is, whether it is wise and whether it is honest to use language in prayer intended as an aid to the devotion of others, which will convey to others an impression distinctly different from our own meaning. Mr. Picton admits that adherence to the practice of offering prayer in Christ's name, in the sense in which he explains it, is certain to be misunderstood. His essay could not have been written except on the assumption that such misapprehension was not only possible but inevitable; and so fully does Mr. Picton expect that misapprehension to be persistent, that, at the conclusion of his argument, he is reduced to saying, "If people misunderstand me, I cannot help it. All that I can do is to explain myself to the best of my power." Plainly, whether Mr. Picton can "help it" or not, nothing but the very strongest grounds can justify him in making use of words in a way which ordinary people would naturally describe as saying one thing and meaning another. I fail to see that such grounds are presented in the essay under consideration.

Mr. Picton's first appeal is to "instinct." He supposes somebody saying to him: "Your ideas are often rational, and we can follow these with sympathy; but your devotions appear to have no basis in reason. You are in the habit of making very large concessions to the requirements of progressive knowledge, but when you bow your heads in worship you seem to ignore them altogether." Mr. Picton acknowledges that the objection is "plausible"; to me it seems to be fatal, nor does Mr. Picton's method of disposing of it remove this impression. Instinct, we are told, prompts us to do a great many things which we cannot adequately explain, and among savage tribes and animals we find creatures acting upon instincts, related to facts of the nature of which neither the savage nor the animal has any consciousness whatever. Truly, this analogy seems to me both far-fetched and inadequate. No doubt, as Mr. Picton says, a large part of human conduct "cannot be theoretically based upon proved and definite knowledge," and has "grown up, we know not how, through the working of the innumerable influences involved in the conditions of life under which the human race must live;" but what has all that to do with the matter in hand? The question is not whether our "instinct" teaches us to pray in the name of Christ, although we cannot understand or do not know the facts upon which that instinct rests. If the question of instinct were involved at all, what we should have to ask would be something like this: If our instinct prompts us to pray in the name of Christ, and our reason teaches us that such a method of appeal is of no value, shall we obey instinct at the sacrifice of reason, or shall we follow reason and sacrifice instinct? Shall we conclude that instinct is wrong, or that our reasoning is wrong? Most men would feel that they would have to choose between the two conclusions. It requires the courage and ingenuity of Mr. Picton to accept them both. And even in this case it is clear that there is a vast difference between the creature

which acts on instinct, knowing nothing of facts and reasons, and the creature who acts on instinct, *in spite of* facts and reasons. But, indeed, it seems to me that all this talk about instinct and reason in this particular instance is beside the mark. It is not instinct which teaches us that when we offer prayer "through Jesus Christ our Lord," "in the name of Christ," and "for Christ's sake," we are acting in accordance with the teachings of Jesus Christ about His own relations to God and to ourselves, and in accordance with the doctrines of the apostles. Whether the doctrine of the mediatorship of Christ be true or false, it is certain—and it is implicitly admitted by Mr. Picton—that the traditional formula in prayer is intended to refer to it; the formula is taken as an expression of faith in that doctrine; it is commonly understood to mean that an appeal is made by the petitioner to "the merits of Jesus Christ" as the one medium of the approach of the human spirit to the Divine Father. This being so, Mr. Picton deliberately uses the formula, while he rejects its meaning. He uses terms which, in the simplest way, point to truths which he denies; which contradict his own reasonings and teachings; which must mislead at the very least nine-tenths of those who listen to him; and then he reminds us, by way of explanation, that our instincts prompt us to do many things which we don't understand!

Mr. Picton next proceeds to show that the retention of forms the meaning of which has been abandoned, is more logical than their disuse. "True rationality," he tells us, "will observe not merely the progress of disintegration amongst religious traditions, but also the persistency of *feeling* amidst that disintegration." True rationality takes account of the religious affections, and of the fact taught by experience that "it is very difficult to separate these religious affections from sacred symbols around which they have gathered themselves." No doubt there is truth in this; but it would be easy so to press it as to construct an

argument from it for the retention of idols by converted heathens, while it might certainly be used—as, indeed, it has been—to bar the way to all proposals for the revision of the Prayer Book. But with reference to the case in hand, if “the progress of disintegration amongst religious traditions” goes on at such a rate that religious feeling demands that the old forms shall be preserved intact, after the soul is gone out of them, one can only hope, in the interests of common truth and honesty, that the disintegration will not go much further. This is to introduce the reign of sentimentalism into the sphere of religion with a vengeance. We have been startled before now by finding that the man who reads the Athanasian Creed with so much devoutness and solemnity, privately rejects its most salient articles. We have almost gasped when we have heard a man solemnly declare his belief in Baptismal regeneration with one breath, and in another quarter-of-an-hour substantially deny the doctrine *in toto*. But in these cases we have fallen back upon the larger rationalistic processes, which take account of establishment, and legal terms of subscription, and common social understanding, and much besides. But I, for one, must confess myself staggered when I find, from the pen of a Nonconformist minister, a course of argument which, if I had been able to adopt it some years ago, would have thrown down every difficulty which kept me out of the Establishment. If “true rationality” permits its adherents to juggle with words in this way—to use, as the expression of deepest and most sacred feeling, language which, when submitted to the test of reason and to the light of truth, must be pronounced a “disintegrated tradition”—I almost wonder, as one wondered concerning the Roman augurs, that they do not laugh when they meet one another.

Finally, Mr. Picton explains, with much beauty of sentiment and expression, what he means when he offers prayer in the Name of Christ. He means that he offers it, or

desires to offer it, in the Spirit of Christ—to pray with something of the strength and humility, the inspiration and the resignation with which Christ prayed. I have no criticism to offer on this head, except in the form of this question, “Why, then, do not you say what you mean?” Mr. Picton’s interpretation is not that which will be given by his hearers. What possible satisfaction can there be to the religious instinct, to the religious affections, or to anything but an utterly morbid sentiment, in the employment of phraseology which will inevitably occasion misunderstanding and confusion?

While writing this I have been forcibly struck with the reflection that in no subject, except theology, would it be possible to hold such a discussion as that which Mr. Picton’s words have occasioned. In every other realm of knowledge and inquiry it would be assumed, as an axiom in morals, that it was a duty to employ the words most exactly fitted to express what was intended. Alas! in theological confession and discussion, the concealment of the meaning seems often to have been the object of the preacher and the controversialist. The looseness, shiftiness, and vagueness of the language of the pulpit have become a stock subject of contemptuous sarcasm. Only the other day, in a leading article in the principal daily newspaper, I noted the remark: “Among the virtues of the clergy, precision in the use of language cannot be enumerated.” The reproach is only too well deserved, but it ought to sting with shame those to whom it applies. It was once commonly supposed that one part of the mission of Rationalism was to free theology from this reproach. Religion was to be spoken of in terms which would enable us to recognise its reality and its meaning; old fossilised phrases were to be flung away, and the living truth was to be disimprisoned from the conventionalities, and crudenesses, and cant of the unenlightened ages. Rationalism was believed to be too bold sometimes,

too hasty, too destructive,—but, at least, it was presumed to be candid, outspoken, fearless. It had this cardinal virtue, that it could and would express itself intelligibly and truly. But we have fallen upon a day when Rationalism seems to have lost its frank and fearless mien, to have turned coward and traitor, and to be disposed to hide itself under unsuspicious-looking phrases, to put on a mask of orthodox verbiage, to clothe itself in well-worn garments of conventional respectability,—and, when challenged with its deceit, to explain that all this was only a concession to the demands of the religious instincts and affections, and that the rationalistic convictions were unchanged, although for the moment out of sight. So much the worse for Rationalism,—and, it may be, for Religion also.

THOMAS STEPHENSON.

**T**HE present writer would be well content to leave the discussion raised by Mr. Picton in the hands of Mr. Voysey and Mr. Stephenson. On the ground which these two occupy in common he is heartily at one with them. Mr. Picton has, indeed, given such hostages to integrity that his honesty of purpose stands above all suspicion; and any error into which he may have fallen is unquestionably an error of intellectual judgment only. Yet it appears to me that he has formed a serious misjudgment, which may, in its effects, do more than mere intellectual injury.

My reasons for this view are identical with those so forcibly expressed by the two writers who have preceded me, and they will doubtless be met in a manner which, to such readers as incline to agree with him, will appear satisfactory, in the rejoinder of Mr. Picton. But it may possibly be said that Mr. Voysey, who is well known not to hold the highest opinion even of the character of Jesus—witness his recent patronage of Reimarus—and Mr.

Stephenson, whose Christology is substantially that of the general creed of Christendom, are both, though for opposite reasons, disqualified from really entering into Mr. Picton's views with the understanding that can only come of sympathy. It may be said that, if either of these regarded Jesus of Nazareth in just the light in which Mr. Picton regards him, he would more readily fall in with the use of a hallowed phraseology in prayer after Mr. Picton's fashion. Accordingly, it may be useful that one who shares Mr. Picton's view of Christ should endorse his critics' view of his plea for prayer in Christ's name, and, without going over again the ground that they have covered, should add yet another point or two to their criticisms.

For my part, I am altogether at one with Mr. Picton in his rejection of the traditional Christology. Jesus is to me emphatically Son of Man, and Son of God only as we all are children of the Father. The whole structure of the orthodox theology, even as held by the enlightened and the liberal, therefore falls altogether away from my mind; and I hold myself at most perfect liberty critically to examine the character of Jesus as a man. Thus I stand with Mr. Picton over against Mr. Stephenson. On the other hand, the more I possess myself of the principles of a scientific criticism of the Gospels, and the more I read myself into the spirit of Christ's life and word, the more I am amazed at the marvellous strength, beauty, and proportion of the personality of the mighty Nazarene. He seems to me to surpass incomparably in grandeur and loveliness of character every saint or hero known to me in history; and I feel personal gratitude, love, and reverence towards him which it would be difficult for me to describe in exaggerated language. Here, then, I stand with Mr. Picton over against Mr. Voysey.

Yet I can by no means stand beside Mr. Picton in his plea for the retention of the ancient phraseology in prayer.

I am with Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Voysey in condemning him.

First, for the reasons that they have stated. Loose employment of language in prayer seems to me worse than such use of it in commercial transactions or in courts of law. I say this not against poetic expression in prayer; for poetic expression often figures forth the sublime truth which the mind struggles to utter, as no other mode of expression could. I say it not against symbols in the words of prayer; but against symbols which do not really symbolise the thing you mean, but something else which you do not mean, but only seem to mean.

Secondly—though *longo intervallo*—I must separate myself from Mr. Picton, because the practice he recommends seems to me to deaden men's hearts against a lively appreciation of Jesus. These phrases inevitably become formal, if not on the lips of the minister, at any rate in the ears of nine-tenths of the congregation. Men who earnestly and vividly appreciate the part of Jesus in the spiritual training of the race and of their own manhood, may well be moved to make reference to him sometimes when they approach the Father whom he has so much taught them to know; but such reference must be fresh and free. So far as this tone of allusion can be caught and fettered in liturgical forms, it has been done by a great living master of devotional speech in those services which are enriched with phraseology such as the examples here reverently culled:—"O Thou whose eye is over all the children of men, and who has called them, by thy Prince of Peace, into a kingdom not of this world; send forth his spirit speedily into the dark places of our guilt and woe, and arm it with the piercing power of thy grace." "Visit us with the wrestlings of thy Spirit: and lay on us the cross, if we may but grow into the holiness of Christ." "In all things, draw us to the mind of Christ, that thy

lost image may be traced again, and thou mayst own us at one with him and thee." "Take us out of our own keeping, and win our souls to the sanctity and simplicity of Christ: and, day by day, may we die unto ourselves and live unto thee."

These phrases cannot fall without meaning on any listening ear, nor can they, without perversity, be misconstrued. Yet even they are not without danger. For men living in holiest communion with the Father may not at all seasons feel with equal strength the reality of their debt to Christ; and there is peril in habituating the lips to introduce his name into prayer without reference to the question, whether at the moment it has power to stir the affections, or may not rather even impede the rush of the heart to God.

Two things, it seems to me, would at this day save and redeem the world. The first is absolute intellectual sincerity in every utterance connected with religion. This principle my predecessors in this discussion have charged Mr. Picton with violating. The second is the realisation in our own lives of the spirit of the man, Jesus. This, I believe, Mr. Picton's use of conventional ecclesiastical phrases is calculated to hinder. Those phrases are to almost all men either meaningless, or else redolent of the theology of Augustine, of Calvin, or of Wesley; and Mr. Picton cannot redeem them.

I will only add that Mr. Picton's indiscriminate way of citing the fourth Gospel along with the Synoptics seems to belong to the same habit of intellectual haziness, not in inner thought, but in expression, which reconciles him to use, in heterodoxy, the language of rigid orthodoxy; and, further, that I differ from him on any point with regret, since I not only heartily admire his career as a public man, but am deeply indebted to him for the enrichment of my own political and philosophical thought.

A.

### NOTES IN REJOINDER.

I HAD no idea of raising a theological discussion by the paper criticised above. The truth is, it was the substance of a sermon preached in the ordinary course to my late congregation at St. Thomas's Square. Somewhat against my own judgment, the earnest solicitation of a few friends, differing very widely both from me and from each other in opinion, led me to leave it at the disposal of the Editor of the *Modern Review*, and he, in the exercise of his discretion, inserted it. Of course I do not give its history as a reason why it should not be criticised. But after reading the remarks of Mr. Voysey and Mr. Stephenson, I feel that some passages of my paper stand in need of this explanation, and should have been altered to adapt them to their new position. In talking to hearers with whom he is familiar, a man naturally gets into the habit of assuming a mutual understanding, which cannot be expected in writing for a magazine.

For instance, Mr. Voysey finds me guilty of saying, "in defiance of all history, and in the teeth of the Christian Churches and sects," that "the phrase 'for the sake of Christ' does not signify that this sacred name is to open to us the door of the Divine audience chamber, &c." Now, here there was an unfortunate misprint, or rather error in transcription, for which no one but myself is to blame. On referring to the original report of the shorthand writer from

which the paper was abbreviated, I find that the above words referred to the phrase "*in the name of Christ*," not "*for the sake of Christ*." Had the correct words stood in the extract, perhaps Mr. Voysey's language would have been milder; but still, as the scope of his criticism shows, he would not wholly have acquitted me. The friends, however, who first heard that sentence did not for a moment imagine I was denying, "*in the teeth of all history and of the Christian Churches and sects*," the existence of the objectionable interpretation I was deprecating. They knew I meant that such an interpretation was not the original one, and, moreover, was not ours in worship.

But Mr. Voysey, if I understand him aright, thinks that this objectionable interpretation *was* the original one. He says that "*praying in the name of Christ has been for centuries the universal practice of Christendom, and has always had but one meaning*," viz., the "*specific dogmas*" mentioned. I did not know that the antiquity of those dogmas was quite so great as is implied in the word I have italicised. I fail to find them myself in the Synoptic Gospels, at least in the form given them by the creeds. And some, who have too hastily condemned my friend's sceptical spirit, will be glad to learn that he gives to the dogmas of "*the Trinity, the true Godhead of Jesus, and his Atonement . . . 'to reconcile the Father to us,'*" an age equal to that of the practice of prayer in the name of Christ. My own view, both in the sermon and the article, was rather different. A smattering of Hebrew, though grown rather dim in these latter days, had suggested to me that the disciples had a Jewish fondness for a frequent use of the word "*name*," a habit which doubtless their Master shared as well. They understood him when he spoke of giving a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, or receiving a little child in the Master's name. And when, conscious of the immortal power of

his spirit, he said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," I cannot imagine his hearers at the time importing more into the phrase "in my name" than sympathy and conformity and a sense of moral authority for ever overshadowing them. I find it difficult to suppose that the "specific dogmas" of "the Trinity and the true Godhead of Jesus," and such like, had dawned upon them at that time, or indeed on any one else. Nor do I see why, when the Master's name was associated with their prayers, these tremendous dogmas should be suddenly intruded. Now, I have a love for that old discipleship. It is far distant across the ages; yet not so distant but that the attraction is very strong. So far as it is possible to join it in spirit, I wish to do so. And one rule of discipleship, said to have been given by St. Paul, appears to me a very sensible and fruitful one: "Whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father by him" (Col. iii. 17). The immediate context would suggest that there was no thought here of "specific dogmas," but of charity and peace, and pure gladness such as the memory of Christ inspired. I find this apostolic rule a good one, and as prayer is one of the things I do "in word"—not often enough, perhaps, but still when the breath of it blows—I venture to take advice which was given before the specific dogmas were mature, and had been practised before they were dreamt of.

My unfeigned sympathy with Mr. Voysey's earnestness of spirit, even when it is felt in my condemnation, would have suggested a much longer examination of his objections; but both space and time are against it. Yet, before passing on, I venture to suggest that one reason of our difference arises from Mr. Voysey's greater confidence as to the possibility of conceiving the supreme Object of worship. My own feel-

ing is, that both now and through all coming ages, we can only approximate to such a conception, by unspeakable glimpses of the ultimate Unity, now through scientific generalisations, and now through moral inspirations, which give a glad sense of merging self in the Eternal One, or, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has put it, of "an infinite dying." It is the sense of such inspirations coming from Christ, and not, I beg to assure Mr. Voysey, any vain hope of "recovering a *status* forfeited through heresy," which leads me to take the position I hold on this question.

If, however, any such fond expectation had beguiled me, Mr. Stephenson's friendly candour would certainly be sharp enough to pierce through the illusion. He differs from my other critic in regard to everything, except the necessity for making short work of the claim to use early or primitive Christian phrases apart from the imported theology of later creeds. In reply to this, I have already said all for which opportunity serves. But he makes a point of my acknowledgment that "misapprehension was not only possible, but inevitable." Yet surely it must be conceded that we cannot always escape such a risk. Suppose the dilemma to be this,—that the use of a phrase leads to one sort of misapprehension, and its disuse to another, manifestly *some* sort of misapprehension must be faced. In deciding which it is to be, the best course is to allow one fear to balance the other, and act according to conscience. Now, that is precisely the case of myself and not a few others in regard to the use of much primitive Christian language. It is undoubtedly sometimes misunderstood, though we do our best to guard against such a result. But, on the other hand, a forced abstinence from language rising naturally to the lips would ensure a much wider misunderstanding; for, whatever Mr. Stephenson may think, there is no feeling in our souls so keen, and quick with life, and strong in motive-power as our allegiance to the spirit of Christ. The one

danger of misapprehension balances or over-balances the other, and the only safe course is to obey the dictates of the heart.

With the best intentions, Mr. Stephenson has scarcely done me justice in his criticism of my reference to "instinct." It was only a passing reference to an extreme illustration of the fact that a very large part of conduct depends on innumerable influences difficult to define, though most real. I did not argue that "instinct" was a sufficient reason for prayer in the name of Christ, but that in discussing the general question of continuity in religious forms we should bear in mind the fact that many excellent reasons for conservatism may be difficult to trace or define. But when Mr. Stephenson goes on to press the dilemma of sacrificing either reason or instinct, he seems to me to ignore the whole of the article from p. 79 to the end. For the purpose of those pages is to show why I regard the use of the phrase as eminently reasonable. I can quite understand that my critic can see no force in the argument. But at least he ought not to represent me as "deliberately using the formula, while I reject its meaning." I reject a meaning imported into it very early, though not in primitive times. But I give it a meaning that seems to me better, and certainly nearer to the spirit of the Synoptic tradition.

When, however, I explain that what I mean by prayer in the name of Christ may be otherwise expressed as prayer in the spirit of Christ, Mr. Stephenson thinks it right to ask, "Why, then, do not you say what you mean?" I *do* say what I mean; but if I am not asking too much, I prefer saying it in my own way. The phrase, "in the name of Christ," is not precisely synonymous with the phrase "in the spirit of Christ," though the one may well be used to throw light on the other. I may have laid myself open to misapprehension on this point through a neglect to indicate

what, in my view, the one word implies more than the other. Certainly to a reader of the Bible the words, "the name of Christ," are more suggestive of the outwardly manifested character, the events and the attitude of soul they pourtray, than even "the spirit of Christ."

A third and anonymous critic adds a concluding word, judicial in tone, and kindly conceived, but the points he raises would require more space than is at my command, for their treatment. I am just as much against "loose" expressions in prayer as he is, if by that is meant expressions careless through indifference. But fervour of feeling may be allowed some latitude, and the "poetic" forms conceded will cover all I want. If my third critic supposes that I would make the use of the phrase a matter of course or of prescription, he has misunderstood me. Not so. I only protest against its prohibition to those who take it without the extra beliefs, generally, but illegitimately, imported into it.

In conclusion, I cannot help regretting that it has been thought necessary in criticising a devotional meditation, to uplift the voice of prophetic warning against the signing of creeds in a non-natural sense, or "the looseness, shiftiness, and vagueness of the language of the pulpit." The writer of these words has no interest to serve but those of truth as he sees it. Time was when sacrifices, not without their pain and permanent loss, were demanded from him as the condition of independence. But they are gone by. And if he urges the importance of continuity in Church development and religious life, it is not because his "rationalism" has "turned coward and traitor," but because, if there is a living impulse in his soul, it is a consciousness of Christ's spirit as the power of God unto salvation. And if any disciple of the Lord scornfully denies to me the right to pray sincerely "in the name of Christ," I may venture to remind him of a certain gospel word. A son of thunder

once "answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in *thy name*, and we forbid him, because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us."

J. ALLANSON PICTON.

### SYNESIUS OF CYRENE.—I.

THE name of Synesius is not unfamiliar to the student either of the Alexandrian philosophy, or of the Christian Church, at the beginning of the fifth century. It is overshadowed, indeed, by much greater ones, and the part Synesius played, whether as a Neo-Platonic philosopher or as a Christian Bishop, was not important enough to entitle him to a conspicuous place in the annals of the Schools, or of the Church. The particular points in his history and character which are generally mentioned are, however, of a kind to enlist our personal interest, and to make us desire to know more of what he was and what he did; and we fortunately have the materials, from his own hand, for drawing a distinct and authentic portrait. He scarcely wrote anything without making some characteristic self-disclosures; and his Letters especially, of which there are over a hundred and fifty, are full of illustrations, both of the man and of the times in which he lived. It was from these Letters that Canon Kingsley derived, in large measure, the life-like sketch of Synesius which forms such an effective chapter in his *Hypatia*; and many of the readers of that vivid and picturesque romance must have wished for an opportunity of making a nearer acquaintance with the "Squire Bishop" so attractively depicted there.

They would find, however, that there is no English work which gives any adequate account of his life and writings. Such studies have been made with great thoroughness of

learned research by Dr. Volkmann in Germany, and by M. Duon in France. There is also a French translation (so-called) of the Letters alone. The copious notes appended to it are valuable, from the amount of illustrative and explanatory matter they contain; but the rendering of the Letters is rather a smart paraphrase than a translation, and we have a great deal more of M. Lapatz than of the author. Copious materials and references for a biography have been collected by Le Nain de Tillemont in that monument of learned industry, the *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire Ecclésiastique des Six Premiers Siècles*. To these works, in addition to the original writings, we would refer those who may be induced to study for themselves the life and times of Synesius. We propose to consider chiefly the personal characteristics of the man, and to dwell on some phases of his mental history; not going much into the subject of his philosophical or religious opinions, or attempting any detailed account of his writings, but selecting from the latter some passages which may illustrate the genius of the writer, or serve as specimens of the kind of interest they possess in relation to the state of things in the Empire and in the Church at the beginning of the fifth century.

Synesius was born some few years after the middle of the fourth century, at Cyrene, the mother town of the ancient Greek colony on the northern coasts of Libya, which had become, under the Roman empire, the province of Cyrenaica or Pentapolis. He was of good family, and inherited something more than a competency; and he pleased himself by tracing his descent from the original Dorian settlers of about a thousand years back, calling Sparta his country, and pointing to the ancient tombs near the city as the monuments of his ancestors. He congratulated himself that from his boyhood he had enjoyed "those divine

blessings, leisure and a life at ease." His bent was, from the first, for study, especially for that of philosophy; and the earliest fact of interest in his history is that he went to Alexandria, and there became a pupil of Hypatia.

Alexandria had for a long time been the chief seat of learning, and the refuge and home of philosophy; while the great and famous school of Athens was degenerating into an arena for personal rivalries and windy rhetorical displays, where sophists and pedagogues lay in wait to take pupils by force, and kept them by intimidation or by bribes. Those who would be initiated into the *arcana* of the only philosophy which had any life and promise in it, must go to the newer Athens beyond the sea; and, at the time of which we are speaking, it was the lecture-room of Hypatia in the Museum that was the chief resort of the ardent youths who were discovering in philosophy new charms and attractions. Synesius, however, did not merely help to swell the crowd of *dilettante* sages who, we may not uncharitably suppose, were drawn to the Museum in considerable numbers as much by the fascination of the fair philosopher herself, as by the desire to lift up the intellectual particle of their nature nearer to the source and absolute principle of Being, and who paid a more intelligible worship to the inspired priestess than to the ineffable deity in whose shrine she ministered.

Synesius became a devoted and enthusiastic disciple, and was honoured with the confidence and friendship of his mistress in philosophy. After leaving Alexandria he kept up a correspondence with Hypatia; and he always wrote and spoke of her with an affection and reverence which was, if possible, more warmly expressed after he had been made a Christian Bishop, than in the days when he was the more light-hearted heathen Philosopher. In a letter addressed to her, which may, not improbably, be one of the very latest in date of all that have been preserved, when he was in

deep grief at the loss of his only remaining child, and, as he said, misfortune had come upon him like a torrent that had broken its bounds, and the sweetness of life was gone, he expressed a pathetic hope that she still remembered him with interest, calling her his Mother, Sister, and Teacher. And in another letter, which must have been written somewhere about the same time, greeting her and sending greetings to those who are still so supremely happy as to have her companionship, he says:—

I have, for a long time past, been reproaching you for not thinking me worth writing to; and now I see that I am lost sight of by you all. I do not complain of it; but surely I am suffering under as many misfortunes as could well befall a man. If I could only have heard from you and have known how you were—that you were altogether happier than I, and that a better fortune had attended you—half my burden of trouble would have been removed, and I should have found my happiness in you. But now this fresh bitterness has been added. I am deprived of my children and my friends, and of every one's goodwill; and, worst of all, your truly divine soul is alienated from me, when I had hoped that it would have remained faithful to me to the last, superior both to the spite of my evil genius and to the floods of fate.

It is touching enough to see the Bishop appealing in his deep trouble and despondency to the friend who had initiated him into the mysteries of philosophy. It may remain undetermined by what course, and to what degree, Synesius became a Christian theologian, and how far he relinquished or modified his Neo-Platonic theosophy in favour of the dogmas of clerical orthodoxy; but his new faith, if, as we may judge, it was lacking in force and clear definition, was happily of that tolerant and humane sort which would not suffer any slight to be cast on the friendships and the interests of his earlier days.

At Alexandria, Synesius entered with zeal on the usual course of study, and became proficient in rhetoric, geometry,

astronomy, and so on. He is never tired of sounding the praises of divine Philosophy as the queen of all the sciences, and insisting on contemplation and abstraction from earthly things, as the only way of attaining to the height of all possible good and happiness. He does not disdain, however, to mention with some satisfaction his skill in writing in different styles, according to the rules of rhetoric; and, remembering his astronomy when, in the retirement of his country house, he perused the heavens and pondered on the inscrutable divine Being, the movements of whose will they shadowed forth, he says, very prettily, that the stars seem to look down with kindness on the only one whom they behold watching them with an intelligent eye.

If Synesius had but given some account of his life at Alexandria, and especially if he had drawn for us, with his lively and graphic pen, an authentic portrait of Hypatia, at home or in her lecture-room, it would indeed have been a gift for posterity, seeing what a romantic interest attaches to her name. But though he disappoints us in this, he does something to bring us, as it were, into a little nearer contact with the fair enthusiast of whom, personally, we know so little. We get an impression of one who not only could kindle a genuine enthusiasm for that philosophy which had absorbed into itself the last remnants of cultured heathen piety before it also vanished from the scene, but who had the power of winning the high regard and personal friendship of good and true men. Beyond this, we do not learn much about her from Synesius. We do not even know for certain whether he lived to hear of her horrible murder. All traces of his own history cease about two years before Peter the reader and his gang of monks hunted her down, dragged her from the altar to which she clung for protection, and tore her limb from limb. In one of his latest letters, written probably about the year 413, Synesius writes as one overwhelmed by the calami-

ties of his country and by his private griefs, and with no strength left in him. It is natural to infer, from his own subsequent silence, and from the entire absence of any further information about him, that he did not long survive; and so we may hope that he was spared the supreme horror of knowing that his adorable friend, between whom and himself there had existed such an enduring and gracious bond of affectionate reverence, had been tortured and assassinated in the name of that God whose servant he had become.

If the living voice of philosophy was to be heard in Alexandria alone, Synesius did not forget that all its most venerable traditions were connected with Athens; and he was not the man to be satisfied without making a pilgrimage thither. In two lively letters to his brother he describes his visit, his expectations, and his disenchantment. He says "it will be a blessing not to have to knock under to those who have been there, and who, after all, are mortals like ourselves, and don't know any more than we do about Aristotle and Plato, though they go about amongst us as if they were demi-gods among demi-asses." A little later he writes:—

I hope I may get as much good from Athens as you wish. I feel as if I had grown more than a hand's breadth wiser, with the breadth of a finger added. And I have the opportunity of giving you, from the spot, a specimen of the divine wisdom in question. For am I not writing from Anagyrus? And I have been to Sphettus, and Thrius, and Kephisia, and Phalerum. May the wretched pilot who brought me here come to a bad end! There is nothing venerable now about Athens, except the names of its famous localities. And as the skin of the victim that has been consumed remains to show what the animal was, so, now that Philosophy has taken her departure, it is left for the traveller to wonder at the Academy, and the Porch 'adorned' [with its frescoes] forsooth! which gave its name to the philosophy of Chrysippus; now no longer 'adorned,' for the proconsul carried away the panels painted by the skilful hand of Polygnotus of Thasos. Now, in our days, it is Egypt that nourishes the seeds

[of philosophy] which she has received from Hypatia. As to Athens, it was once the home of wise men; but, in the present state of things, it is the dealers in honey who magnify it. And so [there is] even that couple of learned Plutarchians who get together the young men in their lecture-rooms, not by the fame of their discourses, but by jars from Hymettus.\*

Having finished his novitiate, Synesius went home to Cyrene, to a life which seemed not unlikely to afford him every opportunity of indulging in intellectual dreams, and exercising his mind on those sacred mysteries of philosophy to which he so often refers with devout enthusiasm. He was, however, a country gentleman, a genial companion and hospitable neighbour, as well as a philosopher. He had a pleasant little estate down in the south of the province, and when he retired to its rural shades, it was not simply for leisure to contemplate the stars, and to ponder on the insoluble problems of being. He thoroughly entered into

\* The exact purport of this concluding sentence (independently of a difficulty in its logical construction) is by no means certain. Perhaps the "Plutarchians" [another reading is "Plutarchian sophists"] were a couple of sophists, or professional teachers, who claimed to be followers of the famous Plutarch of Chæronea; or they may have been, as Volkmann thinks, Plutarch of Athens and his ally, Syrianus. But, whoever they were, what does Synesius mean by what he says about the jars from Hymettus? Does he seriously assert that there were well-known teachers of philosophy at Athens who actually bribed their pupils with pots of honey? We find in Eunapius a curious account of the rhetorical triumph of the sophist Proeresius over his rivals; and we are told that the latter succeeded in enticing away some of his disciples by providing sumptuous banquets, with smart young women as waitresses! Compared with this gross substitute for the feast of reason, a jar of honey gathered from the thymy slopes of Hymettus might seem a fit offering at the shrine of Philosophy, symbolical of the sweetness of her words, and reminding us of the pretty story of the bees who settled on the lips of the baby Plato. If, however, we are unwilling to believe in even this comparatively innocent bribe, we may perhaps be satisfied with the small residuum of meaning which will be left if we adopt Volkmann's rather far-fetched suggestion, that Synesius would only say that if a few young people did not come to Athens on account of its other attractions, Plutarch would be without any hearers. Another solution of the difficulty is that the teachers in question attracted an audience by the honey-sweetness of mere rhetoric, rather than by rational instruction. The turn of the sentence, however, seems hardly to allow us to take it in this sense.

the pleasures of life in the open air, amidst country scenes and occupations. He writes to his brother of the attractions of the spot, where he can lie in the shade of the trees or wander from grove to grove, or cross the brook that flows hard by—"How sweet is the breeze that softly moves the branches, and the varied songs of the birds, the tints of the flowers, the copses, the meadows! On one hand are the works of the husbandman, on the other the gifts of nature, and everything is fresh and fragrant." With all his intellectual efforts to ascend to the ineffable principle of existence, and to free his soul, by contemplation, from the bonds and defilements of matter, he had no compunctions against indulging his taste for sport and manly exercises, and he loved his horses and dogs only less than his books and his dreams.

He lived like a generous, open-hearted man of sense and culture; tolerably careless, he tells us, of his affairs, so that his patrimony presently diminished, and the only thing that went on prospering and increasing was his library. His slaves, who came to him with the rest of his inheritance, were educated and well cared for, being treated by him, indeed, almost as if they were his equals; and they, in their turn, regarded him "rather as a chief under whom they had chosen to serve, than as a master set over them by the law." In course of time he appears to have presented most of them with their freedom, or, as he puts it, they had become his fellow-citizens. Many other bright touches might be added to the attractive picture, for which Synesius has given us so many hints and details in his letters and elsewhere.

If the beginning and end of the philosopher's existence were contemplation and abstraction of mind from all mundane cares, with wholesome intervals of refreshment and recreation, then it must be said of Synesius that his lines had not fallen in altogether pleasant places. The patriot in

him continually got the better of the abstract philosopher ; and the actual calamities of his country sadly interfered with his ideal of the high intellectual life. He saw his native land, which had once been one of the most smiling and fruitful provinces of the empire, sinking deeper and deeper into misfortune. It had long lost what military and political advantage there had been in its dependence on the central government ; such soldiers as the empire could still command being urgently needed at home to keep back a little longer the mighty rush of free, strong manhood which was surging forward from the North, and would soon fling itself against the gates of Constantinople and of Rome. But, while the empire had thus withdrawn its protecting hand from its more distant dependencies, it still had a hand to grasp and despoil, and this had been laid heavily on Pentapolis. The ill-starred people were the natural prey of any præfect who came over with the usual licence to plunder and harry them. When a short breathing time was enjoyed under some more humane or more indifferent governor, who, by a happy chance, might now and then be appointed, they were too much crippled and disheartened to recover much ground ; and they were losing all heart, and growing more and more helpless to repel the attacks of the nomad tribes from beyond the border, who were venturing on continually bolder incursions, laying waste the fields, attacking and plundering the villages, and making the name of Ausurians, or Macetes, a terror everywhere. And now, to add to all their ordinary calamities and burdens, the unfortunate inhabitants seemed to have the very forces of nature arrayed against them. There had been inclement seasons and failing harvests ; swarms of locusts had made havoc with the crops, and earthquakes had shaken down the villages.

In view of this accumulation of disasters, Synesius, who, by this time, would appear to have become a man of mark

in the province, accepted the charge laid upon him by his fellow-citizens, of representing to the Emperor in person the straits to which they were reduced, and praying for reinforcements against the enemy, and for some relief from the taxes and exactions which were so ruinous.

It will be remembered that the empire had recently been divided between the two sons of Theodosius: Honorius, a lad of eleven, taking the Western portion, and counting himself happy when he was allowed to devote himself to the breeding and taming of poultry in the palace of the Cæsars; while his brother Arcadius, a more odious and noxious youth of nineteen, held his court at Constantinople, wasting his manhood in debasing pleasures, and in cowardly seclusion from all the duties of kingship. In the division of the empire, Pentapolis had gone with the provinces of the East, and it was accordingly to Constantinople that Synesius had to go in fulfilment of his mission. It appears that he was not without friends at court; but for three weary years he had to wait and hang about the palace, till at last he was admitted to an audience, and had the privilege of addressing Arcadius, and offering him the customary golden crown, or, as he put it, of crowning his head with gold, and his soul with philosophy.

The latter part of his functions he exercised in a way which must have been rather surprising to the Emperor and his courtiers. The oration was certainly a remarkable one if it was actually delivered in the form in which we find it amongst the works of Synesius. Perhaps considerable allowance may have to be made for the author's later improvements on what he had the opportunity of saying at the time. He referred, however, with much satisfaction, afterwards, to the unprecedented freedom with which he had addressed the Emperor; and it is quite in keeping with all we know of him, that he should have assumed the character of Mentor to Arcadius, and, speaking in the name

of philosophy, should care very little what offence he might give, or how hopelessly his fine sentiments and excellent advice might be wasted on the mean and weak soul to whom they were addressed. Synesius was not one to miss such a splendid chance of saving, not his own country only, but half the world, by winning over its ruler to the cause of philosophy and virtue!

The Address in question, "Concerning Kingship," is well worth reading, both for the fine, manly spirit which breathes through it, and for the many picturesque details and significant hints it gives of the state of things in the Eastern empire at that critical time. The worthy philosopher wastes on deaf ears a great deal of sage counsel and wholesome sentiment, even imagining to himself the possibility of bringing a blush to the cheek of his royal hearer—"that colour which has promise of the virtue that comes of repentance." The King, to be worthy of this title, must have something of what is meant by the name when it is applied to God. Now the attribute which all men agree in ascribing to God is goodness. Imitate God in spreading benefits everywhere, and we shall mean what we say when we call you "Great King." Synesius then goes on to draw a picture of a true King, the general purport of which is that he should be everything which Arcadius is not. He takes him to task for shunning the society of brave men, and associating himself with "men of small brains and narrow minds; base counterfeits whom nature sinned in coining." He insists on the danger to the State of giving so much into the hands of the barbarians, and draws a lively picture of the rude Goths (Scythians, he calls them) putting on the senatorial robes, and taking the foremost places beside the president, while those who ought to be there are humbly seated behind. "And, no sooner is the sitting over, than they are in their sheepskins again, and they make game of the tebenna [toga] in which, they say,

they would have no chance of being able to draw a sword."

I am astonished at our stupidity. In every family that is at all well to do, there is the Scythian slave; the butler, the baker, the water-carrier, are Scythians. And the attendants who carry on their shoulders those low folding chairs for their masters to sit down upon in the streets are all Scythians—a race long marked out for servitude, and admirably fitted to be slaves to the Romans. But that our servants in private, and our rulers in public, should both be of this same fair-haired race, with their long locks in Eubæan fashion, is a strange thing, and a most paradoxical one. And if this is not what is called an enigma, I know not what is.

It is pleasant to picture to ourselves this bold young provincial, standing up unawed by the pomp and circumstance of a court of more than Oriental luxury and display, and calmly *lecturing* the Emperor on his duties, and rebuking him for his vices, instead of approaching him as a suppliant, with the usual phrases of servile adulation. We are glad to gather that he succeeded, to some extent, in the immediate object of his mission, securing at least some temporary relief for Pentapolis.

From the time of his return, Synesius seems never to have been long free from the burden of his country's misfortunes. The worthy disciple of Hypatia, who so strenuously maintained that it was beneath the dignity of philosophy to meddle with secular matters, or to intervene in public affairs, except, as the gods did, in great and exceptional emergencies, was the leading spirit in devising and laboriously carrying out measures of defence against the enemy. He would seem to have been always delighted to do any one a good turn; and was ready for a gallop across country in pursuit of some chance marauders, or for an organised resistance of a more serious invasion. Of an expedition of the former kind, evidently undertaken in high spirits, and remembered with infinite amusement, we have

a very entertaining account in one of his letters. If any of our readers should think it is not grave enough for these pages, we must ask them to pardon the levity, and to believe that, without furnishing some such specimen of the genuine fun in which the philosopher not unfrequently indulged, we should give a very one-sided impression of his character.

It had been reported that the enemy from over the border were making one of their frequent raids into the country; and a company of horsemen was got together to go in pursuit. The expedition was joined by a certain John, a great braggart and bully in time of peace; but while they were scouring the country in search of the enemy, it was found that he had disappeared.

He had broken his leg, and it had had to be cut off; he had had an attack of asthma; or some other serious disaster had befallen him. These reports kept coming in from various quarters, but none of those who brought them could tell where John was to be found. In the middle of their story they wept, and bewailed the calamity that had come at such an inopportune moment. "It was just now that that brave spirit and those hands of his were wanted! What deeds he would have done! What would not have happened!" And, to finish up, "Oh, what ill luck!" said every one of them, as he beat his hands together, and disappeared from the scene.

When, after four or five days, it is found that the enemy are still out of reach, John reappears, and makes no end of disturbance.

He says he has come from ever so far away, from I know not where. He had been summoned to the rescue in some distant part, and the mere rumour that John was there had routed the enemy in dismay. After having made all safe, he had hurried to the fresh scene of danger. He is ready to meet the fellows any moment; only his presence must be kept a secret, and his name must not get abroad. Straightway he throws everything into confusion; and, taking the place of captain, he promises he will teach us in no time the way to conquer; and he begins shouting out at random the words of command, "Deploy into line! form close column! wheel to the right! form square!"

Presently they meet four peasants crying out at the top of their voices, and running at full speed towards them.

And before they had time to tell us that the enemy were upon them, we saw some poor-looking creatures in the shape of men, on horseback, who showed plainly that Hunger was the general they served under. As soon as they saw us, and before they were within fighting distance, they threw themselves off their horses, as their custom is, and prepared for the combat. I thought the best thing we could do was to follow their example, as it was no place for horses. But the noble fellow [John] said he was not going to break the rules of the cavalry, and should certainly fight on horseback. And what does he do but sharply tighten his curb, and wheel round and gallop off as hard as he could go, spurring his horse till it was covered with blood, letting the reins loose, using the whip freely, and shouting to his steed to make it go. It is hard to say which one admired most—the horse, for the style in which he went up hill and down dale, through the thicket and over the plain, clearing the mounds, or taking a flying leap over the ditches; or the rider, for the way he sat his horse, and kept his seat through it all. It was a sight to see, both for us and for the enemy; and the latter would have been delighted to see as many as you like of the same sort.

In the sequel it appears that Synesius and his little troop, on the one side, and the half-dozen or so of hungry freebooters on the other, after looking at one another for some time at a safe distance, moved off in opposite directions, taking care to go at a leisurely pace, lest either should seem to be running away! Finally, John is discovered hiding in a cave, like a field mouse in its hole—"a very safe place for this discreet man; I will not be so rude as to say this cowardly one, though that is the right word."

This bit of pleasantry may be taken as evidence of Synesius' appreciation of the ridiculous, and his ability to tell a good story. Several of his letters are written in the same easy and entertaining style; and we feel that if, in some ways, he was a bit of a pedant, delighted to show that he had not forgotten his rhetoric and the art of putting

things, so that his style sometimes reminds us not a little of what would once have been called "letters of a gentleman of quality," he was always the genial, simple-hearted man, with warm feelings and a fine humane spirit, one who would have been a pleasant companion and a staunch friend.

Before going on to more serious matters, we may allow ourselves a brief reference to the letter in which, with characteristic humour, he gives a long and detailed description of his adventures on a disastrous voyage homeward from the port of Alexandria. The passengers were crowded into a small vessel, the crew of which were, more than half of them, Jews, "a perfidious race, who would have considered it an act of piety to be the death of as many Greeks as possible." The rest were common labourers, who had never handled an oar. Amaranthus, the skipper, himself a Jew, was over head and ears in debt, and did not care for his life. A storm presently arose, and got worse and worse towards the evening of the day which the Jews call the Preparation; but the moment the skipper, who was steering, reckoned that the sun had set, he let go the helm, and prostrated himself on deck. "Our life hung, as they say, on a thread. But what can you expect if you have a doctor of the law (*νομοδιδάσκαλος*) for a pilot? We entreated him to save the ship, but he went on reading his book (*τὸ βιβλίον*, i.e., as we should say, 'his Bible'). At midnight, however, he went back to the helm, of his own accord—'For now,' says he, 'the Law permits it, as our life is in danger.'" In the midst of all the groaning and weeping and appeals to heaven which this announcement excites, Amaranthus alone is quite cheerful, for he is delighted at the prospect of cheating his creditors—by getting drowned. Synesius declares that, for his own part, the only thing that troubled him was that verse in Homer, where Ajax is said to have *perished* when he drank the salt wave, whereas, in the case of every one else who dies, the

word is not "perished," but "departed to Hades." But then he remembers a sum of money which he had borrowed, and he feels that he should be so ashamed of his unpaid debt in another world, that, after all, it would be better that he should perish, body and soul!

It is chiefly in the earlier letters, written in the more sunny years of his life, that we meet with these ebullitions of pure gaiety of heart. Later in life Synesius had cares enough, home sorrows, and public anxieties and burdens, to make his heart heavy; and some of his letters are as serious, and occasionally as sad and pathetic, as the others are lively. A frequent topic is the arduous labour he had to undertake in organising and assisting in the military defence of the country against the inroads of the hostile tribes who were threatening to overrun it. He complains bitterly of the want of soldiers, and the apathy of the Government, and the supineness of the people themselves. We have a vivid picture of the internal state of a neglected province in those last evil days of the ruined empire; and we are filled with genuine admiration for the energetic patriotism of the man who let the claims of his country's misfortunes encroach more and more on that leisure which he had deemed the most desirable thing in life. When he might have been at his books, or up in the clouds, he is posting archers to defend the springs and water-courses, or making engines of war to plant on the walls of the city. He asks a friend who is fond of making presents, not to send him any article of luxury, but something that will be useful for war, such as bows and arrows. He is writing, he says, almost on horse-back, for he is busy forming into companies what men he can get together, and appointing their officers, hoping that when they are on the march they will induce other recruits to join them. "What!" he exclaims, "shall we see these miserable fellows ready to die rather than give up their plunder; and shall not we expose our lives in defence of our

country, our temples, our laws, and the possessions we have enjoyed so long? We should not be men! For myself, I must go out again, as I am, and try what these men are made of that they are so daring, and that they presume even to mock at Romans. For, as the saying is, a camel, even a mangy one, will bear the loads of many asses."

Reverting now to the chronological order of events in the life of Synesius, we find him, in the year 402, or thereabouts, at Alexandria, where he stayed a couple of years, and was brought under influences which must have had an important part in determining his subsequent career. It was probably at this time that he was first thrown much into the society of men of weight and position in the Christian Church; and he became intimately acquainted with Theophilus of Alexandria, that notorious leader of the Church Militant, whose unscrupulous, overbearing, uncharitable temper, and bigotry which had not always even the excuse of sincerity, might have seemed as unlike the character of Synesius as well could be. Yet, strangely enough, Synesius always expressed the greatest reverence for him and confidence in his judgment. He wrote to him, and spoke of him, with even something like personal affection; and he, in his turn, must have been regarded by Theophilus with an unusually amiable feeling. The relations which subsisted, then and afterwards, between these two men were certainly remarkable, and were, on the whole, creditable to the good sense of the one, and the charitable and tolerant spirit of the other.

At Alexandria, Synesius was married, receiving his wife, he said, from God, and the laws, and the sacred hand of Theophilus. There is nothing to show that he had as yet made any profession of Christianity. The utmost that we can say is that his experiences, first at Constantinople, which must count for something, and now at Alexandria, marked an early stage of that gradual approach towards

a distinctly Christian position, which we shall have occasion to consider immediately. As to his wife, however, we can hardly doubt that she was a Christian. Theophilus might not be unwilling to strain a point if he saw the probability of ultimately gaining an important convert by marrying one of his flock to an open-minded Hellenic philosopher and leading citizen of Cyrene, but he certainly could have had nothing to do with a marriage both parties to which were outside the pale of the Church.

Whether the gradual conversion of Synesius was due in any considerable degree to the influence of his wife can only be a matter of conjecture. It is likely enough; but we have no means of tracing either the manner or the date of any acknowledged change of faith. He appears, indeed, after he had once become a servant of the Church, to have identified himself more and more completely with ecclesiastical doctrine and politics. But so far as we should judge merely from a comparison between the writings which, from internal evidence, may be assigned respectively to the earlier and to the later periods of his mental history, the change, whenever it took place, was in large measure a change in form and outward attitude, rather than in any essential conviction. For himself, he was a decidedly better Christian, to begin with, than many of his orthodox and priestly neighbours, of whom he gives no pleasing picture in the course of some of the reports which, when he became Metropolitan of Pentapolis, he had to send in to his chief at Alexandria; and, to the last, he was more familiar with his Homer and Hesiod, and with the teachings of Hypatia and the philosophers whose writings she expounded, than with the Scriptures of either the Old or the New Testament. It would appear, however, that he had not, at any time, been in an attitude of hostility to Christianity; and he may be said to have occupied a sort of neutral philosophic ground, living in the seclusion of his own thoughts,

cherishing his own ideal of the intellectual life, and looking with a tolerant eye on all those cruder forms of belief, whether heathen or Christian, which were suited to the uninitiated multitude.

The old mythologies had long ceased to have any hold on the mind of the empire. An edict of Theodosius, in 390, A.D., had finally closed the temples of the ancient worship, and heathenism rapidly declined into the "paganism" of the *pagi*, or country districts, where the rude villagers and dwellers in the distant corners of the empire evaded, for a time, the penalties of the law, and were beyond the reach of the influences alike of Hellenic culture and of Christian faith. With this disappearance of heathenism as an accredited form of belief and worship, to be observed by the multitude, and interpreted in an allegorical or mystical sense by philosophers and cultivated thinkers, the outward link between philosophy and the old Hellenic religion was gone. And now that Christianity had taken the place of the dead faith, and had been definitely established as the religion of the State and the only lawful form of popular worship, it was natural that a religious-minded philosopher, like Synesius, should be led to look on Christianity, with its attendant mythology and legend, and its deeper mysteries, in somewhat the same light as that in which he had regarded those of the Græco-Roman and the Egyptian Pantheon. Without experiencing any violent change, he would be brought into contact with higher influences and initiated into holier mysteries, so as to become a Christian more by development, as it were, than by conversion. Moreover, it is, of course, to be remembered that, in the East especially, the Alexandrian philosophy had by this time done much, directly and indirectly, to shape Christian theology into a form in which a disciple of Plotinus, or of Hypatia, would find less than he might have expected that would cause any shock to his religious preposses-

sions. We may well believe that Synesius was only one among many who, whatever their later experiences may have been, came over to Christianity by almost insensible degrees of change. For a time they would be connected with the Church just as much, and just as little, as they had previously been with the faith of the multitude who had once worshipped in the temples of the gods, and who now went to the new State-Church, and did homage to the new mysteries. The chief difference would be not so much in any distinct change of intelligent religious belief, as in the practical experience of deeper and more searching spiritual influences at work beneath the surface, and guidance into higher and holier ways of life.

The only specimens we have of the teachings of Synesius in his character of a Christian theologian are nothing more than a couple of fragments of Homilies; and they have no particular interest, except as showing that he had had time to acquire some of the usual clerical methods of using Scripture for edification. Among his writings, however, there are ten Hymns, some of them of considerable length and elaboration; and to these Hymns, written as they were at different periods in his career, we naturally look for some landmarks of his religious history. It is a curiously significant fact, however, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to say of some of them whether they were written under the influence of purely Neo-Platonic or of Christian ideas. About the earliest and the latest there is no doubt; but others belong to that intermediate stage of almost unconscious transition of which we have spoken. And even when we compare the purely philosophical odes with those in which the ideas of Christian theology distinctly appear, we should infer that but few of the special articles of Church doctrine had been grafted up to that time on the philosophical speculations concerning the nature and manifestations of God, and the origin and destiny of man. It was

easy to assign to Christ the functions of the Demiurgus, or of Intelligence descending into the world of matter, a divine birth of the ineffable Father. A doctrine of Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, would find its place as naturally in a Neo-Platonic ode as in a Christian one. The chief difference is that in the later hymns we have less of purely abstract speculation, entangling us in the intricate meshes of a confused and not very intelligible theosophy; and there is a more direct association of the mysteries of the divine nature and the workings of the divine power with Jesus, as the glorified Son of God. He is not only a birth from the ineffable Father, corresponding to the second hypostasis of the Trinity of Neo-Platonism, but is the Son of the Virgin of Solyma; and the poet sings of the star and the gifts of myrrh and gold and incense. And as Synesius naturally finds in the legends of the nativity a representation of the descent of the creative intellect (*νοῦς*) into this lower world, so also he celebrates in his verse the descent into the underworld, the freeing of the souls held in bondage, and the triumphant return of the divine Son to the primal source of being. Even with these notions of Christian theology, there is, however, a curious blending of images from the old mythology. At the entry into Tartarus, "Hades the ancient-born shuddered, and the devouring dog shrank back from the threshold." And when the captive souls were led forth—

"Then Æther, father of sweet sounds,  
Struck music from his seven-stringed lyre,  
Mingling triumphant harmonies.  
Herald of day, bright Lucifer,  
And golden Hesperus, the star  
Of Cytherea, shone in smiles.  
Selene filled her crescent light  
At streams of fire, and led the way.  
And Titan his far-shining locks  
Beneath those mystic footsteps spread.

He recognised the Son of God,  
The all-creative mind divine,  
The source eternal of his fires."

The Hymns of Synesius afford a curious study, as an attempt to embody in a poetical form the most abstract speculations on the ultimate principles of being. Probably few readers of them would share the enthusiasm with which Mrs. Browning, in her Essay on the Greek Christian Poets, speaks of them as having a wonderful rapture and ecstasy, and as being so beautiful that Paris should be here to choose among them. There are passages, indeed, which show a real lyric skill; and we may recognise a certain intellectual fervour which glows through the thin tissue of abstract conceptions. Sometimes, too, the enthusiast who has tired the wing of his imagination by soaring into such a rarefied atmosphere, comes down to earth, and lets us overhear some few pathetic words of his own human cares and hopes and longings. Mrs. Browning, in the charmingly characteristic sketch of Synesius to which we have just referred, represents him expressly as a *Christian* poet, with a *leaning* to the later Platonism. We should rather say that he is the poet of the later Platonism, with a leaning to Christianity, or with a tendency to find more and more distinctly in the Christian tradition the counterpart of his Platonic conceptions.

Not only the Hymns, but all the extant writings of Synesius, with the exception of the later Letters, a couple of brief fragments of Homilies, and a vigorous piece of declamation against Andronicus (one of the worst of the tyrants under whom the province had groaned), date from the time before he was made a Bishop (409 A.D.). The most important of the longer works is a sort of allegory, or romance "with a purpose," entitled, "The Egyptian; or Concerning Providence." Under the guise of a history of Osiris and Typhon, the author contrasts the working of the good and

evil principles in the government of a State ; picturing, to some extent, the actual course of events in the empire. The treatise " On Providence " is introduced in the form of a discourse delivered to Osiris by his father, and may, of course, be taken to embody the philosopher's own opinions. He represents to himself various orders of intermediate intelligences, or secondary gods, between the absolute One and the world of man ; and to certain of these is committed the control and support of the created universe. Their noblest function, however, is that of contemplation of the Supreme, not action on the material world below. They set in motion the course of things in this lower world, and then dwell apart in the heights, deputing the management of human affairs to those souls which are most akin to themselves. Those who are thus commissioned to act as the servants of Providence are not to call the gods to come down and help them, but must elevate themselves towards the gods. At stated periods, when the forces originally imparted are nearly spent, these gods come again to renew them ; and if there is danger of the utter ruin of a State they will intervene, to restore order, and prevent a catastrophe. But, except at such appointed times, and in such emergencies, they do not interfere in the affairs of men. " Providence is not like the mother of the new-born babe, who has to take care to ward off everything that would hurt it, because it is as yet immature, and has no power to protect itself ; but is like the mother who, when she has brought up her boy, and given him his arms, tells him to use them in his own defence in the hour of danger."

In his " Dion," Synesius, beginning with an estimate of the character and writings of Dion Chrysostom, goes on to consider the relations between philosophy and other branches of human knowledge, contrasts the methods and aims of the sophist and of the philosopher, and discusses

the place of arts and letters in the culture of the mind. This dissertation especially abounds in those references to his own tastes and pursuits, and his own personal history, which are so pleasant to meet with.

There is also the curious treatise "On Dreams," which, in a letter to Hypatia (submitting it to her for criticism, together with the "Dion"), he describes as having been written under the direction of God Himself, and finished all in a single night, or rather in the remnant of a night. "There are two or three passages in it in which I seemed to be some one else among my auditors. And even now when I go through its pages a strange feeling comes over me, and a divine voice, as the poets say, sounds about me." In the essay itself, he treats of the imagination, and the doctrine of correspondences in the universe, and justifies the practice of divination by dreams. At the same time, he discredits the arbitrary and conventional rules for their interpretation, and gravely recommends that every one should observe what has actually followed on each particular dream with a view to establishing the *data* of a true science of divination.

We must not omit to mention a piece of rather laboured humour, on which our author plumed himself not a little. It was written in emulation of Dion Chrysostom's "Praise of Hair," as a kind of rhetorical exercise, showing that he could make out an equally good case in the "Praise of Baldness."

Our study of the life and character of Synesius, and our glance at his literary work, has now brought us down to the time of his call to the episcopal chair, as head of the Church in his native province. In a second and concluding paper, we shall further have to relate how he received this call, and how he acquitted himself of the task which had been imposed upon him.

R. CROMPTON JONES.

TO AN AGNOSTIC.

**W**HAT! Hast thou never felt His presence,—known  
That He was near thee,—when in the still night  
Innumerable stars looked down on thee  
Through the unfathomed blue : when the hushed air  
Stirred not the branches of the listening trees  
Heavy with blossom, and the dewy flowers  
Moved not a leaf in the soft darkness, till  
Earth seemed to hear a coming footstep ; when  
Space brooded over thee with strange vast wings  
Of wonder?—

In the cool dim light  
That follows after sunset, when the far  
Horizon of the infinite is bright  
With pure pale radiance, and the ether quick  
With swift pulsations, tremulous, passionate—  
In such a moment hast not thou too known  
A little of His meaning?—Even as  
Two friends who look each other in the eyes  
Before they part, in that one look learn more  
Each of the other than in all the hours  
Of spoken thought.

Amid the blaze of noon,  
When heaven leans earthward, and the silent sea,—  
The sea of gold,—lies waiting for His feet,  
Or glimmers opalescent underneath  
The shadowy clouds ; has not thy spirit leaped,

Like some caged creature prisoned from the sun,  
 Who through his narrow window feels a ray  
 Of summer greet him, and in ecstasy  
 Of longing beats against the bars, that hold  
 Him still a captive, thinking so to soar  
 Into the light and warmth and splendour?—Oh,  
 Hast thou not felt that could thy soul's clear eyes  
 But pierce the flesh, thou wouldst behold Him, live  
 Thy life out in that moment, and then die  
 Of that great rapture?—

Plucking a sweet rose,  
 Was it to thee mere colour, circling lines,  
 And delicate aroma?—Yet unless  
 It bodied forth some lovely thought of God,  
 One ripple in the endless tide of love  
 Creative, wherefore should it move in thee  
 So subtle a delight?—

Has music then  
 No message for thee from the invisible?—  
 Is melody mere scientific sound  
 Made rhythmic?—Hast thou never felt therein  
 A greatness other than thyself, that caught  
 Thy half-despairing thought into its sweet  
 Magnificence of conflict, till it rose  
 On quivering wings into the wordless joy  
 Of a diviner possibility?—  
 Or, if thine ear be deaf, and thy tired eyes  
 A little blind, yet when some noble deed  
 Made the world echo, didst thou hear no voice  
 Greater than man's?—

Hast thou then never loved,  
 Or sinned, or suffered?—Oh, unhappy man!  
 In the uplifted gaze of struggling crowds  
 Who yearn for something higher than they reach,  
 And, dogged by sorrow, poverty, and death,

Still seek the unseen good, surely sometimes  
Thou hast been stirred to kinship with thy race,  
And known thy brethren in the sons of God  
The Father?—Hast thou never met  
In moments of supreme and awful grief  
The Man of Sorrows?—Knowing not His name,  
Hast thou not leaned upon His circling arms  
And felt His Godhead?—Hast thou never found  
In Him sublime compassion that could stoop  
To save thee from thyself?—

If thou hast not,

This wondrous universe to thee must be  
A lonely graveyard, soulless, animal,  
A ghastly counterfeit of fair and grand  
Imaginations.

Yet have courage : thou  
Art seeking Him who wrestles with thee. Strive  
With Him till He has told His name, and thou  
Hast won a blessing!—Though the night endure  
A dreary lifetime, when the morning breaks  
What will the night be in the dawning joy  
Of light ineffable?—

Then wilt thou see  
The gathered harvest of those toiling years  
When the Immortal overshadowed thee,  
And thou, being mortal, couldst not yet see God.  
At last, beholding Him, thou wilt behold  
Life's inmost meaning, love's deep mystery,  
And all eternity will be thine own !

ANNIE MATHESON.

## NOTES AND NOTICES.

### SOME CONSIDERATIONS CONCERNING PSALM 51.

**M**OST people believe the traditional preamble to this Psalm, which attributes it to David. Yet the two last verses seem distinctly to contradict this ancient theory. They stand thus—

18. "Do good in thy good pleasure to Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19. "Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness. Then shall they offer bullocks upon thy altar."

The obvious inferences from v. 18 are—(1) that Zion was unprosperous when the Psalmist wrote; (2) that the walls of Jerusalem were not standing. This requires us to believe that the writer lived later than Nebuchadnezzar, and before the walls were rebuilt. Jerusalem was captured from the Jebusites in the former half of David's reign; and the language of v. 18 is every way inapplicable to David's time. Also, from v. 19 we must infer that there was *no* sacrificing of bullocks on the altar at the time when the psalm was composed.

The phrase, "Thy *Holy* Spirit" (under correction, I add) seems to belong to an age of Hebrew composition decidedly later than David: one might say, probably as late as Jeremiah. Moreover, there is not a single word, either royal or military, which could suggest that a king was the composer. On the other hand, from verse

13. "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee"—

we might rather conjecture that the writer was a professional religious teacher, who had disused such teaching.

The allusions to bloodguiltiness in v. 14, and to grievous unnamed sin in the first four verses, are apt to carry interpreters into a precipitate inference that the atrocious murder of Uriah imputed to David in the received narrative is here implied. But the moment we concede that the psalm was written in the era

to which the two last verses guide us, a natural interpretation of bloodguiltiness arises. It is evident that by Nebuchadnezzar's violent effort to destroy Jewish nationality, robbery and murder were let loose through the land. Indeed, the echo of this rings through very many psalms. Evidently it is possible that some priests took up arms to defend themselves and their families, if they could escape from the Chaldean bands. Religious teachers could not continue their functions. Some may have been implicated in deadly conflicts, and in such case have committed, through panic or mistake, deeds of slaughter, which a tender conscience might afterwards condemn, and confess to God as crime. Such a calamitous conjuncture of events easily plunges noble-hearted and good men into deeds which in retrospect cannot justify themselves to earnest self-examination; nor is it at all wonderful, if one in whose character a tender piety dominated should in such circumstances condemn himself of blood-guiltiness.

Such an interpretation satisfies me, and makes the psalm much pleasanter than if the writer were really guilty of such a tissue of mean and awful crime as the books impute to David. I may briefly add that I believe in David's adultery; I believe also that Uriah fell in battle very opportunely, but without any guilt of David or Joab.

According to the received tale, David sent a note to Joab by the hand of Uriah (2 Sam. xi. 14), commanding him to set Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire from him, that he might be smitten of the enemy and die. Joab is said to have obeyed literally; Uriah was slain with some other brave men, and the whole affair passed over smoothly with David.

We all read and believe this from childhood, and therefore are very slow to see difficulties and objections. Three successive editions of my own book, "*The Hebrew Monarchy*," passed under my eye, without my suspecting any error in the tale, but at last I saw it in new connections.

It will be remembered that Joab, nephew to David, was captain of the host sorely against David's will. Abner, who had been captain under Ishbosheth, son of Saul, had come over to the interests of David, and virtually made him king of all Israel. But Joab, dreading that Abner would rise above him, treacherously assassinated him. David did not dare to punish Joab, but vented his indignation in a solemn public curse, and wept over Abner's grave. Joab presently, by his eminent bravery in the

capture of Jerusalem from the Jebusites, established himself as chief captain firmly against David (1 Chron. xi. 6). He had won his position by his own bold right hand, and, as his later assassination of his cousin Amasai showed, was not likely to be too dutiful to the uncle who had so bitterly cursed him to the people. It was a marvellous imprudence in David, if he put himself into his nephew's power. Joab had only to read out to the army David's letter, and he could at once have put David off the throne. Universal insurrection would have been the natural and almost necessary result with men who found that bravery in a soldier was treacherously used by the king as a means of murder. But if Joab had no desire of revenge and no hope of personal exaltation by scornfully exposing David, still the task given him was most arduous; for he had to instruct brave men to expose themselves to probable death from the bow-shots of an enemy under cover, and at this risk to make themselves accomplices in vile treachery by obeying instructions to abandon Uriah, and save themselves if they could. Men brave enough to take the post of the most valiant were not likely to conspire in perfidy so base: devotion to comrades is a ruling passion in the Forlorn Hope. It would be with the utmost risk to his own popularity and safety that Joab picked out those to whom the secret should be told. He must further have known how hard it is to make sure upon whose body arrows shall fall. Uriah might have come away safe, while the traitors who designed to abandon him fell under the wall. Therefore, on every ground, Joab was likely to refuse so dangerous and uncertain a mode of despatching a warrior esteemed by his comrades. These difficulties press so severely, that, before giving belief, we surely need to know in what century the tale was *first* written and published; but on this point we are necessarily ignorant. The narrative in its present form cannot claim to be earlier than Ezra, though the outlines of it may have been written during David's own life. If Uriah were slain *very opportunely* for the king, those who looked back on events would be prone to attribute it to his machination; and if out of this grew the detailed story about Joab's management, it would only be like many other fictions which pass themselves off as history, especially under a despotic rule. Where violent deeds can be done by secret order, a despot who has been guilty of one crime is easily suspected of more, and no suggestion against him, where a crime would be convenient, encounters incredulity. These

reasons seem to me sufficient to justify disbelief of a tale so very improbable as is here imputed.

F. W. NEWMAN.

IN a paper full of suggestion, entitled "Idealism without an Ideal," in the January number of the *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, Professor Rauwenhoff, of Leyden, discusses the present condition of liberal thought in Holland. Starting from the position that the ideal is the ruling principle of human history, he traces, in something of a desponding spirit, the decay of such a principle in our own day. To go back in memory to the year 1848 is to pass into another world. The "life and stir" in politics, in material enterprise, in intellectual work, have ceased. We have no longer that well-defined scope which our fathers had, that ideal which is equally the end and the beginning of serious impulse. In the paper before us Dr. Rauwenhoff's inquiry is limited to the causes of the loss in the department of religion. Why has the religious ideal fled from our modern society? His answer is, first, that the critical work of the generation has been obscured by a misunderstanding. Its results, affecting the character and the credit of the New Testament, seemed to strike out a new point of departure in religious history; while, in truth, they merely closed an old era. They were destructive in the sense that they left the Christian ideal no longer practicable. They furnished no basis for the creation of a new ideal. It is this that the present generation has to discover; and this forms Dr. Rauwenhoff's second position. Metaphysics are to be excluded: for the dogmatic system of Christianity rests on an obsolete theory of man and society; nothing can adapt it to the requirements of modern thought. Thirdly—and this follows at once from the last argument—the advantage of the Church has ceased with the denial of its necessity. Since the notion of a Church as possessing a spiritual monopoly has been abandoned, the reason for its existence also disappears. The bond of the community, whether or not organised for religious purposes, will supply all that is required for the altered conditions. Recent events, Dr. Rauwenhoff explains, have shown that the Dutch Reformed Church is incapable of creating a reform from within its own body. Religion is sacrificed to the Church, and one or the other must succumb. Dr. Rauwenhoff's postscript, in its hopeful tenour, shows that the view here expressed represents but one side of the problem. Eros, he says, in Plato's phrase, is the child as well of Poros as

of Penia, of Riches and Poverty; and Faith, which is the Christian rendering of Eros, must never lose sight of the riches implied in grasping, however poorly, some part of the ideal.

In the same journal, Dr. H. P. Berlage discusses a set of emendations in the New Testament, put forth by Professor S. A. Naber in the *Mnemosyne* so far back as 1877, but probably unknown to most English readers. The brilliancy of some of these criticisms will immediately attract notice; but space will not allow of our following Dr. Berlage into his examination—commonly with favourable result—of their necessity and importance. We can only recite a few examples. In Gal. ii. 11, Dr. Naber redistributes the words *κατὰ πρόσωπον αὐτῷ ἀντίστην* *ὅτι κατεγνωσμένος ἦν*, so as to read *ὅτι κατέγνωμεν ὅς ἦν*.—*Κατὰ πάντα ὡς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους ὑμᾶς θεωρῶ* (Acts xvii. 22) is changed on philological grounds into *κατὰ πάντα καὶ πανταχῶς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους κ. τ. λ.*, and a doubtful construction is avoided. Of greater general interest is the suggestion that in the crucial passage, Phil. ii. 6, *οὐχ ἄρπαγμὸν ἡγήσατο τὸ εἶναι ἴσα τῷ θεῷ*, we should correct *οὐχὶ πρᾶγμα ἡγήσατο κ. τ. λ.* (The nouns are confused in the text of the Platonic Epistles, vii. p. 335b). In Acts xvi. 13, *ἐξήλθομεν ἔξω τῆς πύλης παρὰ ποταμὸν, οὗ ἐνομίζομεν προσευχὴ εἶναι*, the impossible reading of Cod. Vat. (commonly changed into *ἐνομίζετο*) is taken as pointing to an original *προσευχὴν προσεχῇ εἶναι*.—Rev. vii. 1, Cod. Alex. *ἵνα μὴ πνέῃ ἄνεμος μήτε ἐπὶ θαλάσσης μήτε ἐπὶ δένδρου*, the last word may have been *ἀνύδρου*.—Acts xiv. 13. *Ταύρους καὶ στέμματα*, archæology requires *πέμματα*. Hitherto, conjecture has been too much deprecated in the New Testament; and the example of Bentley has seemed too rash to claim many followers. But Professor Naber proves that there is room for emendation, and that there is also a way of filling it alike free from precipitancy and wantonness.

Every judgment of Professor Kuenen in critical matters demands and receives respectful attention. It is therefore to be observed that in the March number of the *Tijdschrift*, he declares himself convinced by renewed study, and by Professor Merx's recent work on the Book of Joel, that the prophet wrote not earlier than about 430 B.C. We hope that a hint of his (p. 225) may be construed as a promise of a fuller exposition than is contained in the brief notice he gives of Dr. Merx's book.

R. LANE POOLE.

IT was an auspicious day for Liberal Christianity in Prussia when Professor Pfeleiderer left the comparative seclusion of Jena, and entered the theological faculty of Berlin. The reactionary Old Lutheran party had brought theology into such evil repute, that its entire exclusion from the University *curriculum* was freely discussed. There was, in consequence, the most urgent need for the presence in the capital of a courageous and able representative of the progressive school, and Dr. Falk's régime made such an appointment possible. In Dr. Pfeleiderer the Liberals found a leader after their own heart, and their high expectations of his work and influence have been not only fulfilled, but even far exceeded. More especially within the last three years, during which the embittered feeling of the so-called Byzantine faction has vented itself in successive attacks on the members of the *Protestanten Verein*, he has wielded the weapons of debate with consummate skill and resource, and set an example of Christian courtesy and magnanimity, which few of his antagonists have followed. His masterly work on the "Philosophy of Religion," issued about two years ago, has also shown with what spiritual insight and wealth of learning he can deal with the intricate theological problems of the time. But his invaluable services, not merely to Germany, but to Christendom, have brought him more abuse than gratitude from the religious and political organs of Conservatism in Prussia. His activity as a speaker and writer, in defence of the principles of the *Protestanten Verein*, has perhaps tended more than all else to bring down this avalanche of ill-feeling on his head. And partly in self-defence, and also with a view to popular enlightenment, he has published a series of five lectures, delivered under the auspices of the *Verein*, and a sermon preached at the *Protestantentag* in Hildesheim. These form a tastefully printed volume of about a hundred and fifty pages, under an appropriate title,\* which indicates that the author's aim is to bring about a better understanding of religious subjects. The book, being thus issued amid ecclesiastical contention, has all the interest attaching to a manifesto dated from the field of battle. But its clear and thorough treatment of some of the most prominent religious questions of the day, and its entire freedom from all controversial *animus* will render it of permanent value to educated English readers.

\* Zur religiösen Verständigung. Von Dr. Otto Pfeleiderer. Berlin: A. Haack; 1879.

In an interesting preface the author alludes with delicacy and pathos to the present ecclesiastical troubles in Germany, and deeply deplores the unfortunate causes through which the sanctuary of religion—*das stille Heiligthum*—has been violated, and converted into an arena of party strife. A touching undertone of sadness runs through these introductory pages, showing how keenly he feels the abrupt and painful contrast between ideal Christianity and its sorry counterfeit proclaimed by the followers of the hierarchical faction. But, notwithstanding this tinge of melancholy, the author maintains his characteristic resoluteness and courage, and his firm faith in pure religion as a resistless and paramount power. The first lecture, on "The Development of Protestant Theology since Schleiermacher," depicts the gradual decline of the fresh religious enthusiasm which marked the era of the War of Independence, and the rise of the critical-historical and speculative schools, in place of the effete Rationalism of Paulus. The changes of belief respecting the personality and work of Christ are described in fullest detail, but all the chief currents of contemporary religious thought are more or less distinctly traced. Those who have studied Dr. Pfeiderer's "Paulinism" will need no analysis of the second lecture, which bears the title, "Paul and the Christian Church." The essence of that exhaustive work is here condensed into twenty-five pages, and popularised in the highest and best sense of the term. That on "Redemption and Redeemer" comes next in natural sequence, tracing the ideas of sacrifice and salvation from primitive polytheism down to their full development in the theology of Anselm and the Protestant divines. The last few pages of this lecture, portraying the opinions held on this subject by the greatest German thinkers since the time of Lessing, will be admired for their singular beauty of style, as well as for their deeply interesting contents. The fourth and fifth of the series are on "Christianity and Natural Science," and "Christianity and Humanity," their aim being to show that the spirit of pure Christianity is in perfect accord with our highest knowledge, and that true religion helps us toward the full harmony of life in all its relations. The sermon which closes the volume deals with the great problem, how to revivify the Gospel of Christ that it may clear away the many sore evils in modern society, and purify the lives of the fallen, and gladden the hearts of the depressed.

A. CHALMERS.

## SOME OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

THE latest instalment of M. Reuss's great work on the Bible includes the Song of Songs \* and the first volume of the "Sacred History and the Law," or the Pentateuch and Joshua.† The second title appended to the little volume on the Canticles, "Collection of Erotic Poems," sufficiently indicates the view of the accomplished commentator, who adds to his translation an admirable introductory survey of the critical labours of his predecessors. Not the least interesting part of this is a series of tables exhibiting the varying conceptions of the distribution of the text among a set of *dramatis personæ*, which the last century of study has called forth. These are all abandoned by M. Reuss, who regards the book as consisting of a number of detached pieces, in which the poet speaks throughout alone.—Far more important as a contribution to the true understanding of the Old Testament is the discussion of the composition of the Pentateuch, to which the first half of the larger volume is devoted. This likewise opens with a careful history of the criticism of the Mosaic books, from which it becomes apparent that M. Reuss ranges himself with the school of Graf and Kuenen. The last paragraph contains a warmly appreciative notice of Dr. Colenso's labours, which is the more satisfactory because they have certainly not met in Germany with the recognition they deserve. The investigation into the structure of the Pentateuch is divided into two parts. First comes the criticism of its form, including the appearance of parallel narratives of the same events, the combination of different stories into one account, the plurality of legislative codes, and the usage of the divine names. This is followed by the examination of the historical data, on which the real stress of the argument falls. With easy step the author passes through the vast accumulation of details, finding a secure historical basis in the production of the code contained in Deuteronomy under Josiah. This leads to a search for the laws and traditions already recognised in that work, and emphasises the wide divergence between the Deuteronomic and the Levitical legislation. The connecting link between the two latter is discovered in Ezekiel, and the composition of the Book of Origins is carried down through the time of the exile to the

\* Le Cantique des Cantiques, dit de Salomon. Recueil des Poésies Érotiques.

† L'Histoire Sainte et la Loi. Paris; 1879.

days of Ezra. The general result is that the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua fall into three well-defined groups—(1) The Sacred History and a small number of legislative enactments, the work of the "Jehovist"; (2) Deuteronomy, including a large portion of Joshua; and (3) the "Grundschrift," or the Elohist narrative of Genesis and the Levitical legislation. It was this last which was promulgated in Jerusalem under Ezra and Nehemiah; but the final redaction was still delayed. Not yet was the new code combined with the existing documents. It needed the labours of the century between Nehemiah and Alexander the Great to arrange and adapt the law for public worship, and the history as a national monument. The tradition of the Great Synagogue preserves in a perverted form the remembrance of these literary labours, but the circumstances under which the books were disposed in their existing order it is beyond the power of criticism to retrace. Many minor points must necessarily remain unnoticed in an essay which sums up such extensive inquiries with a brevity so charming; the traces of a Deuteronomic redaction of the Sacred History do not receive sufficient attention; and the writer has not faced the problems suggested by the Assyrian discoveries. The absence of any reference to these in the commentary on the opening chapters of Genesis is in the highest degree surprising, and very much diminishes their value. The discussion of the deluge narrative commences thus:—"The history of the deluge is not a myth pure and simple, like those which we have seen in the preceding chapters. It is very probable that there is at the basis of this narrative a reminiscence, a tradition resting on an actual fact." Readers of Mr. George Smith's books will be tempted to smile at this simplicity. The patriarchal traditions are treated as historical myths, concealing beneath them the primitive relations of tribes and nations. They have assumed their present form under the prophetic spirit developed during the monarchy, which delighted to credit the heroes of antiquity with the full religious consciousness of later times.

It is to be regretted that M. Reuss has not taken any account of the method of interpretation of which Goldziher has given such brilliant and startling specimens. It is becoming more and more clear that the apostles of solar mythology will have to be seriously met. The first part of a treatise on the Origin of Monotheism, by Dr. Popper,\* is occupied with a criticism of the

\* *Der Ursprung des Monotheismus.* Berlin; 1879.

patriarchal history of Genesis, by way of introduction to the history of revelation. There is some reason to expect that Dr. Popper's slow rate of procedure will prevent his ever arriving at his goal. Nearly twenty years ago he published an essay on the accounts of the Tabernacle in the book of Exodus. He then intimated that he had in hand a larger work on fundamental questions of religion to which this minute critical investigation was to lead the way. His present treatise takes him a step further. Adopting the same general views of the composition of the Pentateuch as M. Reuss—and this new adhesion from Germany must be noted—Dr. Popper examines the traditions gathered round the names of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abram is the "heaven-father," and Sarah is the "queen of night"; Isaac is identified with the Persian Zohak, and the way is thus opened into Aryan mythology, from which the name *Azhi dahaka* ("the biting snake") has been transformed, with the loss of its original meaning, into the Hebrew Isaac; while Jacob is the conquering light-god. It is a pity that so wide a range of reading as this volume exhibits should produce nothing better than an ill-assorted mass of parallels and etymologies of which it is difficult to say which is the more preposterous. What can be more unreasonable than to insist on finding a mythic significance in each detail of stories which have gone through a long process of adaptation to the familiar scenes and usages of ordinary life? Dr. Popper compares the incident at the well, when Rebecca draws water for Eliezer and his camels, with Indra milking his cloud-cow by means of the lightning, Rebecca being the "fruitful earth," Eliezer of Damascus the "lightning-fire"; and finally, the ten camels, the ten serpents which grew out of Zohak's shoulders! It would be easy to produce plenty more instances of the same kind. Dr. Popper has no mercy upon Grill and Schultz; he cannot be said to deserve much himself. His learning is no curb upon his audacity, which is the more free from restraint because he makes no attempt to explain the actual genesis of the patriarchal narratives out of the mythic imports with which he invests them. The philological combinations are equally adventurous. The name Lot is connected with the Greek *λύω* and the Latin *latere*; with the Chaldee *lôt* (to curse), *lahat* (flame, perhaps lightning), *lehat* (to burn), and the Latin *lutum* (mud); and further, with the *lotus* of the Nile, and, by the addition of the Egyptian article *pe*, with the names of the city *Pelusium*, and of the Greek deity *Pluto*. We are reminded by an old fellow-pupil

of the late Professor Key, of an etymology with which he used to amuse his class. It had been proposed, so he gravely assured us, to derive the Latin *lepus* (hare) from the French article *le*, and *puss*!

Turning to the treatise on the prophecy of Joel, by Dr. Adalbert Merx, of Heidelberg,\* we are once more on the solid ground of rigid philological exactness, even in the presence of divergent historical estimates. The date of Joel has been fixed at widely separated eras. The older critics regarded it as the earliest production of prophetic literature; but successive inquirers have slowly brought it down from this high range of antiquity and transferred it from the ninth century to the fifth. Among these—Hilgenfeld, Seinecke, Duhm, and Oort—Dr. Merx now takes his place. His plea is founded on the absence of any circumstances specially characteristic of the monarchy, while the stress laid on fasting and ritual is not in harmony with the unquestioned teachings of the eighth century; on the signs of the writer's acquaintance with the utterances of his prophetic predecessors; and on the allusions (iv. [A. V. iii.] 1, 2, 17) to the dispersion of the people and the partition of the land, which imply more than the overthrow of the northern kingdom, and are only fully explained after the Babylonian exile. This portion of Dr. Merx's book is very weighty. His exposition, however, is destitute of the glowing sympathy with which Ewald treated the conception of the "Day of Yahveh." He attributes to the prophecy too much of artifice, and does not do justice to the power of description, the grandeur of imagination, and the loftiness of prophetic impulse, which prove—if this book be indeed a product of the new community in the restored Jerusalem—how powerfully the ancient spirit still lived and worked in the midst of conditions so unlike the ideal hopes cherished during the captivity itself. The discussion and exposition of the prophecy only occupy, however, a quarter of the whole volume. The rest is engaged with the history of the prophet's interpreters. But this is not a mere enumeration of names, or a *catena* of passages. It grows, under the hands of Dr. Merx, into a history of the principles of the interpretation of prophecy in general, illustrated by the treatment of the book of Joel. The sections devoted to Jewish exposition are especially interesting, and all who are connected with tracing the silent forces contributing to

\* Die Prophetie des Joel und ihre Ausleger von den ältesten Zeiten bis zu den Reformatoren. Halle; 1879.

the development of Christian thought in the Middle Ages, will find a rich store of material in the full presentation of the influence of the "Moré" of Maimonides on Nicolaus of Lyra and Thomas Aquinas. Luther and Calvin close in the survey, to which it would be hard to find an equal in the whole range of expository literature.

J. E. C.

FOR Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, Germany has discharged the debt of publishing accurate, critical editions of the works, and, more or less, complete biographies of these literary heroes. Somewhat tardily, but, in the end, with true German accuracy and completeness, this debt is being paid to Herder,\* who will always rank amongst the foremost men of his age and country. Contemporaneous with the issue of the first complete critical edition of Herder's works, by Bernard Suphan, appears this elaborate and exhaustive account of his career and his literary labours. Herr Haym had gained himself a name as the author of a life of Wilhelm von Humboldt, and as the historian of the "Romantic School," before he undertook this important task, and as this work proceeds it becomes abundantly evident that Herder is fortunate in his newest biographer. It is true that Herr Haym takes what some might deem a German view of the scope of a biography, for he considers it his duty to supply full analyses and careful criticisms of his author's works. But when it is remembered that Herder's fame rests upon the original work which he did in almost every department of human thought, the student of mind will feel grateful to the learned and intelligent biographer who can accurately define and estimate the discoveries of his hero. Herr Haym's book will serve as the best introduction to Herder's works, and also as the best substitute for the no small labour of reading the whole of them. At the same time, it is so arranged that the reader can omit the analysis of Herder's works and yet follow with great interest and profit the course of a noble spiritual history.

J. F. S.

THIS Memoir † is the faithful, though somewhat imperfect record of the life of one who devoted himself to the advancement of his fellow-creatures—one who, though he may

\* Herder nach seinem Leben und seinen Werken dargestellt von R. Haym. Erster Band. Zweite Hälfte. Berlin; 1880.

† Memoirs of the Life and Work of Philip Pearsall Carpenter. By Russell Lant Carpenter, B.A. London: Kegan Paul and Co.; 1880.

often have been mistaken in the means he adopted to achieve them, aimed at ends the purest and the holiest.

Of Philip Carpenter's labours as a Christian minister, at Stand, truly does the editor of this volume say (p. 93):—"His influence was not to be measured by the size of his congregation. He became 'a living epistle of Christ known and read of all men' in that district. It was rare to find any one who so unreservedly strove to live out his Christian convictions, and showed their contrast with the customs of the world."

Besides his ministerial work at Warrington, his next place of settlement, he devoted much time during the week to the establishment and superintendence of an industrial school, which was conducted most successfully, and was attended by between 100 and 200 young men and boys. It was there that he established his printing-press, from which from time to time he issued innumerable tracts, leaflets, songs, and so forth, upon the themes which engaged his interest, denouncing smoking, intemperance, war, slavery, and other crying sins, in the plainest and most uncompromising language, besides printing for those of the public who chose to employ him.

His Warrington life was spent in being of use to others. "It was his pride and pleasure to gather together young men of promise, not for proselytising purposes, but in order that he might influence them for good—mentally, morally, and, I may add, physically." A more tender teacher and friend no youth could have, and the value of his instruction and friendship was all the greater that it was without money and without price.

Philip Carpenter had much prejudice to contend with among the old-fashioned Unitarians meeting at Carey Street Chapel, Warrington, on account of his erratic propensities to go into the highways and byeways and seek after the lost sheep of Christ's fold. This distressed him greatly, but in the strength of the Master's example, and at the risk of valued friendships, he followed out his practice of open-air preaching and appeal to those whom in no other way could he reach. For who would suppose that winebibbers, publicans, and sinners would intrude themselves amongst the orderly, sedate, and respectable folk of his own congregation?

Philip Carpenter had a very rough-and-ready way of speaking or writing upon the numerous evils against which it was his constant habit to inveigh both in public and in private, in season and out of season. This often had the contrary effect to that

intended. He thus often shared the fate of many enthusiasts—making many enemies where he desired to make converts to his views. But nothing daunted by scoffers, he pursued his work with the most untiring zeal and earnestness, seeking no praise from man.

Space forbids us to follow Dr. Carpenter to Canada, and trace his labours, philanthropic and scientific, on a continent where the eccentricities of his judgment and his character encountered fewer rebuffs and attracted less unsympathetic criticism than they met with in conventional England. The inscription on his monumental tablet in Warrington very truly expresses the chief characteristics of this admirable man. Surely a life such as his cannot have been lived in vain. Those lessons which he endeavoured to teach of self-sacrifice and devotion to the will of God, of a knowledge of Christ and of his love, have not been without their lasting effect upon men who knew and worked with him; and the story of his work, his thoughts, and indeed his whole life, which we have in the "Memoirs," is a valuable record of untiring, unselfish, and unobtrusive work for "the Master." He, like his sister Mary, died "in harness," and has left many behind who will more or less successfully carry on the good works he delighted in. His was not a brilliant career, nor one that will be noticed in the pages of history; but he was one of the noble army of "workers" in the cause of practical holiness and purity of living, whom to know is to love and imitate.

E. L. T.

MR. BAGEHOT'S "Studies" \* are admirable illustrations of work which needs to be done in connection with political economy. Mr. Bagehot was at once a student and a practical man of business, just the very person whom we might expect to master the labours of earlier economic writers, and estimate, and, where necessary, correct and supplement them from his own professional experience. To a considerable extent, this expectation is realised in the volume before us, as it was in the weekly issue of the paper which for many years he so ably edited. His analysis of the "Demand and Supply" which determines market price, for instance, may be read with profit even after all else that has been written on the subject, especially as he does not disdain to expound the mysteries of a "corner" and "time-bargains," or the various aims and devices of "bulls and bears."

\* *Economic Studies*. By Walter Bagehot. Longmans; 1880.

His researches, again, into the growth of economic phenomena are most valuable, and are rendered doubly interesting by the terse and apposite anecdotes with which they are interspersed. All this is brought to support the main position of the book, viz., that our present political economy is an abstract science, dealing with fictions of its own creation, which are sufficiently near the real condition of things as they exist in certain places and times—notably modern English business relations—to render its conclusions of practical value. This is essentially the doctrine consistently taught by Cairnes, and evidently destined to be the orthodox view, the one on behalf of which a good fight will be made against all opposition from a sociological standpoint. Bagehot also gives some sketches of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, which make us wish that he had written a critical history of economic science, showing how successive writers have gradually attained to more and more important truth, and how many an erroneous belief, still common enough among the uninitiated, was gradually eliminated by patient study and careful thinking. But, unfortunately, all we have here is fragmentary, and only the diligent and sympathetic editorship of Mr. R. H. Hutton suffices to give any appearance of unity and completeness to the work.

It is really remarkable that so little attention is paid in England to the study of the history of philosophy. The University of London does indeed nominally include the subject among those required for its M.A. degree, Branch III.; but practically it does little more than select a writer, or even one of his books, for each year; and the questions set often relate more to the details of the selected work than to its place in the great stream of philosophic thought. We have very few good works of our own on the subject, and it is to an American translation of a German history that we must turn to get anything which can fairly claim to be at once comprehensive and accurate. Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy" \* possesses all the excellences we should expect from a German author; immense pains have been taken, the summaries of the various philosophies are evidently founded on the closest acquaintance with the original, the very flavour of which is often marvellously preserved; the grouping of the different schools is skilfully arranged, and the leading characteristics of each writer are hit off with a precision that will afford the greatest possible assistance to those who wish

\* Hodder and Stoughton. Second edition. London; 1880.

to study these writings for themselves. This makes the work invaluable to students. It gives them the clue to what they should read and understand, and summarises what they should remember. But it does not attain to one thing which these busy times sorely need. It lacks the stamp of genius which renders one man's work an adequate substitute for the work of many other men. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" annihilated, as far as the ordinary student is concerned, a whole library of the sources from which he drew his information; and we want something similar to be done with regard to the mighty host of the obscurer names in the history of philosophy. That we have not got here. To derive full benefit from Ueberweg's history, you must go over nearly the same ground that the author himself has trodden; read his paragraphs as an introduction, then read the principal works of each philosopher, "from Thales to the present day," and then you will find our author's value in helping you to systematise and retain the knowledge you have had an opportunity of acquiring; but—life is too short and too full for this; and so we fear that the book will be far more used as a "cram" for getting up estimates of unknown works than as a help to the independent study of the great thinkers of the world. The translation is decidedly creditable, and bears favourable comparison with a good deal that has been done in this country, especially in the way in which long sentences are broken up into shorter ones, without losing the true antithesis of the original. If another edition is called for, however, there are plenty of sentences where more idiomatic English might be used, and a few where greater accuracy might be secured. An appendix gives additional information in regard to the English and Italian schools, we hope usually more correct than when James Martineau is given as Professor of Owen's College, Manchester.

Mr. William Cyphes has written a big book on "The Process of Human Experience,"\* which we cannot pretend to fully notice here. Its main characteristic is the description of mental phenomena in physiological terms; the author seems to rely on internal consciousness for all his ultimate facts, but to be specially intent on showing what are, or what very possibly may be, the molecular changes and combinations which form the external counterpart of these facts. We are not hopeful of this method. Where the work is done under the strictest conditions of scientific research, as in Herbert Spencer's "Psychology," or

\* Strahan and Co. London; 1880.

Dr. Carpenter's "Mental Physiology," much may be learned, no doubt, on the border land of psychology and physiology; but from Mr. Cyples' method it is difficult to see that anything can be gained, except a certain clearness of conception, especially of pictorial representation, without any adequate guarantee of correctness.

H. S. S.

IT is not often that we have to complain of the brevity of a sermon or of a treatise on philosophy, but in the case of a little book \* of the latter kind, recently published anonymously, we have found the arguments so cogent, the style so clear, and the matter at issue so important, that we heartily wish that the writer had allowed himself room for the fuller treatment of his subject. His aim is to vindicate the validity of metaphysical knowledge, and to indicate the incontrovertible facts of consciousness on which that knowledge is based. The more popular of our recent English psychologists agree in regarding the mind as nothing more than a series of psychical states and activities, with no permanent personality in which these successive phases of feeling and volition inhere. If theirs be the correct account of the spirit of man, Metaphysics loses its only possible foundation, and if Metaphysics vanishes, no Theology, that is worth the name, can long maintain itself. The author of this treatise contends, with great ability, that the existence of a permanent self or spirit is not only logically demanded by the fact of knowledge and the fact of memory, but is also immediately apprehended in the consciousness of our personal causation and of our moral freedom. Professor Bain and his school tell us that they know nothing of this metaphysical Ego, and are only conscious of successive psychical states, but practically they constantly employ, and cannot help employing, language which is only intelligible on the hypothesis that an abiding mind compares its own transient sensations, and controls, by its volitional energy, the several emotional impulses of which our consciousness is the theatre. For proofs of this assertion, and for instances of the absurd and ludicrous character which Mr. Bain's utterances would assume if we were to confine him to his own theory of human nature, we confidently refer our readers to this well-reasoned volume. Having established the existence in man of a

\* *Personality the Beginning and End of Metaphysics, and a Necessary Assumption in all Positive Philosophy.* W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London; 1879.

substance and power which is not phenomenal, the question arises whether we can discover any such substance and power behind Nature. To this great metaphysical question an affirmative answer is given, and it is urged that, while we cannot say whether matter is eternal or is created, there is good ground for concluding that physical forces are ultimately connected in some way with an intelligent and volitional Ego who is causing them all to work together for good. In connection with this part of the subject, the argument from design is examined, and it is shown that the theory of Evolution, rightly understood, does not in the least clash with this time-honoured bulwark of Theology.

C. B. U.

MR. EDWARD CLODD stands pre-eminent in success among that little group of Englishmen who strive to popularise the results of scientific research into the origins of religion. The "people" for whom he popularises include the comparatively unlettered and the child. For these he has now, for the first time, withdrawn from the wide field of comparative mythology, and concentrated his attention on the rise and culmination of Hebrew faith. In his new volume\* we find that easy grace and charm of style which always characterise his pen, yet not so marked as in previous works. For Mr. Clodd has crowded his matter disastrously. His "Sketch of Jewish History" fills half the volume, and yet remains almost too meagre to be called a sketch. His "Jesus of Nazareth" is confined to a hundred and eighty pages, and the mighty personality is inevitably bereft, to some extent, of the glow and power which none could better have caught and exhibited to the reader than Mr. Clodd. Mr. Clodd refers to Kuenen and to Keim. How much more grateful should we have been to him if he had given us two companion volumes, instead of an overgrown Introduction and a Text starved and crowded out! Then he could and would have reproduced from Kuenen, with even added power of characterisation, an Isaiah aglow with the fervour of holy politics, a Jeremiah for men to weep over in his misunderstood patriotism, his rigid loyalty to his God, his final pitiful desolation. Then, too, he could and would have reproduced from Keim the growth in wisdom as in stature, in God's favour as in man's, of the marvellous being

\* *Jesus of Nazareth: embracing a Sketch of Jewish History to the Time of His Birth.* London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1880.

in whose great soul the tribal faith of Israel was wrought into religion for mankind. We hope that Mr. Clodd will throw a future edition into this more elaborate form. Each part is too good to be crushed and cramped by the other. In the meantime, we are grateful to him for his attempt to bring the higher criticism to the doors of the people and the class-rooms of the young. It is only because we so well know what he could do, that we express any discontent with what he has done.

But if Mr. Clodd allows himself no room to tell us much of Jesus of Nazareth, Mr. Capes thinks that there is very little to be told.\* His inquiry into our real knowledge of God and Christ can hardly fail to disappoint. It opens in a manner to arrest the attention of the reader. Fifty years of thought have been given to the perennial problem; and there is a directness of address and a nervous force in the early paragraphs, that seem to promise power and melody in the swan-song of an earnest life. Nor is the sequel without pregnant passages. But we put down the book feeling that, after all, the line between the known and the unknown has been drawn with a wavering hand. Of God, Mr. Capes tells us, we do know that He is the Author alike of evil and of good. He sweeps aside the figment which would distinguish between the permission and the causation of God. Of His unity or plurality we can know nothing;—only that He acts *unanimously*. Concerning His “person” and His “substance” separate predications cannot be made. We can know, however, that He not only exists, but lives, and lives in us. The method of His living in us is by morality, which is not the same in all ages, but is really the unfolding of the hidden life of the Eternal “I Am.” In Jesus, Mr. Capes recognises the completion of the spiritual evolution, in the survival of the fittest in the moral order. In Paul, he finds the primal destroyer of true Christianity. “The God of love being dethroned, and the Pauline god put up in its place, the way was opened for the clever practices of priests, Jew and Gentile. Paul himself was no lover of priests. His one idea was to the effect that everybody should obey *him*” (p. 170). Did Mr. Capes ever read Paul’s opening outburst in his first letter to the Corinthians? The theistic agnosticism of this curious book is a wholesome reproof to baseless creed-mongering; but we fear it

\* What Can be Certainly Known of God and of Jesus of Nazareth? An Inquiry. By J. M. Capes, M.A. London: J. Bumpus; 1880.

will not greatly help the perplexed and anxious, however bravely eager to face the truth.

An anonymous author enters on a more practical inquiry when he tries to draw for us a man after Christ's own heart.\* But we cannot say that the task is more practically carried out. An earnest endeavour to describe a manhood built on pure and full Christianity is vitiated by the extravagance of the contention to which the writer commits himself. We are fully prepared to endorse the view that a vivid Christian or theistic faith will tell, not only on character, but on intellectual capacity. But we do not think it would necessarily make a man master of all the sciences. Our author, apparently a Congregational minister, thinks that a man in Christ would come to be of apostolic mould—"i.e., greater than Plato or Shakespere." The most curious part of this volume is that in which an attempt is made to analyse the genius of those two mighty writers, and to display their inferiority to the New Testament. Every leading thought in the "Republic" on the one hand, and in the "Tempest" on the other, is paralleled with a text from Gospel or Epistle; and it is maintained that by the number and volume of such thoughts alone are the intellectual pretensions of either party to be measured. There is, however, no measurement of individual against individual; each writer in the Christian Scriptures receives credit for his own great thoughts, and those of all the rest as well. For style, in "secular" writers, for arrangement, for dramatic power, no merit whatever is allowed. "A brain that could grasp the great controlling law, could easily invent a few nervous phrases to express it." Shakspeare's wondrous language is "mere clothing." But to a pregnant sentence in John or Paul every credit is given for pith and close packing. With such canons of comparison the result is easy, and Jude stands above Plato as philosopher. Concerning a not very lucid generalisation of the contents of the New Testament, we read that:—

Physical science, ethics, politics, philosophy, have their extensive generalisations; but all these, and a hundred times more, are contained in almost any one comma that separates any clause of this generalisation from the clause next following. They can all lie in the valley between any word and the word which comes next, and yet the increase of bulk they make will hardly be perceived. That one word "scaffolding" contains them a thousand times over (p. 123).

\* *Ecce Christianus; or, Christ's Idea of the Christian Life. An Attempt to Ascertain the Stature and Power, Mental, Moral, Spiritual, of a Man Formed as Christ Intended.* London: Hodder and Stoughton; 1879.

From this word-and-comma praise to the metre-worship of India is but a single step.

He who desires heaven should use two Anushtubhs. There are sixty-four syllables in two Anushtubhs. . . . He who having such a knowledge uses two Anushtubhs gains a footing (in the celestial world). (Aitareya Brahmana [Haug], Bk. I. c.v. § 5.)

Our English Brahman means well, and there is much real eloquence and true contention in his book. But he has spoiled a splendid theme with preposterous exaggerations. Were such extravagances read as much in England as they have been in India, and in the despiritualised phases of Oriental devotion generally, they would be very pernicious.

MR. PAGE HOPPS always writes with a pure, clear, and flowing style. The fragrance of meadows, the song of birds, or the play of the sunlight on some quiet lake, seems always present in his books. And so, "Beside the Still Waters"\* is a happy title for his meditations. A little volume full of personal religion, of that best kind which is cramped by no foregone orthodoxies, but seeks God, and finds him, in earth and sky, in little children's laughter and the calmness of old age, in human fellowship and divine solitude,—this will give half-hours of refreshing to many weary hearts.

The approach of the Channing centenary rouses in Mr. Hopps another train of thought,† and he very deftly links into one chain selected passages from the writings of the famous American preacher, to whom Whittier and Longfellow have done homage. The editor's own part is little more than to introduce each paragraph in such language, and so to arrange the whole, as to convey a clear notion of the scope and proportion of Channing's thought, and to entice the reader to further study.

THE war of political party lies outside the scope of this *Review*, not on grounds of indifference, but of division of labour. But a splendid moral courage touches us nearly, and herein lies to us the attracting point of interest in Dr. Colenso's volume.‡ It is not only in the simplicity with which the Bishop

\* London: Williams and Norgate.

† The Teachings of Channing. Six Lectures. London: Williams and Norgate.

‡ Cetshwayo's Dutchman. Being the Private Journal of a White Trader in Zululand during the British Invasion. By Cornelius Vijn. Translated and Edited by the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.; 1880.

of Natal began, when already a distinguished ecclesiastic, the study of Biblical literature on the sound methods of modern science, that he has displayed the directness of his purpose and the bravery so precious in a bishop. His dogged persistence in quest of justice for Langalibalele showed Englishmen that the southern prelate could exhibit his courage and determination in fields more dangerous still to popularity. And now in his touching plea for Cetshwayo, whether or not his pen has been swayed at all by the bias of friendship, the good Whiteman proves again with what chivalry he can face the alienation from him of the Europeans among whom he lives, in order to shield a people and a monarch whom he holds to have been unjustly treated. With contumely heaped upon him by theologians for his rejection of their dogmas, and by politicians for his castigation of their policy, Bishop Colenso bids fair to stand out in the recollection of the swarthy tribes of Southern Africa as the one minister of the Church of Christ and follower of the missionary Paul who, by his own words and deeds, made them understand the love of the one, the impetuous courage of the other. A ton of blue-books cannot weigh against the pathetic force of those few words in the preface, in which the Bishop tells how before Cetshwayo, in his durance, his own Zulu name, Sobantu, is not permitted to be uttered, "as it 'excites the prisoner;'" and then adds: "Through an order from Sir G. Wolseley, however, I sent a message to say, 'Sobantu salutes Cetshwayo—he is grieved for him—he does not forget him;'" and I received this message in reply, 'Cetshwayo thanks Sobantu for his message, and is glad to learn that he does not forget him. He hopes Sobantu will speak well for him.'"